

THE  
POETICAL WORKS OF  
JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER





THE  
POETICAL WORKS OF  
JOHN GREENLEAF  
WHITTIER

WITH PREFATORY MEMOIR, ETC.



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## PREFATORY MEMOIR

THE ancestors of JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, owing to persecution in England, emigrated from Southampton early in the seventeenth century, and settled at a primitive homestead in the lovely Merri-mack Valley in Massachusetts, five miles from the market-town of Haverhill, forming here a rural home set amid a landscape of rich and varied beauty. The Whittiers were Quakers, as the members of the Society of Friends were then and are still popularly called, and like many others of that sect among the early settlers in New England, again suffered in their new home from the sharp laws which the Independents enacted against those "devil-driven heretics," as the Friends were styled by Cotton Mather, the then leader of those stern Puritans who conformed so strongly to the spirit of the Old Testament, while the Friends clung as strongly to the spirit of the New. It was this bitter, narrow-minded hatred of one sect to another that made Whittier, "the Poet of New England," realise, when very young, the great value of true Christian feeling and brotherly love—one of the chief lessons he all through life strove to inculcate in his writings, was that every one should be allowed to think for himself, and be free to act according to his own conscience.

The poet was born in December 1807, on the homestead occupied by the Whittier family for several past generations, and until he was about eighteen years old his time was chiefly passed in aiding his father in the work of the farm, having only occasional lessons at the district school when outdoor work was impracticable. As a farmer's boy labouring in the fields, when only about fourteen, Whittier's imagination was fired to poetical effort by the works of Robert Burns, and perhaps this interesting fact in his life cannot be better told than in his own words:—

"One day we had a call from a 'pawky auld carle' of a wan-

dering Scotchman. To him I owe my first introduction to the songs of Burns. After eating his bread and cheese, and drinking his mug of cider, he gave us 'Bonnie Doon,' 'Highland Mary,' and 'Auld Lang Syne.' He had a full, rich voice, and entered heartily into the spirit of his lyrics. I have since listened to the same melodies; but the skilful performance of the artist lacked the novel charm of the gaberlunzie's singing in the old farmhouse kitchen. . . .

"My first schoolmaster, Joshua Coffin [an enthusiastic collector of local legends and antiquities], brought with him to our house a volume of Burns' poems, from which he read, greatly to my delight. I begged him to leave the book with me, and set myself at once to the task of mastering the glossary of the Scottish dialect at its close. This was about the first poetry I had ever read, with the exception of that of the Bible (of which I had been a close student), and it had a lasting influence upon me. I began to make rhymes myself, and to imagine stories and adventures."

His earliest efforts Whittier sent to the Poets' Corner of the *Newburyport Free Press*, being much afraid his verses would not be found worthy of a place in the paper, and it was a surprising delight to him one day when he actually saw his lines in print; he was quite overcome, and sat down by the roadside, where he had been repairing fences, for some time before he could go his way home. The *Free Press* was then edited by Lloyd Garrison, who became interested in his ploughboy contributor, and urged upon him the necessity of further education. For the purpose of raising funds to this end the young poet took to shoemaking—a trade which his father also occasionally followed in addition to farming—and then entered for a session at Haverhill Latin Academy, and for a short time afterwards taught in a school at West Amesbury while still continuing his own education.

During all this period of struggle and earnest application Whittier still continued to write, and in 1828 was thought qualified to take up the editorship of the *American Manufacturer*, a post he obtained through the influence of his friend Lloyd Garrison. The *Manufacturer* had been established to advocate a protective tariff, and the ability Whittier displayed in his new position made his



name familiar throughout the country, though by this time he had already gained a good reputation for his various contributions in prose and verse to the *Newburyport Press*.

After being for a time connected with the *Haverhill Gazette*, Whittier in 1830 removed to Hartford, in Connecticut, to take charge of the *New England Weekly Review*. Here he remained for about two years, showing himself to be an ardent politician of what was then known as the National Republican party, devoting but little attention at this time to general literature, but publishing his "Legends of New England," a collection of poems and prose sketches founded on events in the early history of the country. In this there was a long poem, "Moll Pitcher, the Witch of Nahant," which, with several others of a later date, have been completely dropped out of his works.

Whittier, probably for some family reasons, next returned to the homestead of Haverhill, again following the farming life for five or six years, while also contributing to the local *Gazette*. He represented the town in the Massachusetts Legislature for the sessions of 1835 and 1836, but declined re-election in 1837, having, through his publication of an essay called "Justice and Expediency; or, Slavery considered with a View to its Abolition," been appointed one of the secretaries of the American Anti-Slavery Society, much of his time afterwards being devoted to its service. Removing now to Philadelphia, he there conducted the anti-slavery journal, *The Pennsylvania Freeman*, and also afterwards assisted with the *Anti-Slavery Reporter*. Many of his best poems relate to this cause, and while breathing the true spirit of liberty, are distinguished for vigour of thought and language. So strenuously was Whittier identified with this great question that it was said "every word he wrote was a blow—many a time-server who was proof against Lloyd Garrison's denunciations or Wendell Phillips' invectives, quailed before Whittier's rhymes;" and he was thus not inaptly styled the laureate of the anti-slavery crusade—his "rudest shafts of song were shot true and far, and tipped with flame." Violent measures and dire threats were used towards the poet by his opponents, much suffering and personal risk was endured, and the newspaper office was sacked and burned by a mob; but Whittier held on his way, un-

deterred by all the evil and malice wrought against him, continuing strongly to denounce the crime of the buying and selling of men—

“ Against injustice, fraud, or wrong,  
His heart beat high.”

It was while being thus persecuted that he gathered together and published in a collected form as “Voices of Freedom” the anti-slavery poems he had written in early life. These originally appeared in various newspapers, and their dates could only now be found with great difficulty, if at all. The “Voices” produced a marked effect both at home and abroad, and though the cause for which they were first written is now a thing of the past, they are still valuable for their true ring of poetical fervour and strength; and at the time of their first publication did much to awaken the Christian conscience of the North in regard to the “peculiar institution” in the Southern States. The persistent and continuous opposition of Whittier and others greatly helped to induce the causes of the great war of 1861—a war which eventually resulted in what was the great object of the poet’s life, the abolition of Slavery in the United States, and which he celebrated in exultant verse.

Whittier’s literary efforts were not wholly confined to poetry, for both as a journalist and magazine writer he was very successful. Amongst his prose writings was a collection of essays published in 1845, entitled “The Stranger in Lowell,” and also a well-written fiction, “Mary Smith’s Journal,” being the record of a supposed visit in 1678–79 of an English girl to Massachusetts, in which the modes and manners of those years were admirably portrayed. This latter work appeared first in the *National Era*, from which also another prose work, “Old Portraits and Modern Sketches,” was republished about 1850.

Other poetical works, alive with incident and burning with personal feeling, that were published in the early years of the anti-slavery troubles, were “Home Ballads,” “Songs of Labour,” “The Chapel of the Hermits,” and “The Panorama.” These were followed in 1863 by “In War Time,” one of the most popular ballads in which is the well-known “Barbara Frietchie;” and in

1865 by "Snow-Bound," written to "beguile the weariness of a sick-chamber," this becoming one of the most popular of his works. "It is," says Professor Nichol in his "Historical Sketch of American Literature," "the narrative of a winter idyll, beautifully told by an old man, who recalls the circumstances of his father and all the family being shut in from the world without in a country farm, but making themselves happy in the sufficient kingdom of their mutual loves." Born and brought up in the country, Whittier revealed in "Snow-Bound," as generally in all his writings, his great love for nature—the forests, the fields, the rivers—and has said much that is beautiful and true about them, being a true singer of homestead and wayside life. His love for his fellow-men and desire for their good, however, is perhaps the greatest feature—his aim ever being not so much to produce fine poetry as to give utterance to truths that would make people think and do right. Whittier was thus pre-eminently looked upon as the Poet of New England: his genius drew her nourishment from its soil; and his pages are the mirror of its outward nature, and the strong utterance of the inward and better life of its people.

Following "Snow-Bound" came his chief story-book in verse, "The Tent on the Beach." This work is a collection of poems set, as it were, in a framework. Three friends have pitched their tent on the sea-shore, "to fling their loads of custom down, and escape for a while from cares that wear the life away." The three friends are a lettered gentleman, a weather-worn traveller, and a dreamer of dreams—the lettered person being supposed to be Mr. James T. Fields, the well-known publisher; the second, Bayard Taylor, who had travelled far and written well of both the East and the West. The framework enclosed a series of pleasant tales, possessing much beauty of sentiment and many instances of vivid imagery.

In 1840, when the family homestead at Haverhill was sold, the poet retired to Amesbury, a village near his birthplace, and after a time removed to Oak Knoll, in Danvers, where he spent most of the remainder of his life with some attached relatives in dignified but active seclusion, for from this place was issued many of his best works. A college of the Society of Friends was opened in 1868 at

Salem, Iowa, and received the name of Whittier College. That he was deservedly honoured by his countrymen was sufficiently shown by the public gathering of his many friends on the occasion of his seventieth birthday, at a banquet given to him by the proprietors of the *Atlantic Monthly*, to which magazine he had long been a contributor ; and again on a similar occasion, when he had completed his eightieth year.

Whittier died 7th September 1892, after a long and blameless and upright life—a life which left an influence for good upon his countrymen greater than that of many who have taken more prominent parts in public events. Summing up in words of his own—

“ Hater of din and riot,  
He lived in days unquiet ;  
And, lover of all beauty,  
Trode the hard ways of duty.”

## AUTHOR'S NOTE TO THE EDITION OF 1857.

IN these volumes, for the first time, a complete collection of my poetical writings has been made. While it is satisfactory to know that these scattered children of my brain have found a home, I cannot but regret that I have been unable, by reason of illness, to give that attention to their revision and arrangement, which respect for the opinions of others and my own afterthought and experience demand.

That there are pieces in this collection which I would "willingly let die," I am free to confess. But it is now too late to disown them, and I must submit to the inevitable penalty of poetical as well as other sins. There are others, intimately connected with the author's life and times, which owe their tenacity of vitality to the circumstances under which they were written, and the events by which they were suggested.

The long poem of "Mogg Megone" was in a great measure composed in early life ; and it is scarcely necessary to say that its subject is not such as the writer would have chosen at any subsequent period.

J. G. W.

AMESBURY, 18th, 3d mo., 1857.

## POEM

I LOVE the old melodious lays  
Which softly melt the ages through,  
The songs of Spenser's golden days,  
Arcadian Sidney's silvery phrase,  
Sprinkling our noon of time with freshest morning dew.

Yet, vainly in my quiet hours  
To breathe their marvellous notes I try;  
I feel them, as the leaves and flowers  
In silence feel the dewy showers,  
And drink with glad still lips the blessing of the sky.

The rigour of a frozen clime,  
The harshness of an untaught ear,  
The jarring words of one whose rhyme  
Beat often Labour's hurried time,  
Or Duty's rugged march through storm and strife, are here.

Of mystic beauty, dreamy grace,  
No rounded art the lack supplies;  
Unskilled the subtle lines to trace,  
Or softer shades of Nature's face,  
I view her common forms with unanointed eyes.

Nor mine the seer-like power to show  
The secrets of the heart and mind;  
To drop the plummet-line below  
Our common world of joy and woe,  
A more intense despair or brighter hope to find.

Yet here at least an earnest sense  
Of human right and weal is shown;  
A hate of tyranny intense,  
And hearty in its vehemence,  
As if my brother's pain and sorrow were my own.

O Freedom, if to me belong  
Nor mighty Milton's gift divine,  
Nor Marvell's wit and graceful song,  
Still with a love as deep and strong  
As theirs, I lay, like them, my best gifts on thy shrine !

# VOICES OF FREEDOM

## AND MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

[From 1833 to 1848]

### TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE<sup>1</sup>

'Twas night. The tranquil moonlight  
    smile

With which Heaven dreams of  
Earth, shed down

Its beauty on the Indian isle,—

On broad green field and white-  
walled town ;

And inland waste of rock and wood,  
In searching sunshine, wild and rude,  
Rose, mellowed through the silver  
gleam,

Soft as the landscape of a dream,

All motionless and dewy wet,

Tree, vine, and flower in shadow met :

The myrtle with its snowy bloom

Crossing the nightshade's solemn  
gloom,—

The white cecropia's silver rind

Relieved by deeper green behind,—

The orange with its fruit of gold,—

The lithe paullinia's verdant fold,—

The passion-flower, with symbol holy,

Twining its tendrils long and lowly,—

The rhexias dark, and cassia tall ;

And, proudly rising over all,

The kingly palm's imperial stem,

Crowned with its leafy diadem,

Star-like, beneath whose sombreshade,

The fiery-winged cucullo played !

Yes,—lovely was thine aspect, then,

Fair island of the Western Sea !

Lavish of beauty, even when

Thy brutes were happier than thy men,

For they, at least, were free !

Regardless of thy glorious clime,

Unmindful of thy soil of flowers,  
The toiling negro sighed, that Time

No faster sped his hours.

For, by the dewy moonlight still,

He fed the weary-turning mill,

Or bent him in the chill morass,

To pluck the long and tangled grass,

And hear above his scar-worn back

The heavy slave's-whip frequent crack:

While in his heart one evil thought

In solitary madness wrought,

One baleful fire surviving still

The quenching of the immortal  
mind,

One sterner passion of his kind,

Which even fetters could not kill,—

The savage hope, to deal, ere long,

A vengeance bitterer than his wrong !

Hark to that cry !—long, loud, and  
shrill,

From field and forest, rock and  
hill,

Thrilling and horrible it rang,

Around, beneath, above ;—

The wild beast from his cavern sprang,

The wild bird from her grove !

Nor fear, nor joy, nor agony

Were mingled in that midnight cry ;

But like the lion's growl of wrath,

When falls that hunter in his path

Whose barbed arrow, deeply set,

Is rankling in his bosom yet,

It told of hate, full, deep, and strong,

Of vengeance kindling out of wrong :

It was as if the crimes of years—

The unrequited toil, the tears,

<sup>1</sup> For this and similar references, see end of volume.

The shame and hate, which liken  
well

Earth's garden to the nether hell—  
Had found in nature's self a tongue,  
On which the gathered horror hung ;  
As if from cliff, and stream, and glen  
Burst on the startled ears of men  
That voice which rises unto God,  
Solemn and stern,—the cry of blood !  
It ceased,—and all was still once  
more,

Save ocean chafing on his shore,  
The sighing of the wind between  
The broad banana's leaves of green,  
Or bough by restless plumage shook,  
Or murmuring voice of mountain  
brook.

Brief was the silence. Once again  
Pealed to the skies that frantic  
yell,

Glowed on the heavens a fiery stain,  
And flashes rose and fell ;  
And painted on the blood-red sky,  
Dark, naked arms were tossed on  
high ;

And, round the white man's lordly  
hall,

Trod, fierce and free, *the brute he  
made ;*

And those who crept along the wall,  
And answered to his lightest call

With more than spaniel dread,—  
The creatures of his lawless beck,  
Were trampling on his very neck !  
And on the night-air, wild and clear,  
Rose woman's shriek of more than  
fear ;

For bloodied arms were round her  
thrown,

And dark cheeks pressed against her  
own !

Then, injured Afric !—for the shame  
Of thy own daughters, vengeance came  
Full on the scornful hearts of those,  
Who mocked thee in thy nameless  
woes,

And to thy hapless children gave  
One choice,—pollution or the grave !  
Where then was he whose fiery zeal  
Had taught the trampled heart to  
feel,

Until despair itself grew strong,  
And vengeance fed its torch from  
wrong ?

Now, when the thunderbolt is speed-  
ing ;

Now, when oppression's heart is  
bleeding ;

Now, when the latent curse of Time  
Is raining down in fire and blood,—  
That curse which, through long years  
of crime,

Has gathered, drop by drop, its  
flood,—

Why strikes he not, the foremost  
one,

Where murder's sternest deeds are  
done ?

He stood the aged palms beneath,  
That shadowed o'er his humble  
door,

Listening, with half-suspended breath,  
To the wild sounds of fear and death,  
Toussaint l'Ouverture !

What marvel that his heart beat high !  
The blow for freedom had been  
given,

And blood had answered to the cry  
Which Earth sent up to Heaven !

What marvel that a fierce delight  
Smiled grimly o'er his brow of night,—  
As groan and shout and bursting  
flame

Told where the midnight tempest  
came,

With blood and fire along its van,  
And death behind !—he was a Man !

Yes, dark-souled chieftain !—if the  
light

Of mild Religion's heavenly ray  
Unveiled not to thy mental sight

The lowlier and the purer way,  
In which the Holy Sufferer trod,  
Meekly amidst the sons of crime,—  
That calm reliance upon God

For justice in His own good time,—  
That gentleness to which belongs  
Forgiveness for its many wrongs,  
Even as the primal martyr, kneeling  
For mercy on the evil-dealing,—  
Let not the favoured white man name  
Thy stern appeal with words of blame.



Has *he* not, with the light of heaven  
Broadly around him, made the same?  
Yea, on his thousand war-fields  
striven,

And gloried in his ghastly shame?—  
Kneeling amidst his brother's blood,  
To offer mockery unto God,  
As if the High and Holy One  
Could smile on deeds of murder  
done !—

As if a human sacrifice  
Were purer in His Holy eyes,  
Though offered up by Christian hands,  
Than the foul rights of Pagan lands !

\* \* \* \* \*

Sternly, amidst his household band,  
His carbine grasped within his hand,  
The white man stood, prepared and  
still,

Waiting the shock of maddened men,  
Unchained, and fierce as tigers, when  
The horn winds through their  
caverned hill.

And one was weeping in his sight,—  
The sweetest flower of all the isle,—  
The bride who seemed but yester-  
night

Love's fair embodied smile.  
And, clinging to her trembling knee,  
Looked up the form of infancy,  
With tearful glance in either face  
The secret of its fear to trace.

"Ha ! stand or die !" The white  
man's eye

His steady musket gleamed along,  
As a tall Negro hastened nigh,  
With fearless step and strong.

"What, ho, Toussaint !" A moment  
more,

His shadow crossed the lighted floor.  
"Away !" he shouted ; "fly with me,—  
The white man's bark is on the sea ;—  
Her sails must catch the seaward  
wind,

For sudden vengeance sweeps behind.  
Our brethren from their graves have  
spoken,

The yoke is spurned,—the chain is  
broken ;

On all the hills our fires are glowing,—  
Through all the vales red blood is  
flowing !

No more the mocking White shall rest  
His foot upon the Negro's breast ;  
No more, at morn or eve, shall drip  
The warm blood from the driver's  
whip :

Yet, though Toussaint has vengeance  
sworn

For all the wrongs his race have  
borne,—

Though for each drop of Negro blood  
The white man's veins shall pour a  
flood ;

Not all alone the sense of ill  
Around his heart is lingering still,

Nor deeper can the white man feel  
The generous warmth of grateful zeal.  
Friends of the Negro ! fly with me,—  
The path is open to the sea :

Away, for life !" — He spoke, and  
pressed

The young child to his manly breast,  
As, headlong, through the cracking  
cane,

Down swept the dark insurgent  
train,—

Drunken and grim, with shout and  
yell

Howled through the dark, like sounds  
from hell.

Far out, in peace, the white man's sail  
Swayed free before the sunrise gale.  
Cloud-like that island hung afar,

Along the bright horizon's verge,  
O'er which the curse of servile war  
Rolled its red torrent, surge on  
surge ;

And he—the Negro champion—where  
In the fierce tumult struggled he ?

Go trace him by the fiery glare  
Of dwellings in the midnight air,—  
The yells of triumph and despair,—  
The streams that crimson to the sea !

Sleep calmly in thy dungeon-tomb,  
Beneath Besançon's alien sky,  
Dark Haytien !—for the time shall  
come,

Yea, even now is nigh,—  
When, everywhere, thy name shall be  
Redeemed from *colour's* infamy ;  
And men shall learn to speak of  
thee

As one of earth's great spirits, born  
In servitude, and nursed in scorn,  
Casting aside the weary weight  
And fetters of its low estate,  
In that strong majesty of soul

Which knows no colour, tongue, or  
clime,—  
Which still hath spurned the base  
control

Of tyrants through all time !  
Far other hands than mine may  
wreath

The laurel round thy brow of death,  
And speak thy praise, as one whose  
word

A thousand fiery spirits stirred,—  
Who crushed his foeman as a worm,—  
Whose step on human hearts fell  
firm : 2—

Be mine the better task to find  
A tribute for thy lofty mind,  
Amidst whose gloomy vengeance shone  
Some milder virtues all thine own,—  
Some gleams of feeling pure and warm,  
Like sunshine on a sky of storm,—  
Proofs that the Negro's heart retains  
Some nobleness amidst its chains,—  
That kindness to the wronged is never  
Without its excellent reward,—  
Holy to human-kind and ever  
Acceptable to God.

### THE SLAVE-SHIPS 3

"That fatal, that perfidious bark,  
Built in the eclipse, and rigged with curses  
dark."—*Milton's Lycidas.*

"ALL ready?" cried the captain ;

"Ay, ay!" the seamen said ;  
"Heave up the worthless lubbers,—  
The dying and the dead."

Up from the slave-ship's prison  
Fierce, bearded heads were thrust :  
"Now let the sharks look to it,—  
Toss up the dead ones first!"

Corpse after corpse came up,—  
Death had been busy there ;  
Where every blow is mercy,  
Why should the spoiler spare?

Corpse after corpse they cast  
Sullenly from the ship,  
Yet bloody with the traces  
Of fetter-link and whip.

Gloomily stood the captain,  
With his arms upon his breast,  
With his cold brow sternly knotted,  
And his iron lip compressed.  
"Are all the dead dogs over?"  
Growled through that matted lip,—  
"The blind ones are no better,  
Let's lighten the good ship."

Hark! from the ship's dark bosom  
The very sounds of hell!  
The ringing clank of iron,—  
The maniac's short, sharp yell!—  
The hoarse, low curse, throat-stifled,—  
The starving infant's moan,—  
The horror of a breaking heart  
Poured through a mother's groan.

Up from that loathsome prison  
The stricken blind ones came :  
Below, had all been darkness,—  
Above, was still the same.  
Yet the holy breath of heaven  
Was sweetly breathing there,  
And the heated brow of fever  
Cooled in the soft sea air.

"Overboard with them, shipmates!"  
Cutlass and dirk were plied ;  
Fettered and blind, one after one,  
Plunged down the vessel's side.  
The sabre smote above,—  
Beneath, the lean shark lay,  
Waiting with wide and bloody jaw  
His quick and human prey.

God of the earth! what cries  
Rang upward unto Thee?  
Voices of agony and blood,  
From ship-deck and from sea.  
The last dull plunge was heard,—  
The last wave caught its stain,—  
And the unsated shark looked up  
For human hearts in vain.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Red glowed the western waters,—  
The setting sun was there,

Scattering alike on wave and cloud  
 His fiery mesh of hair.  
 Amidst a group in blindness,  
 A solitary eye  
 Gazed, from the burdened slaver's  
 deck,  
 Into that burning sky.

"A storm," spoke out the gazer,  
 "Is gathering and at hand,—  
 Curse on't—I'd give my other eye  
 For one firm rood of land."  
 And then he laughed,—but only  
 His echoed laugh replied,—  
 For the blinded and the suffering  
 Alone were at his side.

Night settled on the waters,  
 And on a stormy heaven,  
 While fiercely on that lone ship's track  
 The thunder-gust was driven.  
 "A sail!—thank God, a sail!"  
 And as the helmsman spoke,  
 Up through the stormy murmur  
 A shout of gladness broke.

Down came the stranger vessel,  
 Unheeding on her way,  
 So near that on the slaver's deck  
 Fell off her driven spray.  
 "Ho! for the love of mercy,—  
 We're perishing and blind!"  
 A wail of utter agony  
 Came back upon the wind:

"Help *us*! for we are stricken  
 With blindness every one;  
 Ten days we've floated fearfully,  
 Unnoting star or sun.  
 Our ship's the slaver Leon,—  
 We've but a score on board,—  
 Our slaves are all gone over,—  
 Help,—for the love of God!"

On livid brows of agony  
 The broad red lightning shone,—  
 But the roar of wind and thunder  
 Stifled the answering groan;  
 Wailed from the broken waters  
 A last despairing cry,  
 As, kindling in the stormy light,  
 The stranger ship went by.

\* \* \* \* \*

In the sunny Guadaloupe  
 A dark-hulled vessel lay,—  
 With a crew who noted never  
 The nightfall or the day.  
 The blossom of the orange  
 Was white by every stream,  
 And tropic leaf, and flower, and bird  
 Were in the warm sunbeam.

And the sky was bright as ever,  
 And the moonlight slept as well,  
 On the palm-trees by the hillside,  
 And the streamlet of the dell;  
 And the glances of the Creole  
 Were still as archly deep,  
 And her smiles as full as ever  
 Of passion and of sleep.

But vain were bird and blossom,  
 The green earth and the sky,  
 And the smile of human faces,  
 To the slaver's darkened eye;  
 At the breaking of the morning,  
 At the star-lit evening time,  
 O'er a world of light and beauty  
 Fell the blackness of his crime.

## STANZAS

["The despotism which our fathers could not bear in their native country is expiring, and the sword of justice in her reformed hands has applied its exterminating edge to slavery. Shall the United States—the free United States, which could not bear the bonds of a king—cradle the bondage which a king is abolishing? Shall a Republic be less free than a Monarchy? Shall we, in the vigour and buoyancy of our manhood, be less energetic in righteousness than a kingdom in its age?"—*Dr. Follen's Address.*]

"Genius of America!—Spirit of our free institutions!—where art thou?—How art thou fallen, O Lucifer! son of the morning,—how art thou fallen from Heaven! Hell from beneath is moved for thee, to meet thee at thy coming!—The kings of the earth cry out to thee, Aha! Aha!—ART THOU BECOME LIKE UNTO US?"—*Speech of Samuel J. May.*]

OUR fellow-countrymen in chains!  
 Slaves—in a land of light and law!  
 Slaves—crouching on the very plains  
 Where rolled the storm of Free-  
 dom's war!

Agroan from Eutaw's haunted wood,—  
 A wail where Camden's martyrs  
 fell,—  
 By every shrine of patriot blood,  
 From Moultrie's wall and Jaspar's  
 well !

By storied hill and hallowed grot,  
 By mossy wood and marshy glen,  
 Whence rang of old the rifle-shot,  
 And hurrying shout of Marion's  
 men !  
 The groan of breaking hearts is there,—  
 The falling lash,—the fetter's clank !  
*Slaves*,—*SLAVES* are breathing in that  
 air,  
 Which old De Kalb and Sumter  
 drank !

What, ho ! — *our* countrymen in  
 chains !  
 The whip on WOMAN's shrinking  
 flesh !  
*Our* soil yet reddening with the  
 stains  
 Caught from her scourging, warm  
 and fresh !  
 What ! mothers from their children  
 riven !  
 What ! God's own image bought  
 and sold !  
 AMERICANS to market driven,  
 And bartered as the brute for  
 gold !

Speak ! shall their agony of prayer  
 Come thrilling to our hearts in  
 vain ?  
 To us whose fathers scorned to bear  
 The paltry *menace* of a chain ;  
 To us, whose boast is loud and long  
 Of holy Liberty and Light,—  
 Say, shall these writhing slaves of  
 Wrong  
 Plead vainly for their plundered  
 Right ?

What ! shall we send, with lavish  
 breath,  
 Our sympathies across the wave,  
 Where Manhood, on the field of  
 death,  
 Strikes for his freedom or a grave ?

Shall prayers go up, and hymns be  
 sung  
 For Greece, the Moslem fetters  
 spurning,  
 And millions hail with pen and tongue  
*Our* light on all her altars burning ?

Shall Belgium feel, and gallant  
 France,  
 By Vendome's pile and Schoen-  
 brun's wall,  
 And Poland, gasping on her lance,  
 The impulse of our cheering call ?  
 And shall the *SLAVE*, beneath our  
 eye,  
 Clank o'er *our* fields his hateful  
 chain ?  
 And toss his fettered arms on high,  
 And groan for Freedom's gift in  
 vain ?

O, say, shall Prussia's banner be  
 A refuge for the stricken slave ?  
 And shall the Russian serf go free  
 By Baikal's lake and Neva's wave ?  
 And shall the wintry-bosomed Dane  
 Relax the iron hand of pride,  
 And bid his bondman cast the chain,  
 From fettered soul and limb, aside ?

Shall every flap of England's flag  
 Proclaim that all around are free,  
 From "farthest Ind" to each blue  
 crag  
 That beetles o'er the Western Sea ?  
 And shall we scoff at Europe's kings,  
 When Freedom's fire is dim with  
 us,  
 And round our country's altar clings  
 The damning shade of Slavery's  
 curse ?

Go—let us ask of Constantine  
 To loose his grasp on Poland's  
 throat ;  
 And beg the lord of Mahmoud's line  
 To spare the struggling Suliote,—  
 Will not the scorching answer come  
 From turbaned Turk, and scornful  
 Russ :  
 "Go, loose your fettered slaves at  
 home,  
 Then turn, and ask the like of us !"

Just God ! and shall we calmly rest,  
The Christian's scorn,—the hea-  
then's mirth,—

Content to live the lingering jest  
And by-word of a mocking Earth ?  
Shall our own glorious land retain  
That curse which Europe scorns to  
bear ?

Shall our own brethren drag the chain  
Which not even Russia's menials  
wear ?

Up, then, in Freedom's manly part,  
From graybeard eld to fiery youth,  
And on the nation's naked heart  
Scatter the living coals of Truth !  
Up,—while ye slumber, deeper yet  
The shadow of our fame is growing !  
Up,—while ye pause, our sun may set  
In blood, around our altars flowing !

Oh ! rouse ye, ere the storm comes  
forth,—

The gathered wrath of God and  
man,—  
Like that which wasted Egypt's earth,  
When hail and fire above it ran.  
Hear ye no warnings in the air ?  
Feel ye no earthquake underneath ?  
Up,—up ! why will ye slumber where  
The sleeper only wakes in death ?

Up *now* for Freedom !—not in strife  
Like that your sterner fathers saw,—  
The awful waste of human life,—  
The glory and the guilt of war :  
But break the chain,—the yoke remove,  
And smite to earth Oppression's rod,  
With those mild arms of Truth and  
Love,  
Mademighty through the living God !

Down let the shrine of Moloch sink,  
And leave no traces where it stood ;  
Nor longer let its idol drink  
His daily cup of human blood ;  
But rear another altar there,  
To Truth and Love and Mercy  
given,  
And Freedom's gift, and Freedom's  
prayer,  
Shall call an answer down from  
Heaven !

## THE YANKEE GIRL

SHE sings by her wheel at that low  
cottage door,  
Which the long evening shadow is  
stretching before,  
With a music as sweet as the music  
which seems  
Breathed softly and faint in the ear  
of our dreams !

How brilliant and mirthful the light  
of her eye,  
Like a star glancing out from the  
blue of the sky !  
And lightly and freely her dark tresses  
play  
O'er a brow and a bosom as lovely as  
they !

Who comes in his pride to that low  
cottage-door,—  
The haughty and rich to the humble  
and poor ?  
'Tis the great Southern planter,—the  
master who waves  
His whip of dominion o'er hundreds  
of slaves.

“ Nay, Ellen,—for shame ! Let those  
Yankee fools spin,  
Who would pass for our slaves with a  
change of their skin ;  
Let them toil as they will at the  
loom or the wheel,  
Too stupid for shame, and too vulgar  
to feel !

“ But thou art too lovely and precious  
a gem  
To be bound to their burdens and  
sullied by them,—  
For shame, Ellen, shame,—cast thy  
bondage aside,  
And away to the South, as my bless-  
ing and pride.

“ Oh, come where no winter thy foot-  
steps can wrong,  
But where flowers are blossoming all  
the year long,

Where the shade of the palm-tree is  
 over my home,  
 And the lemon and orange are white  
 in their bloom !

" Oh, come to my home, where my  
 servants shall all  
 Depart at thy bidding and come at  
 thy call ;  
 They shall heed thee as mistress with  
 trembling and awe,  
 And each wish of thy heart shall be  
 felt as a law."

Oh, could ye have seen her—that  
 pride of our girls—  
 Arise and cast back the dark wealth  
 of her curls,  
 With a scorn in her eye which the  
 gazer could feel,  
 And a glance like the sunshine that  
 flashes on steel !

" Go back, haughty Southron ! thy  
 treasures of gold  
 Are dim with the blood of the hearts  
 thou hast sold ;  
 Thy home may be lovely, but round  
 it I hear  
 The crack of the whip and the foot-  
 steps of fear !

" And the sky of thy South may be  
 brighter than ours,  
 And greener thy landscapes, and fairer  
 thy flowers ;  
 But dearer the blast round our moun-  
 tain which raves,  
 Than the sweet summer zephyr which  
 breathes over slaves !

" Full low at thy bidding thy negroes  
 may kneel,  
 With the iron of bondage on spirit  
 and heel ;  
 Yet know that the Yankee girl sooner  
 would be  
 In fetters with them, than in freedom  
 with thee !"



TO W[ILLIAM] L[LOYD]  
 G[ARRISON]

CHAMPION of those who groan beneath  
 Oppression's iron hand :  
 In view of penury, hate, and death,  
 I see thee fearless stand.  
 Still bearing up thy lofty brow,  
 In the steadfast strength of truth,  
 In manhood sealing well the vow  
 And promise of thy youth.

Go on,—for thou hast chosen well ;  
 On in the strength of God !  
 Long as one human heart shall swell  
 Beneath the tyrant's rod.  
 Speak in a slumbering nation's ear,  
 As thou hast ever spoken,  
 Until the dead in sin shall hear,—  
 The fetter's link be broken !

I love thee with a brother's love,  
 I feel my pulses thrill,  
 To mark thy spirit soar above  
 The cloud of human ill.  
 My heart hath leaped to answer thine,  
 And echo back thy words,  
 As leaps the warrior's at the shine  
 And flash of kindred swords !

They tell me thou art rash and vain,—  
 A searcher after fame ;  
 That thou art striving but to gain  
 A long-enduring name ;  
 That thou hast nerved the Afric's hand  
 And steeled the Afric's heart,  
 To shake aloft his vengeful brand,  
 And rend his chain apart.

Have I not known thee well, and read  
 Thy mighty purpose long ?  
 And watched the trials which have  
 made  
 Thy human spirit strong ?  
 And shall the slanderer's demon breath  
 Avail with one like me,  
 To dim the sunshine of my faith  
 And earnest trust in thee ?

Go on,—the dagger's point may glare  
 Amid thy pathway's gloom,—  
 The fate which sternly threatens there  
 Is glorious martyrdom !

Then onward with a martyr's zeal ;  
 And wait thy sure reward  
 When man to man no more shall  
 kneel,  
 And God alone be Lord !  
 1833.

## SONG OF THE FREE

PRIDE of New England !  
 Soul of our fathers !  
 Shrink we all craven-like,  
 When the storm gathers ?  
 What though the tempest be  
 Over us lowering,  
 Where's the New-Englander  
 Shamefully cowering ?  
 Graves green and holy  
 Around us are lying,—  
 Free were the sleepers all,  
 Living and dying !

Back with the Southerner's  
 Padlocks and scourges !  
 Go,—let him fetter down  
 Ocean's free surges !  
 Go,—let him silence  
 Winds, clouds, and waters,—  
 Never New England's own  
 Free sons and daughters !  
 Free as our rivers are  
 Ocean-ward going,—  
 Free as the breezes are  
 Over us blowing.

Up to our altars, then,  
 Haste we, and summon  
 Courage and loveliness,  
 Manhood and woman !  
 Deep let our pledges be :  
 Freedom for ever !  
 Truce with oppression,  
 Never, oh, never !  
 By our own birthright-gift,  
 Granted of Heaven,—  
 Freedom for heart and lip,  
 Be the pledge given !

If we have whispered truth,  
 Whisper no longer ;

Speak as the tempest does,  
 Sterner and stronger ;  
 Still be the tones of truth  
 Louder and firmer,  
 Startling the haughty South  
 With the deep murmur ;  
 God and our charter's right,  
 Freedom for ever !  
 Truce with oppression,—  
 Never, oh, never !

1836.

## THE HUNTERS OF MEN

HAVE ye heard of our hunting, o'er  
 mountain and glen,  
 Through cane-brake and forest,—the  
 hunting of men ?  
 The lords of our land to this hunting  
 have gone,  
 As the fox-hunter follows the sound  
 of the horn ;  
 Hark !—the cheer and the hallo !—  
 the crack of the whip,  
 And the yell of the hound as he  
 fastens his grip !  
 All blithe are our hunters, and noble  
 their match,—  
 Though hundreds are caught, there  
 are millions to catch.  
 So speed to their hunting, o'er moun-  
 tain and glen,  
 Through cane-brake and forest,—the  
 hunting of men !

Gay luck to our hunters !—how nobly  
 they ride  
 In the glow of their zeal, and the  
 strength of their pride !—  
 The priest with his cassock flung back  
 on the wind,  
 Just screening the politic statesman  
 behind,—  
 The saint and the sinner, with cursing  
 and prayer,  
 The drunk and the sober, ride merrily  
 there.  
 And woman,—kind woman,—wife,  
 widow, and maid,  
 For the good of the hunted, is lending  
 her aid :

Her foot's in the stirrup, her hand on  
the rein,  
How blithely she rides to the hunting  
of men !

Oh, goodly and grand is our hunting to  
see,

In this "land of the brave and this  
home of the free."

Priest, warrior, and statesman, from  
Georgia to Maine,

All mounting the saddle,—all grasp-  
ing the rein,—

Right merrily hunting the black man,  
whose sin

Is the curl of his hair and the hue of  
his skin !

Woe, now, to the hunted who turns  
him at bay !

Will our hunters be turned from their  
purpose and prey ?

Will their hearts fail within them ?—  
their nerves tremble, when

All roughly they ride to the hunting  
of men ?

Ho !—ALMS for our hunters ! all weary  
and faint,

Wax the curse of the sinner and prayer  
of the saint.

The horn is wound faintly,—the  
echoes are still,

Over cane-brake and river, and forest  
and hill.

Haste,—alms for our hunters ! the  
hunted once more

Have turned from their flight with  
their backs to the shore :

What right have *they* here in the  
home of the white,

Shadowed o'er by *our* banner of Free-  
dom and Right ?

Ho !—alms for the hunters ! or never  
again

Will they ride in their pomp to the  
hunting of men !

ALMS,—ALMS for our hunters ! why  
*will* ye delay,

When their pride and their glory are  
melting away ?

The parson has turned ; for, on charge  
of his own,

Who goeth a warfare, or hunting,  
alone ?

The politic statesman looks back with  
a sigh,—

There is doubt in his heart,—there is  
fear in his eye.

Oh, haste, lest that doubting and fear  
shall prevail,

And the head of his steed take the  
place of the tail.

Oh, haste, ere he leave us ! for who  
will ride then,

For pleasure or gain, to the hunting  
of men ?

1835.

### CLERICAL OPPRESSORS

[In the report of the celebrated pro-slavery  
meeting in Charlestown, S. C., on the 4th of  
the 9th month, 1835, published in the *Courier*  
of that city, it is stated : "*The Clergy of*  
*all denominations attended in a body, lend-*  
*ing their sanction to the proceedings,*  
and adding by their presence to the impressive  
character of the scene !"]

JUST God !—and these are they  
Who minister at Thine altar, God of  
Right !

Men who their hands with prayer  
and blessing lay  
On Israel's Ark of light !

What ! preach and kidnap men !  
Give thanks,—and rob Thy own  
afflicted poor ?

Talk of Thy glorious liberty, and then  
Bolt hard the captive's door ?

What ! servants of Thy own  
Merciful Son, who came to seek and save  
The homeless and the outcast,—fetter-  
ing down

The tasked and plundered slave !

Pilate and Herod, friends !  
Chief priests and rulers, as of old,  
combine !

Just God and holy ! is that church,  
which lends  
Strength to the spoiler, Thine ?



Paid hypocrites, who turn  
Judgment aside, and rob the Holy Book  
Of those high words of truth which  
search and burn  
In warning and rebuke ;

Feed fat, ye locusts, feed !  
And, in your tasselled pulpits, thank  
the Lord  
That, from the toiling bondman's  
utter need,  
Ye pile your own full board.

How long, O Lord ! how long  
Shall such a priesthood barter truth  
away,  
And in Thy name, for robbery and  
wrong  
At Thy own altars pray ?

Is not Thy hand stretched forth  
Visibly in the heavens, to awe and  
smite ?  
Shall not the living God of all the  
earth,  
And heaven above, do right ?

Woe, then, to all who grind  
Their brethren of a common Father  
down !  
To all who plunder from the immortal  
mind  
Its bright and glorious crown !

Woe to the priesthood ! woe  
To those whose hire is with the price  
of blood,—  
Perverting, darkening, changing, as  
they go,  
The searching truths of God !

Their glory and their might  
Shall perish ; and their very name  
shall be  
Vile before all the people, in the light  
Of a world's liberty.

Oh, speed the moment on  
When Wrong shall cease, and Liberty  
and Love  
And Truth and Right throughout the  
earth be known  
As in their home above.

## THE CHRISTIAN SLAVE

[In a late publication of L. F. Tasistro—  
"Random Shots and Southern Breezes"—is  
a description of a slave auction at New  
Orleans, at which the auctioneer recom-  
mended the woman on the stand as "A  
GOOD CHRISTIAN !"]

A CHRISTIAN ! going, gone !  
Who bids for God's own image ?—for  
His grace,  
Which that poor victim of the market-  
place  
Hath in her suffering won ?

My God ! can such things be ?  
Hast Thou not said that whatsoe'er is  
done  
Unto Thy weakest and Thy humblest  
one  
Is even done to Thee ?

In that sad victim, then,  
Child of Thy pitying love, I see Thee  
stand,—  
Once more the jest-word of a mock-  
ing band,  
Bound, sold, and scourged again !

A Christian up for sale !  
Wet with her blood your whips, o'er-  
task her frame,  
Make her life loathsome with your  
wrong and shame,  
*Her* patience shall not fail !

A heathen hand might deal  
Back on your heads the gathered  
wrong of years :  
But her low, broken prayer and nightly  
tears  
Ye neither heed nor feel.

Con well thy lesson o'er,  
Thou *prudent* teacher,—tell the toil-  
ing slave  
No dangerous tale of Him who came  
to save  
The outcast and the poor.

But wisely shut the ray  
Of God's free Gospel from her simple  
heart,  
And to her darkened mind alone impart  
One stern command,—OBEY !

So shalt thou deftly raise  
The market price of human flesh ; and  
while  
On thee, their pampered guest, the  
planters smile,  
Thy church shall praise.

Grave, reverend men shall tell  
From Northern pulpits how thy work  
was blest,  
While in that vile South Sodom first  
and best,  
Thy poor disciples sell.

Oh, shame ! the Moslem thrall,  
Who, with his master, to the Prophet  
kneels,  
While turning to the sacred Kebla feels  
His fetters break and fall.

Cheers for the turbaned Bey  
Of robber-peopled Tunis ! he hath  
torn  
The dark slave-dungeons open, and  
hath borne  
Their inmates into day :

But our poor slave in vain  
Turns to the Christian shrine his  
aching eyes,—  
Its rites will only swell his market  
price,  
And rivet on his chain.

God of all right ! how long  
Shall priestly robbers at Thine altar  
stand,  
Lifting in prayer to Thee the bloody  
hand  
And haughty brow of wrong ?

Oh, from the fields of cane,  
From the low rice-swamp, from the  
trader's cell,—

From the black slave-ship's foul and  
loathsome hell,  
And coffle's weary chain,—

Hoarse, horrible, and strong,  
Rises to Heaven that agonising cry,  
Filling the arches of the hollow sky,  
HOW LONG, O GOD, HOW LONG ?

### STANZAS FOR THE TIMES

Is this the land our fathers loved,  
The freedom which they toiled to  
win ?  
Is this the soil whereon they moved ?  
Are these the graves they slumber  
in ?  
Are *we* the sons by whom are borne  
The mantles which the dead have  
worn ?

And shall we crouch above these  
graves,  
With craven soul and fettered  
lip ?  
Yoke in with marked and branded  
slaves,  
And tremble at the driver's whip ?  
Bend to the earth our pliant knees,  
And speak—but as our masters please ?

Shall outraged Nature cease to feel ?  
Shall Mercy's tears no longer flow ?  
Shall ruffian threats of cord and  
steel,—  
The dungeon's gloom,—the assas-  
sin's blow,  
Turn back the spirit roused to save  
The Truth, our Country, and the  
Slave ?

Of human skulls that shrine was  
made,  
Round which the priests of Mexico  
Before their loathsome idol prayed ;—  
Is Freedom's altar fashioned so ?  
And must we yield to Freedom's  
God,  
As offering meet, the negro's blood ?

Shall tongues be mute, when deeds  
are wrought

Which well might shame extremest  
hell?

Shall freemen lock the indignant  
thought?

Shall Pity's bosom cease to swell?

Shall Honour bleed?—shall Truth  
succumb?

Shall pen, and press, and soul be  
dumb?

No ;—by each spot of haunted ground,  
Where Freedom weeps her chil-  
dren's fall,—

By Plymouth's rock, and Bunker's  
mound,—

By Griswold's stained and shattered  
wall,—

By Warren's ghost,—by Langdon's  
shade,—

By all the memories of our dead !

By their enlarging souls, which burst  
The bands and fetters round them  
set,—

By the free Pilgrim spirit nursed  
Within our inmost bosoms, yet,—

By all above, around, below,

Be ours the indignant answer,—  
NO !

No ;—guided by our country's laws,  
For truth, and right, and suffering  
man,

Be ours to strive in Freedom's cause,  
As Christians *may*,—as freemen  
*can* !

Still pouring on unwilling ears  
That truth oppression only fears.

What ! shall we guard our neighbour  
still,

While woman shrieks beneath his  
rod,

And while he tramples down at will

The image of a common God !

Shall watch and ward be round him  
set,

Of Northern nerve and bayonet ?

And shall we know and share with  
him

The danger and the growing shame?  
And see our Freedom's light grow  
dim,

Which should have filled the world  
with flame?

And, writhing, feel, where'er we  
turn,

A world's reproach around us burn?

Is't not enough that this is borne?

And asks our haughty neighbour  
more?

Must fetters which his slaves have  
worn

Clank round the Yankee farmer's  
door?

Must he be told, beside his plough,  
What he must speak, and when, and  
how?

Must he be told his freedom stands

On Slavery's dark foundations  
strong,—

On breaking hearts and fettered  
hands,

On robbery, and crime, and wrong?

That all his fathers taught is vain,—  
That Freedom's emblem is the chain?

Its life, its soul, from slavery drawn?  
False, foul, profane ! Go.—teach  
a well

Of holy Truth from Falsehood born !  
Of Heaven refreshed by airs from  
Hell !

Of Virtue in the arms of Vice !

Of Demons planting Paradise !

Rail on, then, "brethren of the  
South,"—

Ye shall not hear the truth the  
less ;—

No seal is on the Yankee's mouth,

No fetter on the Yankee's press !

From our Green Mountains to the  
sea,

One voice shall thunder,—WE ARE  
FREE !

## LINES

WRITTEN ON READING THE MESSAGE OF GOVERNOR RITNER, OF PENNSYLVANIA, 1836.

THANK God for the token!—one lip  
is still free,—  
One spirit untrammelled,—unbending  
one knee!  
Like the oak of the mountain, deep-rooted  
and firm,  
Erect, when the multitude bends to  
the storm;  
When traitors to Freedom, and Honour,  
and God,  
Are bowed at an Idol polluted with  
blood;  
When the recreant North has forgotten  
her trust,  
And the lip of her honour is low in  
the dust,—  
Thank God, that one arm from the  
shackle has broken!  
Thank God, that one man as a *free-man*  
has spoken!

O'er thy crags, Alleghany, a blast has  
been blown!  
Down thy tide, Susquehanna, the  
murmur has gone!  
To the land of the South,—of the  
charter and chain,—  
Of Liberty sweetened with Slavery's  
pain;  
Where the cant of Democracy dwells  
on the lips  
Of the forgers of fetters, and wielders  
of whips!  
Where "chivalric" honour means  
really no more  
Than scourging of women, and robbing  
the poor!  
Where the Moloch of Slavery sitteth  
on high,  
And the words which he utters, are—  
WORSHIP, OR DIE!

Right onward, oh speed it! Wherever  
the blood  
Of the wronged and the guiltless is  
crying to God;

Wherever a slave in his fetters is  
pining;  
Wherever the lash of the driver is  
twining;  
Wherever from kindred, torn rudely  
apart,  
Comes the sorrowful wail of the  
broken of heart;  
Wherever the shackles of tyranny  
bind,  
In silence and darkness, the God-given  
mind;  
There, God speed it onward!—its  
truth will be felt,—  
The bonds shall be loosened,—the  
iron shall melt!

And oh, will the land where the free  
soul of PENN  
Still lingers and breathes over mountain  
and glen,—  
Will the land where a BENEZET's  
spirit went forth  
To the peeled and the meted, and  
outcast of Earth,—  
Where the words of the Charter of  
Liberty first  
From the soul of the sage and the  
patriot burst,—  
Where first for the wronged and the  
weak of their kind,  
The Christian and statesman their  
efforts combined,—  
Will that land of the free and the  
good wear a chain?  
Will the call to the rescue of Freedom  
be vain?

No, RITNER!—her "Friends" at thy  
warning shall stand  
Erect for the truth, like their ancestral  
band;  
Forgetting the feuds and the strife of  
past time,  
Counting coldness injustice, and  
silence a crime;  
Turning back from the cavil of creeds,  
to unite  
Once again for the poor in defence of  
the Right;

Breasting calmly, but firmly, the full  
 tide of Wrong,  
 Overwhelmed, but not borne on its  
 surges along ;  
 Unappalled by the danger, the shame,  
 and the pain,  
 And counting each trial for Truth as  
 their gain !

And that bold - hearted yeomanry,  
 honest and true,  
 Who, haters of fraud, give to labour  
 its due ;  
 Whose fathers, of old, sang in concert  
 with thine,  
 On the banks of Swetara, the songs  
 of the Rhine,—  
 The German-born pilgrims, who first  
 dared to brave  
 The scorn of the proud in the cause  
 of the slave :—  
 Will the sons of such men yield the  
 lords of the South  
 One brow for the brand,—for the pad-  
 lock one mouth ?  
 They cater to tyrants ?—They rivet  
 the chain,  
 Which their fathers smote off, on the  
 negro again ?

No, never !—one voice, like the sound  
 in the cloud,  
 When the roar of the storm waxes  
 loud and more loud,  
 Wherever the foot of the freeman  
 hath pressed  
 From the Delaware's marge to the  
 Lake of the West,  
 On the South-going breezes shall  
 deepen and grow  
 Till the land it sweeps over shall  
 tremble below !  
 The voice of a PEOPLE,—uprisen,—  
 awake,—  
 Pennsylvania's watchword with Free-  
 dom at stake,  
 Thrilling up from each valley, flung  
 down from each height,  
 "OUR COUNTRY AND LIBERTY !—  
 GOD FOR THE RIGHT !"

## THE PASTORAL LETTER

So, this is all,—the utmost reach  
 Of priestly power the mind to fetter !  
 When laymen think—when women  
 preach—

A war of words — a " Pastoral  
 Letter !"

Now, shame upon ye, parish Popes !  
 Was it thus with those, your pre-  
 decessors,  
 Who sealed with racks, and fire, and  
 ropes  
 Their loving-kindness to trans-  
 gressors ?

A " Pastoral Letter," grave and  
 dull—

Alas ! in hoof and horns and fea-  
 tures,  
 How different is your Brookfield  
 bull,  
 From him who bellows from St.  
 Peter's !

Your pastoral rights and powers from  
 harm,  
 Think ye, can words alone preserve  
 them ?

Your wiser fathers taught the arm  
 And sword of temporal power to  
 serve them.

Oh, glorious days,—when Church  
 and State

Were wedded by your spiritual  
 fathers !

And on submissive shoulders sat  
 Your Wilsons and your Cotton  
 Mathers.

No vile " itinerant " then could mar  
 The beauty of your tranquil Zion,  
 But at his peril of the scar  
 Of hangman's whip and branding-  
 iron.

Then, wholesome laws relieved the  
 Church  
 Of heretic and mischief-maker,  
 And priest and bailiff joined in search,  
 By turns, of Papist, witch, and  
 Quaker !

The stocks were at each church's door,  
 The gallows stood on Boston Common,  
 A Papist's ears the pillory bore,—  
 The gallows-rope, a Quaker woman!

Your fathers dealt not as ye deal  
 With "non-professing" frantic teachers;  
 They bored the tongue with red-hot steel,  
 And flayed the backs of "female preachers."  
 Old Newbury, had her fields a tongue,  
 And Salem's streets, could tell their story,  
 Of fainting woman dragged along,  
 Gashed by the whip, accursed and gory!

And will ye ask me, why this taunt  
 Of memories sacred from the corner?  
 And why with reckless hand I plant  
 A nettle on the graves ye honour?  
 Not to reproach New England's dead  
 This record from the past I summon,  
 Of manhood to the scaffold led,  
 And suffering and heroic woman.

No,—for yourselves alone, I turn  
 The pages of intolerance over,  
 That, in their spirit, dark and stern,  
 Ye haply may your own discover!  
 For, if ye claim the "pastoral right,"  
 To silence Freedom's voice of warning,  
 And from your precincts shut the light  
 Of Freedom's day around ye dawn-  
 ing;

If when an earthquake voice of power,  
 And signs in earth and heaven, are showing  
 That forth, in its appointed hour,  
 The Spirit of the Lord is going!  
 And, with that Spirit, Freedom's light  
 On kindred, tongue, and people breaking,  
 Whose slumbering millions, at the sight,  
 In glory and in strength are waking!

When for the sighing of the poor,  
 And for the needy, God hath risen,  
 And chains are breaking, and a door  
 Is opening for the souls in prison!  
 If then ye would, with puny hands,  
 Arrest the very work of Heaven,  
 And bind anew the evil bands  
 Which God's right arm of power  
 hath riven,—

What marvel that, in many a mind,  
 Those darker deeds of bigot mad-  
 ness  
 Are closely with your own combined,  
 Yet "less in anger than in sadness"?  
 What marvel, if the people learn  
 To claim the right of free opinion?  
 What marvel, if at times they spurn  
 The ancient yoke of your dominion?

A glorious remnant linger yet  
 Whose lips are wet at Freedom's  
 fountains,  
 The coming of whose welcome feet  
 Is beautiful upon our mountains!  
 Men, who the gospel tidings bring  
 Of Liberty and Love for ever,  
 Whose joy is an abiding spring,  
 Whose peace is as a gentle river!

But ye, who scorn the thrilling tale  
 Of Carolina's high-souled daughters,  
 Which echoes here the mournful wail  
 Of sorrow from Edisto's waters,  
 Close while ye may the public ear,—  
 With malice vex, with slander  
 wound them,—  
 The pure and good shall throng to  
 hear,  
 And tried and manly hearts sur-  
 round them.

Oh, ever may the power which led  
 Their way to such a fiery trial,  
 And strengthened womanhood to tread  
 The wine-press of such self-denial,  
 Be round them in an evil land,  
 With wisdom and with strength  
 from Heaven,  
 With Miriam's voice, and Judith's  
 hand,  
 And Deborah's song for triumph  
 given!

And what are ye who strive with God  
Against the ark of His salvation,  
Moved by the breath of prayer abroad,  
With blessings for a dying nation?  
What, but the stubble and the hay  
To perish, even as flax consuming,  
With all that bars His glorious way,  
Before the brightness of His coming?

And thou, sad Angel, who so long  
Hast waited for the glorious token,  
That Earth from all her bonds of wrong  
To liberty and light has broken,—  
Angel of Freedom! soon to thee,  
The sounding trumpet shall be given,  
And over Earth's full jubilee  
Shall deeper joy be felt in Heaven!

LINES

WRITTEN FOR THE MEETING OF  
THE ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, ON  
THE 4TH OF THE 7TH MONTH,  
1834.

O THOU, whose presence went before  
Our fathers in their weary way,  
As with Thy chosen moved of yore  
The fire by night, the cloud by day!

When from each temple of the free,  
A nation's song ascends to Heaven,  
Most Holy Father! unto Thee .  
May not our humble prayer be  
given?

Thy children all,—though hue and  
form  
Are varied in Thine own good will,—  
With Thy own holy breathings warm,  
And fashioned in Thine image still.

We thank Thee, Father!—hill and  
plain  
Around us wave their fruits once  
more,  
And clustered vine, and blossomed  
grain,  
Are bending round each cottage  
door.

And peace is here; and hope and  
love

Are round us as a mantle thrown,  
And unto Thee, supreme above,  
The knee of prayer is bowed alone.

But oh, for those this day can bring,  
As unto us, no joyful thrill,—  
For those who, under Freedom's  
wing,  
Are bound in Slavery's fetters still:

For those to whom Thy living word  
Of light and love is never given,—  
For those whose ears have never  
heard  
The promise and the hope of  
Heaven!

For broken heart, and clouded mind,  
Whereon no human mercies fall,—  
Oh, be Thy gracious love inclined,  
Who, as a Father, pitiest all!

And grant, O Father! that the time  
Of Earth's deliverance may be  
near,  
When every land and tongue and  
clime  
The message of Thy love shall  
hear,—

When, smitten as with fire from  
heaven,  
The captive's chain shall sink in  
dust,  
And to his fettered soul be given  
The glorious freedom of the just!

LINES

WRITTEN FOR THE THIRD ANNI-  
VERSARY OF BRITISH EMANCIPA-  
TION, "FIRST OF AUGUST," 1837.

O HOLY FATHER!—just and true  
Are all Thy works and words and  
ways,  
And unto Thee alone are due  
Thanksgiving and eternal praise!

As children of Thy gracious care,  
We veil the eye, we bend the knee,  
With broken words of praise and  
prayer,

Father and God, we come to Thee.

For Thou hast heard, O God of Right,  
The sighing of the island slave ;  
And stretched for him the arm of  
might,

Not shortened that it could not save.  
The labourer sits beneath his vine,  
The shackled soul and hand are  
free,—

Thanksgiving !—for the work is  
Thine !

Praise !—for the blessing is of Thee !

And oh, we feel Thy presence here,—  
Thy awful arm in judgment bare !  
Thine eye hath seen the bondman's  
tear,—

Thine ear hath heard the bond-  
man's prayer.

Praise !—for the pride of man is low,  
The counsels of the wise are naught,  
The fountains of repentance flow ;  
What hath our God in mercy  
wrought ?

Speed on Thy work, Lord God of  
Hosts !

And when the bondman's chain is  
riven,

And swells from all our guilty coasts  
The anthem of the free to Heaven,  
Oh, not to those whom Thou hast led,  
As with Thy cloud and fire before,  
But unto Thee, in fear and dread,  
Be praise and glory evermore.

### LINES

WRITTEN FOR THE ANNIVERSARY  
CELEBRATION OF THE FIRST OF  
AUGUST, AT MILTON, 1846.

A FEW brief years have passed away  
Since Britain drove her million  
slaves  
Beneath the tropic's fiery ray :

God willed their freedom ; and to-day  
Life blooms above those island  
graves !

He spoke ! across the Carib Sea,  
We heard the clash of breaking  
chains,  
And felt the heart-throb of the free,  
The first, strong pulse of liberty  
Which thrilled along the bondman's  
veins.

Though long delayed, and far, and  
slow,  
The Briton's triumph shall be ours :  
Wears slavery here a prouder brow  
Than that which twelve short years  
ago  
Scowled darkly from her island  
bowers ?

Mighty alike for good or ill  
With mother-land, we fully share  
The Saxon strength,—the nerve of  
steel,—  
The tireless energy of will,—  
The power to do, the pride to  
dare.

What she has done can we not do ?  
Our hour and men are both at  
hand ;  
The blast which Freedom's angel  
blew  
O'er her green islands, echoes through  
Each valley of our forest land.

Hear it, old Europe ! we have sworn  
The death of slavery.—When it  
falls,  
Look to your vassals in their turn,  
Your poor dumb millions, crushed  
and worn,  
Your prisons and your palace  
walls !

O kingly mockers !—scoffing show  
What deeds in Freedom's name we  
do ;  
Yet know that every taunt ye throw  
Across the waters, goads our slow  
Progression towards the right and  
true,



Not always shall your outraged poor,  
Appalled by democratic crime,  
Grind as their fathers ground before,—  
The hour which sees our prison door  
Swing wide shall be *their* triumph  
time.

On then, my brothers ! every blow  
Ye deal is felt the wide earth  
through ;  
Whatever here uplifts the low  
Or humbles Freedom's hateful foe,  
Blesses the Old World through the  
New.

Take heart ! The promised hour  
draws near,—  
I hear the downward beat of wings,  
And Freedom's trumpet sounding  
clear :  
" Joy to the people !—woe and fear  
To new-world tyrants, old-world  
kings ! "

## THE FAREWELL

OF A VIRGINIA SLAVE MOTHER  
TO HER DAUGHTERS SOLD INTO  
SOUTHERN BONDAGE.

GONE, gone,—sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone.  
Wherethe slave-whip ceaseless swings,  
Where the noisome insect stings,  
Where the fever demon strews  
Poison with the falling dews,  
Where the sickly sunbeams glare  
Through the hot and misty air,—  
Gone, gone,—sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,  
From Virginia's hills and waters,—  
Woe is me, my stolen daughters !

Gone, gone,—sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone.  
There no mother's eye is near them,  
There no mother's ear can hear  
them ;  
Never, when the torturing lash  
Seams their back with many a gash,

Shall a mother's kindness bless them,  
Or a mother's arms caress them.  
Gone, gone,—sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,  
From Virginia's hills and waters,—  
Woe is me, my stolen daughters !

Gone, gone,—sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone.  
Oh, when weary, sad and slow,  
From the fields at night they go,  
Faint with toil, and racked with  
pain,  
To their cheerless homes again,  
There no brother's voice shall greet  
them,—  
There no father's welcome meet them.  
Gone, gone,—sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,  
From Virginia's hills and waters,—  
Woe is me, my stolen daughters !

Gone, gone,—sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone.  
From the tree whose shadow lay  
On their childhood's place of play,—  
From the cool spring where they  
drank,—  
Rock, and hill, and rivulet bank,—  
From the solemn house of prayer  
And the holy counsels there,—  
Gone, gone,—sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,  
From Virginia's hills and waters,—  
Woe is me, my stolen daughters !

Gone, gone,—sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,—  
Toiling through the weary day,  
And at night the spoiler's prey.  
Oh that they had earlier died,  
Sleeping calmly, side by side,  
Where the tyrant's power is o'er,  
And the fetter galls no more !  
Gone, gone,—sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,  
From Virginia's hills and waters,—  
Woe is me, my stolen daughters !

Gone, gone,—sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone.  
By the holy love He beareth,—  
By the bruised reed He spareth,—

Oh, may He, to whom alone  
 All their cruel wrongs are known,  
 Still their hope and refuge prove,  
 With a more than mother's love.  
 Gone, gone,—sold and gone,  
 To the rice-swamp dank and lone,  
 From Virginia's hills and waters,—  
 Woe is me, my stolen daughters !

### THE MORAL WARFARE

WHEN Freedom, on her natal day,  
 Within her war-rocked cradle lay,  
 An iron race around her stood,  
 Baptized her infant brow in blood ;  
 And through the storm which round  
   her swept,  
 Their constant ward and watching  
   kept.

Then, where our quiet herds repose,  
 The roar of baleful battle rose,  
 And brethren of a common tongue  
 To mortal strife as tigers sprung,  
 And every gift on Freedom's shrine  
 Was man for beast, and blood for  
   wine !

Our fathers to their graves have gone ;  
 Their strife is past,—their triumph  
   won ;  
 But sterner trials wait the race  
 Which rises in their honoured place,—  
 A moral warfare with the crime  
 And folly of an evil time.

So let it be. In God's own might  
 We gird us for the coming fight,  
 And, strong in Him whose cause is  
   ours  
 In conflict with unholy powers,  
 We grasp the weapons He has given,—  
 The Light, and Truth, and Love of  
   Heaven.



### THE WORLD'S CONVENTION

OF THE FRIENDS OF EMANCIPATION,  
 HELD IN LONDON IN 1840.

YES, let them gather !—Summon forth  
 The pledged philanthropy of Earth,  
 From every land whose hills have  
   heard

The bugle-blast of Freedom waking ;  
 Or shrieking of her symbol-bird

From out his cloudy eyrie breaking :  
 Where Justice hath one worshipper,  
 Or Truth one altar built to her ;  
 Where'er a human eye is weeping

O'er wrongs which Earth's sad  
   children know,—

Where'er a single heart is keeping  
 Its prayerful watch with human  
   woe :

Thence let them come, and greet each  
   other,

And know in each a friend and  
   brother !

Yes, let them come ! from each green  
   vale

Where England's old baronial halls,  
 Still bear upon their storied walls  
 The grim crusader's rusted mail,  
 Battered by Paynim spear and brand  
 On Malta's rock or Syria's sand !  
 And mouldering pennon-staves once  
   set

Within the soil of Palestine,  
 By Jordan and Gennesaret ;  
 Or, borne with England's battle-line,  
 O'er Acre's shattered turrets stooping,  
 Or, midst the camp their banners  
   drooping,

With dews from hallowed Hermon  
   wet,

A holier summons now is given  
 Than that grey hermit's voice of  
   old,

Which unto all the winds of heaven  
 The banners of the Cross unrolled !

Not for the long-deserted shrine,—  
 Not for the dull unconscious sod,

Which tells not by one lingering sign  
 That there the hope of Israel trod ;—

But for that TRUTH, for which alone  
 In pilgrim eyes are sanctified

The garden moss, the mountain stone,

Whereon His holy sandals pressed,—  
The fountain which His lip hath  
blessed,—

Whate'er hath touched His garment's  
hem

At Bethany or Bethlehem,  
Or Jordan's river-side.

For FREEDOM, in the name of Him  
Who came to raise Earth's drooping  
poor,

To break the chain from every limb,  
The bolt from every prison door !  
For these, o'er all the earth hath  
passed

An ever-deepening trumpet blast,  
As if an angel's breath had lent  
Its vigour to the instrument.

And Wales, from Snowdon's moun-  
tain wall,

Shall startle at that thrilling call,  
As if she heard her bards again ;  
And Erin's "harp on Tara's wall"

Give out its ancient strain,  
Mirthful and sweet, yet sad withal,—  
The melody which Erin loves,  
When o'er that harp, 'mid bursts of  
gladness

And slogan cries and lyke-wake sad-  
ness,

The hand of her O'Connell moves !  
Scotland, from lake and tarn and  
rill,

And mountain hold, and heathery  
hill,

Shall catch and echo back the note,  
As if she heard upon her air  
Once more her Cameronian's prayer  
And song of Freedom float.

And cheering echoes shall reply  
From each remote dependency,  
Where Britain's mighty sway is  
known,

In tropic sea or frozen zone ;  
Where'er her sunset flag is furling,  
Or morning gun-fire's smoke is curl-  
ing ;

From Indian Bengal's groves of  
palm

And rosy fields and gales of balm,  
Where Eastern pomp and power are  
rolled

Through regal Ava's gates of gold ;

And from the lakes and ancient woods  
And dim Canadian solitudes,  
Whence, sternly from her rocky throne,  
Queen of the North, Quebec looks  
down ;

And from those bright and ransomed  
Isles

Where all unwonted Freedom smiles,  
And the dark labourer still retains  
The scar of slavery's broken chains !

From the hoar Alps, which sentinel  
The gateways of the land of Tell,  
Where morning's keen and earliest  
glance

On Jura's rocky wall is thrown,  
And from the olive bowers of France  
And vine groves garlanding the  
Rhône,—

"Friends of the Blacks," as true and  
tried

As those who stood by Oge's side,  
And heard the Haytien's tale of  
wrong,

Shall gather at that summons strong,—  
Broglie, Passy, and him whose song  
Breathed over Syria's holy sod,  
And in the paths which Jesus trod,  
And murmured 'midst the hills which  
hem

Crownless and sad Jerusalem,  
Hath echoes wheresoe'er the tone  
Of Israel's prophet-lyre is known.

Still let them come,—from Quito's  
walls,

And from the Orinoco's tide,  
From Lima's Inca-haunted halls,  
From Santa Fe and Yucatan,—

Men who by swart Guerrero's side  
Proclaimed the deathless RIGHTS OF  
MAN,

Broke every bond and fetter off,  
And hailed in every sable serf  
A free and brother Mexican !  
Chiefs who across the Andes' chain  
Have followed Freedom's flowing  
pennon,

And seen on Junin's fearful plain,  
Glare o'er the broken ranks of  
Spain

The fire-burst of Bolivar's cannon !  
And Hayti, from her mountain land,

Shall send the sons of those who  
hurled  
Defiance from her blazing strand,—  
The war-gage from her Petion's hand,  
Alone against a hostile world.

Nor all unmindful, thou, the while,  
Land of the dark and mystic Nile !—  
Thy Moslem mercy yet may shame  
All tyrants of a Christian name,—  
When in the shade of Gizeli's pile,  
Or, where from Abyssinian hills  
El Gerek's upper fountain fills,  
Or where from Mountains of the  
Moon

El Abiad bears his watery boon,  
Where'er thy lotus blossoms swim  
Within their ancient hallowed  
waters,—

Where'er is heard the Coptic hymn,  
Or song of Nubia's sable daughters,—

The curse of SLAVERY and the crime,  
Thy bequest from remotest time,  
At thy dark Mehemet's decree  
For evermore shall pass from thee ;  
And chains forsake each captive's  
limb

Of all those tribes, whose hills around  
Have echoed back the cymbal sound  
And victor horn of Ibrahim.

And thou whose glory and whose  
crime

To earth's remotest bound and clime,  
In mingled tones of awe and scorn,  
The echoes of a world have borne,  
My country ! glorious at thy birth,  
As day-star flashing brightly forth,—

The herald-sign of Freedom's dawn !  
Oh, who could dream that saw thee  
then,

And watched thy rising from afar,  
That vapours from oppression's fen  
Would cloud the upward tending  
star ?

Or, that earth's tyrant powers, which  
heard,

Awe-struck, the shout which hailed  
thy dawning,

Would rise so soon, prince, peer, and  
king,

To mock thee with their welcoming,

Like Hades when her thrones were  
stirred

To greet the down-cast Star of  
Morning !

“Aha ! and art thou fallen thus ?

Art THOU become as one of *us* ?”

Land of my fathers !—there will stand,  
Amidst that world-assembled band,  
Those owning thy maternal claim  
Unweakened by thy crime and  
shame,—

The sad reprovers of thy wrong,—  
The children thou hast spurned so  
long.

Still with affection's fondest yearning  
To their unnatural mother turning.  
No traitors they !—but tried and  
leal,

Whose own is but thy general weal,  
Still blending with the patriot's zeal  
The Christian's love for human kind,  
To caste and climate unconfined.

A holy gathering !—peaceful all :  
No threat of war,—no savage call

For vengeance on an erring brother ;  
But in their stead the godlike plan  
To teach the brotherhood of man

To love and reverence one another,  
As sharers of a common blood,  
The children of a common God !—  
Yet, even at its lightest word,  
Shall Slavery's darkest depths be  
stirred :

Spain, watching from her Moro's keep  
Her slave-ships traversing the deep,  
And Rio, in her strength and pride,  
Lifting, along her mountain-side,  
Her snowy battlements and towers,—  
Her lemon-groves and tropic bowers,  
With bitter hate and sullen fear  
Its freedom-giving voice shall hear ;  
And where my country's flag is flow-  
ing,

On breezes from Mount Vernon blow-  
ing

Above the Nation's council halls,  
Where Freedom's praise is loud and  
long,

While close beneath the outward  
walls

The driver plies his reeking thong,—  
The hammer of the man-thief falls,

O'er hypocritic cheek and brow  
The crimson flush of shame shall  
glow :

And all who for their native land  
Are pledging life and heart and  
hand,—

Worn watchers o'er her changing  
weal,

Who for her tarnished honour feel,—  
Through cottage door and council-  
hall

Shall thunder an awakening call.

The pen along its page shall burn

With all intolerable scorn,—

An eloquent rebuke shall go

On all the winds that Southward  
blow,—

From priestly lips, now sealed and  
dumb,

Warning and dread appeal shall  
come,

Like those which Israel heard from  
him,

The Prophet of the Cherubim,—

Or those which sad Esaias hurled

Against a sin-accursed world !

Its wizard leaves the Press shall  
fling

Unceasing from its iron wing,

With characters inscribed thereon,

As fearful in the despot's hall

As to the pomp of Babylon

The fire-sign on the palace wall !

And, from her dark iniquities,

Methinks I see my country rise :

Not challenging the nations round

To note her tardy justice done,—

Her captives from their chains un-  
bound,

Her prisons opening to the sun :—

But tearfully her arms extending

Over the poor and unoffending ;

Her regal emblem now no longer

A bird of prey, with talons reek-  
ing,

Above the dying captive shrieking,

But, spreading out her ample wing,—

A broad, impartial covering,—

The weaker sheltered by the  
stronger !—

Oh, then to Faith's anointed eyes

The promised token shall be  
given ;

And on a nation's sacrifice,  
Atoning for the sin of years,  
And wet with penitential tears,—

The fire shall fall from Heaven !  
1839.

## NEW HAMPSHIRE

1845.

GOD bless New Hampshire !—from  
her granite peaks

Once more the voice of Stark and  
Langdon speaks.

The long-bound vassal of the exulting  
South

For very shame her self-forged  
chain has broken,—

Torn the black seal of slavery from  
her mouth,

And in the clear tones of her old  
time spoken !

Oh, all un dreamed-of, all un hoped-for  
changes !—

The tyrant's ally proves his sternest  
foe ;

To all his biddings, from her moun-  
tain ranges,

New Hampshire thunders an in-  
dignant No !

Who is it now despairs ? Oh, faint  
of heart,

Look upward to those Northern  
mountains cold,

Flouted by Freedom's victor-flag  
unrolled,

And gather strength to bear a manlier  
part !

All is not lost. The Angel of God's  
blessing

Encamps with Freedom on the field  
of fight ;

Still to her banner, day by day, are  
pressing,

Unlooked-for allies, striking for the  
right !

Courage, then, Northern hearts !—Be  
firm, be true :

What one brave State hath done, can  
ye not also do ?

## THE NEW YEAR

ADDRESSED TO THE PATRONS OF THE  
PENNSYLVANIA FREEMAN.

THE wave is breaking on the shore,—  
The echo fading from the chime,—  
Again the shadow moveth o'er  
The dial-plate of time !

Dh, seer-seen Angel ! waiting now  
With weary feet on sea and shore,  
Impatient for the last dread vow  
That time shall be no more !

Once more across thy sleepless eye  
The semblance of a smile has passed.  
The year departing leaves more nigh  
Time's fearfullest and last.

Oh, in that dying year hath been  
The sum of all since time began,—  
The birth and death, the joy and  
pain,  
Of Nature and of Man.

Spring, with her change of sun and  
shower,  
And streams released from Winter's  
chain,  
And bursting bud, and opening flower,  
And greenly growing grain ;

And Summer's shade and sunshine  
warm,  
And rainbows o'er her hill-tops  
bowed,  
And voices in her rising storm,—  
God speaking from His cloud !—

And Autumn's fruits and clustering  
sheaves,  
And soft, warm days of golden  
light,  
The glory of her forest leaves,  
And harvest-moon at night ;

And Winter with her leafless grove,  
And prisoned stream, and drifting  
snow,  
The brilliance of her heaven above  
And of her earth below :—

And man,—in whom an angel's mind  
With earth's low instincts finds  
abode,—

The highest of the links which bind  
Brute nature to her God ;

His infant eye hath seen the light,  
His childhood's merriest laughter  
rung,  
And active sports to manlier might  
The nerves of boyhood strung !

And quiet love, and passion's fires,  
Have soothed or burned in man-  
hood's breast,  
And lofty aims and low desires  
By turns disturbed his rest.

The wailing of the newly-born  
Has mingled with the funeral  
knell ;  
And o'er the dying's ear has gone  
The merry marriage-bell.

And Wealth has filled his halls with  
mirth,  
While Want, in many a humble  
shed,  
Toiled, shivering by her cheerless  
hearth,  
The live-long night for bread.

And worse than all,—the human  
slave,—  
The sport of lust, and pride, and  
scorn !  
Plucked off the crown his Maker  
gave,—  
His regal manhood gone !

Oh, still, my country ! o'er thy  
plains,  
Blackened with slavery's blight  
and ban,  
That human chattel drags his  
chains,—  
An uncreated man !

And still, where'er to sun and breeze,  
My country, is thy flag unrolled,  
With scorn, the gazing stranger  
sees  
A stain on every fold.

Oh, tear the gorgeous emblem down !  
 It gathers scorn from every eye,  
 And despot's smile and good men frown  
 Whene'er it passes by.

Shame ! shame ! its starry splendours  
 glow  
 Above the slaver's loathsome jail,—  
 Its folds are ruffling even now  
 His crimson flag of sale.

Still round our country's proudest hall  
 The trade in human flesh is driven,  
 And at each careless hammer-fall  
 A human heart is riven.

And this, too, sanctioned by the men  
 Vested with power to shield the  
 right,  
 And throw each vile and robber den  
 Wide open to the light.

Yet, shame upon them !—there they  
 sit,  
 Men of the North, subdued and  
 still ;  
 Meek, pliant poltroons, only fit  
 To work a master's will.

Sold,—bargained off for Southern  
 votes,—  
 A passive herd of Northern mules,  
 Just braying through their purchased  
 throats  
 Whate'er their owner rules.

And he,<sup>4</sup>—the basest of the base,  
 The vilest of the vile,—whose name,  
 Embalmed in infinite disgrace,  
 Is deathless in its shame !—

A tool,—to bolt the people's door  
 Against the people clamouring  
 there,  
 An ass,—to trample on their floor  
 A people's right of prayer !

Nailed to his self-made gibbet fast,  
 Self-pilloried to the public view,—  
 A mark for every passing blast  
 Of scorn to whistle through ;

There let him hang, and hear the  
 boast  
 Of Southrons o'er their pliant  
 tool,—  
 A new Stylites on his post,  
 " Sacred to ridicule ! "

Look we at home !—our noble hall,  
 To Freedom's holy purpose given,  
 Now rears its black and ruined  
 wall,  
 Beneath the wintry heaven,—

Telling the story of its doom,—  
 The fiendish mob,—the prostrate  
 law,—  
 The fiery jet through midnight's  
 gloom,  
 Our gazing thousands saw.

Look to our State,—the poor man's  
 right  
 Torn from him :—and the sons of  
 those  
 Whose blood in Freedom's sternest  
 fight  
 Sprinkled the Jersey snows,

Outlawed within the land of Penn,  
 That Slavery's guilty fears might  
 cease,  
 And those whom God created men  
 Toil on as brutes in peace.

Yet o'er the blackness of the storm  
 A bow of promise bends on high.  
 And gleams of sunshine, soft and  
 warm,  
 Break through our clouded sky.

East, West, and North, the shout is  
 heard,  
 Of freemen rising for the right :  
 Each valley hath its rallying word,—  
 Each hill its signal light.

O'er Massachusetts' rocks of grey,  
 The strengthening light of freedom  
 shines,  
 Rhode Island's Narragansett Bay,—  
 And Vermont's snow-hung pines !

From Hudson's frowning palisades  
 To Alleghany's laurelled crest,  
 O'er lakes and prairies, streams and  
 glades,  
 It shines upon the West.

Speed on the light to those who dwell  
 In Slavery's land of woe and sin,  
 And through the blackness of that hell,  
 Let Heaven's own light break in.

So shall the Southern conscience quake  
 Before that light poured full and  
 strong,  
 So shall the Southern heart awake  
 To all the bondman's wrong.

And from that rich and sunny land  
 The song of grateful millions rise,  
 Like that of Israel's ransomed band  
 Beneath Arabia's skies :

And all who now are bound beneath  
 Our banner's shade, our eagle's  
 wing,  
 From Slavery's night of moral death  
 To light and life shall spring.

Broken the bondman's chain, and  
 gone  
 The master's guilt, and hate, and  
 fear,  
 And unto both alike shall dawn  
 A New and Happy Year.

1839.

### MASSACHUSETTS TO VIRGINIA

[Written on reading an account of the proceedings of the citizens of Norfolk, Va., in reference to GEORGE LATIMER, the alleged fugitive slave, the result of whose case in Massachusetts will probably be similar to that of the negro SOMERSET in England, in 1772.]

THE blast from Freedom's Northern  
 hills, upon its Southern way,  
 Bears greeting to Virginia from Massa-  
 chusetts Bay ;

No word of haughty challenging, nor  
 battle bugle's peal,  
 Nor steady tread of marching files, nor  
 clang of horsemen's steel.

No trains of deep-mouthed cannon  
 along our highways go,—  
 Around our silent arsenals untrodden  
 lies the snow ;  
 And to the land-breeze of our ports,  
 upon their errands far,  
 A thousand sails of commerce swell,  
 but none are spread for war.

We hear thy threats, Virginia ! thy  
 stormy words and high,  
 Swell harshly on the Southern winds  
 which melt along our sky ;  
 Yet, not one brown, hard hand for-  
 goes its honest labour here,  
 No hewer of our mountain oaks sus-  
 pends his axe in fear.

Wild are the waves which lash the  
 reefs along St. George's bank,—  
 Cold on the shore of Labrador the fog  
 lies white and dank ;  
 Through storm, and wave, and blind-  
 ing mist, stout are the hearts  
 which man  
 The fishing-smacks of Marblehead, the  
 sea-boats of Cape Ann.

The cold north light and wintry sun  
 glare on their icy forms,  
 Bent grimly o'er their straining lines  
 or wrestling with the storms ;  
 Free as the winds they drive before,  
 rough as the waves they roam,  
 They laugh to scorn the slaver's threat  
 against their rocky home.

What mean the Old Dominion? Hath  
 she forgot the day  
 When o'er her conquered valleys swept  
 the Briton's steel array ?  
 How side by side, with sons of hers,  
 the Massachusetts men  
 Encountered Tarleton's charge of fire,  
 and stout Cornwallis, then ?



Forgets she how the Bay State, in  
 answer to the call  
 Of her old House of Burgesses, spoke  
 out from Faneuil Hall?  
 When, echoing back her Henry's cry,  
 came pulsing on each breath  
 Of Northern winds, the thrilling sounds  
 of "LIBERTY OR DEATH!"

What asks the Old Dominion? If  
 now her sons have proved  
 False to their fathers' memory,—false  
 to the faith they loved,  
 If she can scoff at Freedom, and its  
 great charter spurn,  
 Must we of Massachusetts from truth  
 and duty turn?

We hunt your bondmen, flying from  
 Slavery's hateful hell,—  
 Our voices, at your bidding, take up  
 the bloodhound's yell,—  
 We gather, at your summons, above  
 our fathers' graves,  
 From Freedom's holy altar-horns to  
 tear your wretched slaves!

Thank God! not yet so vilely can  
 Massachusetts bow;  
 The spirit of her early time is with  
 her even now;  
 Dream not because her Pilgrim blood  
 moves slow and calm and cool,  
 She thus can stoop her chainless neck,  
 a sister's slave and tool!

All that a *sister* State should do, all  
 that a *free* State may,  
 Heart, hand, and purse we proffer,  
 as in our early day;  
 But that one dark loathsome burden  
 ye must stagger with alone,  
 And reap the bitter harvest which ye  
 yourselves have sown!

Hold, while ye may, your struggling  
 slaves, and burden God's free air  
 With woman's shriek beneath the lash,  
 and manhood's wild despair;  
 Cling closer to the "cleaving curse"  
 that writes upon your plains  
 The blasting of Almighty wrath  
 against a land of chains.

Still shame your gallant ancestry, the  
 cavaliers of old,  
 By watching round the shambles  
 where human flesh is sold,—  
 Gloat o'er the new-born child, and  
 count his market value, when  
 The maddened mother's cry of woe  
 shall piece the slaver's den!

Lower than plummet soundeth, sink  
 the Virginia name;  
 Plant, if ye will, your fathers' graves  
 with rankest weeds of shame;  
 Be, if ye will, the scandal of God's  
 fair universe,—  
 We wash our hands for ever of your  
 sin and shame and curse.

A voice from lips whereon the coal  
 from Freedom's shrine hath been,  
 Thrilled, as but yesterday, the hearts  
 of Berkshire's mountain men:  
 The echoes of that solemn voice are  
 sadly lingering still  
 In all our sunny valleys, on every  
 wind-swept hill.

And when the prowling man-thief  
 came hunting for his prey  
 Beneath the very shadow of Bunker's  
 shaft of grey,  
 How, through the free lips of the son,  
 the father's warning spoke;  
 How, from its bonds of trade and sect,  
 the Pilgrim city broke!

A hundred thousand right arms were  
 lifted up on high,—  
 A hundred thousand voices sent back  
 their loud reply;  
 Through the thronged towns of Essex  
 the startling summons rang,  
 And up from bench and loom and wheel  
 her young mechanics sprang!

The voice of free, broad Middlesex,—  
 of thousands as of one,—  
 The shaft of Bunker calling to that of  
 Lexington,—  
 From Norfolk's ancient villages, from  
 Plymouth's rocky bound  
 To where Nantucket feels the arms of  
 ocean close her round;—

From rich and rural Worcester, where  
 through the calm repose  
 Of cultured vales and fringing woods  
 the gentle Nashua flows,  
 To where Wachuset's wintry blasts  
 the mountain larches stir,  
 Swelled up to Heaven the thrilling cry  
 Of "God save Latimer !"

And sandy Barnstable rose up, wet  
 with the salt sea spray,—  
 And Bristol sent her answering shout  
 down Narragansett Bay !  
 Along the broad Connecticut old  
 Hampden felt the thrill,  
 And the cheer of Hampshire's wood-  
 men swept down from Holyoke  
 Hill.

The voice of Massachusetts ! Of her  
 free sons and daughters,—  
 Deep calling unto deep aloud,—the  
 sound of many waters !  
 Against the burden of that voice what  
 tyrant power shall stand ?  
*No fetters in the Bay State ! No slave  
 upon her land !*

Look to it well, Virginians ! In calm-  
 ness we have borne,  
 In answer to our faith and trust, your  
 insult and your scorn ;  
 You've spurned our kindest counsels,  
 you've hunted for our lives,—  
 And shaken round our hearths and  
 homes your manacles and gyves !

We wage no war,—we lift no arm,—  
 we fling no torch within  
 The fire-damps of the quaking mine  
 beneath your soil of sin ;  
 We leave ye with your bondmen, to  
 wrestle, while ye can,  
 With the strong upward tendencies  
 and godlike soul of man !

But for us and for our children, the  
 vow which we have given  
 For freedom and humanity is regis-  
 tered in heaven ;  
*No slave-hunt in our borders,—no  
 pirate on our strand !*  
*No fetters in the Bay State,—no slave  
 upon our land !*

## THE RELIC

[PENNSYLVANIA HALL, dedicated to Free Discussion and the cause of human liberty, was destroyed by a mob in 1838. The following was written on receiving a cane wrought from a fragment of the wood-work which the fire had spared.]

TOKEN of friendship true and tried,  
 From one whose fiery heart of youth  
 With mine has beaten, side by side,  
 For Liberty and Truth ;  
 With honest pride the gift I take,  
 And prize it for the giver's sake.

But not alone because it tells  
 Of generous hand and heart sincere ;  
 Around that gift of friendship dwells  
 A memory doubly dear,—  
 Earth's noblest aim,—man's holiest  
 thought,  
 With that memorial frail inwrought !

Pure thoughts and sweet, like flowers  
 unfold,  
 And precious memories round it  
 cling,  
 Even as the Prophet's rod of old  
 In beauty blossoming :  
 And buds of feeling pure and good  
 Spring from its cold unconscious wood.

Relic of Freedom's shrine !—a brand  
 Plucked from its burning!—let  
 it be  
 Dear as a jewel from the hand  
 Of a lost friend to me !—  
 Flower of a perished garland left,  
 Of life and beauty unbereft !

Oh, if the young enthusiast bears,  
 O'er weary waste and sea, the stone  
 Which crumbled from the Forum's  
 stairs,  
 Or round the Parthenon ;  
 Or olive-bough from some wild tree  
 Hung over old Thermopylæ :

If leaflets from some hero's tomb,  
 Or moss-wreath torn from ruins  
 hoary,—  
 Or faded flowers whose sisters bloom  
 On fields renowned in story,—

Or fragment from the Alhambra's  
crest,  
Or the grey rock by Druids blessed ;

Sad Erin's shamrock greenly grow-  
ing

Where Freedom led her stalwart  
kern,

Or Scotia's "rough bur thistle" blow-  
ing

On Bruce's Bannockburn,—

Or Runnymede's wild English rose,  
Or lichen plucked from Sempach's  
snows !—

If it be true that things like these  
To heart and eye bright visions  
bring,

Shall not far holier memories

To this memorial cling ?

Which needs no mellowing mist of  
time

To hide the crimson stains of crime !

Wreck of a temple, unprofaned,—

Of courts where Peace with Free-  
dom trod,

Lifting on high, with hands un-  
stained,

Thanksgiving unto God ;

Where Mercy's voice of love was  
pleading

For human hearts in bondage bleed-  
ing !—

Where, midst the sound of rushing  
feet

And curses on the night-air flung,  
That pleading voice rose calm and  
sweet

From woman's earnest tongue ;  
And Riot turned his scowling glance,  
Awed, from her tranquil countenance !

That temple now in ruin lies !—

The fire-stain on its shattered  
wall,

And open to the changing skies

Its black and roofless hall,

It stands before a nation's sight,  
A gravestone over buried Right

But from that ruin, as of old,  
The fire-scorched stones themselves  
are crying,

And from their ashes white and  
cold

Its timbers are replying !

A voice which slavery cannot kill  
Speaks from the crumbling arches  
still !

And even this relic from thy shrine,

O holy Freedom ! hath to me

A potent power, a voice and sign

To testify of thee ;

And, grasping it, methinks I feel

A deeper faith, a stronger zeal.

And not unlike that mystic rod,

Of old stretched o'er the Egyptian  
wave,

Which opened, in the strength of  
God,

A pathway for the slave,

It yet may point the bondman's way,

And turn the spoiler from his prey.

## THE BRANDED HAND

1846.

WELCOME home again, brave seaman !  
with thy thoughtful brow and  
gray,

And the old heroic spirit of our earlier,  
better day,—

With that front of calm endurance,  
on whose steady nerve in vain

Pressed the iron of the prison, smote  
the fiery shafts of pain !

Is the tyrant's brand upon thee ? Did  
the brutal cravens aim

To make God's truth thy falsehood,  
His holiest work thy shame ?

When, all blood-quenched, from the  
torture the iron was withdrawn

How laughed their evil angel the  
baffled fools to scorn !

*They* change to wrong the duty which  
God hath written out  
On the great heart of humanity, too  
legible for doubt !

*They*, the loathsome moral lepers,  
blotched from foot-sole up to  
crown,  
Give to shame what God hath given  
unto honour and renown !

Why, that brand is highest honour !—  
than its traces never yet  
Upon old armorial hatchments was a  
prouder blazon set ;  
And thy unborn generations, as they  
tread our rocky strand,  
Shall tell with pride the story of their  
father's BRANDED HAND !

As the Templar home was welcome,  
bearing back from Syrian wars  
The scars of Arab lances and of  
Paynim scimitars,  
The pallor of the prison, and the  
shackle's crimson span,  
So we meet thee, so we greet thee,  
truest friend of God and man.

He suffered for the ransom of the  
dear Redeemer's grave,  
Thou for His living presence in the  
bound and bleeding slave ;  
He for a soil no longer by the feet of  
angels trod,  
Thou for the true Shechinah, the  
present home of God !

For, while the jurist, sitting with the  
slave-whip o'er him swung,  
From the tortured truths of freedom  
the lie of slavery wrung,  
And the solemn priest to Moloch, on  
each God-deserted shrine,  
Broke the bondman's heart for bread,  
poured the bondman's blood for  
wine,—

While the multitude in blindness to a  
far-off Saviour knelt,  
And spurned, the while, the temple  
where a present Saviour dwelt ;

Thou beheld'st Him in the task-field,  
in the prison shadows dim,  
And thy mercy to the bondman, it  
was mercy unto Him !

In thy lone and long night-watches,  
sky above and wave below,  
Thou didst learn a higher wisdom  
than the babbling schoolmen  
know ;

God's stars and silence taught thee,  
as His angels only can,  
That the one sole sacred thing be-  
neath the cope of heaven is  
Man !

That he who treads profanely on the  
scrolls of law and creed,  
In the depth of God's great goodness  
may find mercy in his need ;  
But woe to him who crushes the SOUL  
with chain and rod,  
And herds with lower natures the  
awful form of God !

Then lift that manly right-hand, bold  
ploughman of the wave !  
Its branded palm shall prophesy,  
" SALVATION TO THE SLAVE !"  
Hold up its fire-wrought language,  
that whoso reads may feel  
His heart swell strong within him,  
his sinews change to steel.

Hold it up before our sunshine, up  
against our Northern air,—  
Ho ! men of Massachusetts, for the  
love of God, look there !  
Take it henceforth for your standard,  
like the Bruce's heart of yore,  
In the dark strife closing round ye,  
let that hand be seen before !

And the tyrants of the slave-land  
shall tremble at that sign,  
When it points its finger Southward  
along the Puritan line :  
Woe to the State-gorged leeches and  
the Church's locust band,  
When they look from slavery's ram-  
parts on the coming of that hand !

## TEXAS

## VOICE OF NEW ENGLAND.

UP the hillside, down the glen,  
Rouse the sleeping citizen ;  
Summon out the might of men !

Like a lion growling low,—  
Like a night-storm rising slow,—  
Like the tread of unseen foe,—

It is coming,—it is nigh !  
Stand your homes and altars by ;  
On your own free thresholds die.

Clang the bells in all your spires ;  
On the grey hills of your sires  
Fling to heaven your signal-fires.

From Wachuset, lone and bleak,  
Unto Berkshire's tallest peak,  
Let the flame-tongued heralds speak.

Oh, for God and duty stand,  
Heart to heart and hand to hand,  
Round the old graves of the land.

Whoso shrinks or falters now,  
Whoso to the yoke would bow,  
Brand the craven on his brow !

Freedom's soil hath only place  
For a free and fearless race,—  
None for traitors false and base.

Perish party,—perish clan ;  
Strike together while ye can,  
Like the arm of one strong man.

Like that angel's voice sublime,  
Heard above a world of crime,  
Crying of the end of time,—

With one heart and with one mouth,  
Let the North unto the South  
Speak the word befitting both :

" What though Issachar be strong !  
Ye may load his back with wrong  
Overmuch and over long :

" Patience with her cup o'errun,  
With her weary thread outspun,  
Murmurs that her work is done.

" Make our Union-bond a chain,  
Weak as tow in Freedom's strain,  
Link by link shall snap in twain.

" Vainly shall your sand-wrought  
rope  
Bind the starry cluster up,  
Shattered over heaven's blue cope !

" Give us bright though broken  
rays,  
Rather than eternal haze,  
Clouding o'er the full-orbed blaze.

" Take your land of sun and bloom ;  
Only leave to Freedom room  
For her plough, and forge, and loom ;

" Take your slavery-blackened vales ;  
Leave us but our own free gales,  
Blowing on our thousand sails.

" Boldly, or with treacherous art,  
Strike the blood-wrought chain  
apart ;  
Break the Union's mighty heart ;

" Work the ruin, if ye will ;  
Pluck upon your heads an ill  
Which shall grow and deepen still.

" With your bondman's right arm  
bare,  
With his heart of black despair,  
Stand alone, if stand ye dare !

" Onward with your fell design ;  
Dig the gulf and draw the line :  
Fire beneath your feet the mine :

" Deeply, when the wide abyss  
Yawns between your land and this,  
Shall ye feel your helplessness.

" By the hearth, and in the bed,  
Shaken by a look or tread,  
Ye shall own a guilty dread.

"And the curse of unpaid toil,  
Downward through your generous soil  
Like a fire shall burn and spoil.

"Our bleak hills shall bud and blow,  
Vines our rocks shall overgrow,  
Plenty in our valleys flow ;—

"And when vengeance clouds your  
skies,  
Hither shall ye turn your eyes,  
As the lost on Paradise !

"We but ask our rocky strand,  
Freedom's true and brother band,  
Freedom's strong and honest hand,—

"Valleys by the slave untrod,  
And the Pilgrim's mountain sod,  
Blessed of our fathers' God !"

### TO FANEUIL HALL

1844.

MEN !—if manhood still ye claim,  
If the Northern pulse can thrill,  
Roused by wrong or stung by shame,  
Freely, strongly still,—  
Let the sounds of traffic die :  
Shut the mill-gate,—leave the  
stall,—  
Fling the axe and hammer by,—  
Throng to Faneuil Hall !

Wrongs which freemen never  
brook,—  
Dangers grim and fierce as they,  
Which, like couching lions, looked  
On your fathers' way,—  
These your instant zeal demand,  
Shaking with their earthquake-call  
Every rood of Pilgrim land—  
Ho, to Faneuil Hall !

From your capes and sandy bars,—  
From your mountain-ridges cold,  
Through whose pines the westering  
stars  
Stoop their crowns of gold,—

Come, and with your footsteps wake  
Echoes from that holy wall ;  
Once again, for Freedom's sake,  
Rock your fathers' hall !

Up, and tread beneath your feet  
Every cord by party spun :  
Let your hearts together beat  
As the heart of one.  
Banks and tariffs, stocks and trade,  
Let them rise or let them fall :  
Freedom asks your common aid,—  
Up, to Faneuil Hall !

Up, and let each voice that speaks  
Ring from thence to Southern plains,  
Sharply as the blow which breaks  
Prison-bolts and chains !  
Speak as well becomes the free :  
Dreaded more than steel or ball,  
Shall your calmest utterance be,  
Heard from Faneuil Hall !

Have they wronged us ? Let us then  
Render back nor threats nor  
prayers ;  
Havethy chained our free-born men ?  
LET US UNCHAIN THEIRS !  
Up, your banner leads the van,  
Blazoned, "Liberty for all !"  
Finish what your sires began !  
Up, to Faneuil Hall !

### TO MASSACHUSETTS

1844.

WHAT though around thee blazes  
No fiery rallying sign ?  
From all thy own high places,  
Give heaven the light of thine !  
What though unthrilled, unmoving,  
The statesmen stand apart,  
And comes no warm approving  
From Mammon's crowded mart.

Still, let the land be shaken  
By a summons of thine own !  
By all save truth forsaken,  
Why, stand with that alone !

Shrink not from strife unequal !  
 With the best is always hope ;  
 And ever in the sequel  
 God holds the right side up !

But when, with thine uniting,  
 Come voices long and loud,  
 And far-off hills are writing  
 Thy fire-words on the cloud ;  
 When from Penobscot's fountains  
 A deep response is heard,  
 And across the Western mountains  
 Rolls back thy rallying word ;

Shall thy line of battle falter,  
 With its allies just in view ?  
 Oh, by hearth and holy altar,  
 My fatherland, be true !  
 Fling abroad thy scrolls of Freedom !  
 Speed them onward far and fast !  
 Over hill and valley speed them,  
 Like the sibyl's on the blast !

Lo ! the Empire State is shaking  
 The shackles from her hand ;  
 With the rugged North is waking  
 The level sunset land !  
 On they come,—the free battalions !  
 East and West and North they  
 come,  
 And the heart-beat of the millions  
 Is the beat of Freedom's drum.

“ To the tyrant's plot no favour !  
 No heed to place-fed knaves !  
 Bar and bolt the door for ever  
 Against the land of slaves ! ”  
 Hear it, mother Earth, and hear it,  
 The Heavens above us spread !  
 The land is roused,—its spirit  
 Was sleeping, but not dead !

## THE PINE-TREE

1846.

LIFT again the stately emblem on the  
 Bay State's rusted shield,  
 Give to Northern winds the Pine-Tree  
 on our banner's tattered field.

Sons of men who sat in council with  
 their Bibles round the board,  
 Answering England's royal missive  
 with a firm, “ THUS SAITH THE  
 LORD ! ”

Rise again for home and freedom !—  
 set the battle in array !—  
 What the fathers did of old time we  
 their sons must do to-day.

Tell us not of banks and tariffs,—  
 cease your paltry pedlar cries,—  
 Shall the good State sink her honour  
 that your gambling stocks may  
 rise ?

Would ye barter man for cotton ?—  
 That your gains may sum up  
 higher,

Must we kiss the feet of Moloch, pass  
 our children through the fire ?

Is the dollar only real ?—God and  
 truth and right a dream ?

Weighed against your lying ledgers  
 must our manhood kick the beam ?

O my God !—for that free spirit, which  
 of old in Boston town

Smote the Province House with terror,  
 struck the crest of Andros down !—

For another strong-voiced Adams in  
 the city's streets to cry,

“ Up for God and Massachusetts !—  
 Set your feet on Mammon's lie !

Perish banks and perish traffic,—spin  
 your cotton's latest pound,—

But in Heaven's name keep your  
 honour,—keep the heart o' the  
 Bay State sound ! ”

Where's the MAN for Massachusetts ?  
 —Where's the voice to speak her  
 free ?—

Where's the hand to light up bonfires  
 from her mountains to the sea ?

Beats her Pilgrim pulse no longer ?—  
 Sits she dumb in her despair ?—

Has she none to break the silence ?—  
 Has she none to do and dare ?

O my God ! for one right worthy to  
 lift up her rusted shield,

And to plant again the Pine-Tree in  
 her banner's tattered field !

## LINES

SUGGESTED BY A VISIT TO THE  
CITY OF WASHINGTON, IN THE  
12TH MONTH OF 1845.

WITH a cold and wintry noon-light,  
On its roofs and steeples shed,  
Shadows weaving with the sunlight  
From the grey sky overhead,  
Broadly, vaguely, all around me, lies  
the half-built town outspread.

Through this broad street, restless  
ever,  
Ebbs and flows a human tide,  
Wave on wave a living river ;  
Wealth and fashion side by side ;  
Toiler, idler, slave and master, in the  
same quick current glide.

Underneathyon dome, whose coping  
Springs above them, vast and  
tall,  
Grave men in the dust are groping  
For the largesse, base and small,  
Which the hand of Power is scattering,  
crumbs which from its table fall.

Base of heart ! They vilely barter  
Honour's wealth for party's place :  
Step by step on Freedom's charter  
Leaving footprints of disgrace ;  
For to-day's poor pittance turning from  
the great hope of their race.

Yet, where festal lamps are throwing  
Glory round the dancer's hair,  
Gold-tressed, like an angel's flowing  
Backward on the sunset air ;  
And the low quick pulse of music beats  
its measure sweet and rare ;

There to - night shall woman's  
glances,  
Star-like, welcome give to them,  
Fawning fools with shy advances  
Seek to touch their garments'  
hem,  
With the tongue of flattery glozing  
deeds which God and Truth  
condemn.

From this glittering lie my vision  
Takes a broader, sadder range,  
Full before me have arisen  
Other pictures dark and strange ;  
From the parlour to the prison must  
the scene and witness change.

Hark ! the heavy gate is swinging  
On its hinges, harsh and slow ;  
One pale prison lamp is flinging  
On a fearful group below  
Such a light as leaves to terror what-  
soever it does not show.

Pitying God !—Is that a WOMAN  
On whose wrist the shackles  
clash ?  
Is that shriek she utters human,  
Underneath the stinging lash ?  
Are they MEN whose eyes of madness  
from that sad procession flash ?

Still the dance goes gaily onward !  
What is it to Wealth and Pride  
That without the stars are look-  
ing  
On a scene which earth should  
hide ?  
That the SLAVE-SHIP lies in waiting,  
rocking on Potomac's tide !

Vainly to that mean Ambition  
Which, upon a rival's fall,  
Winds above its old condition,  
With a reptile's slimy crawl,  
Shall the pleading voice of sorrow,  
shall the slave in anguish call.

Vainly to the child of Fashion,  
Giving to ideal woe  
Graceful luxury of compassion,  
Shall the stricken mourner go ;  
Hateful seems the earnest sorrow,  
beautiful the hollow show !

Nay, my words are all too sweep-  
ing :  
In this crowded human mart,  
Feeling is not dead, but sleeping ;  
Man's strong will and woman's  
heart,  
In the coming strife for Freedom, yet  
shall bear their generous part.



And from yonder sunny valleys,  
Southward in the distance lost,  
Freedom yet shall summon allies  
Worthier than the North can  
boast,  
With the Evil by their hearth-stones  
grappling at severer cost.

Now, the soul alone is willing :  
Faint the heart and weak the  
knee ;  
And as yet no lip is thrilling  
With the mighty words, " BE  
FREE !"  
Tarrieth long the land's Good Angel,  
but his advent is to be !

Meanwhile, turning from the revel  
To the prison-cell my sight,  
For intenser hate of evil,  
For a keener sense of right,  
Shaking off thy dust, I thank thee,  
City of the Slaves, to-night !

" To thy duty now and ever !  
Dream no more of rest or stay ;  
Give to Freedom's great endeavour  
All thou art and hast to-day : "—  
Thus, above the city's murmur, saith  
a Voice, or seems to say.

Ye with heart and vision gifted  
To discern and love the right,  
Whose worn faces have been lifted  
To the slowly-growing light,  
Where from Freedom's sunrise drifted  
slowly back the murk of  
night !—

Ye who through long years of trial  
Still have held your purpose fast,  
While a lengthening shade the dial  
From the westering sunshine  
cast,  
And of hope each hour's denial seemed  
an echo of the last !—

O my brothers ! O my sisters !  
Would to God that ye were near,  
Gazing with me down the vistas  
Of a sorrow strange and drear ;  
Would to God that ye were listeners  
to the Voice I seem to hear !

With the storm above us driving,  
With the false earth mined be-  
low,—  
Who shall marvel if thus striving  
We have counted friend as foe ;  
Unto one another giving in the dark-  
ness blow for blow.

Well it may be that our natures  
Have grown sterner and more  
hard,  
And the freshness of their features  
Somewhat harsh and battle-  
scarred,  
And their harmonies of feeling over-  
tasked and rudely jarred.

Be it so. It should not swerve us  
From a purpose true and brave ;  
Dearer Freedom's rugged service  
Than the pastime of the slave ;  
Better is the storm above it than the  
quiet of the grave.

Let us then, uniting, bury  
All our idle feuds in dust,  
And to future conflicts carry  
Mutual faith and common trust ;  
Always he who most forgiveth in his  
brother is most just.

From the eternal shadow rounding  
All our sun and starlight here,  
Voices of our lost ones sounding  
Bid us be of heart and cheer,  
Through the silence, down the spaces,  
falling on the inward ear.

Know we not our dead are looking  
Downward with a sad surprise,  
All our strife of words rebuking  
With their mild and loving  
eyes ?  
Shall we grieve the holy angels ? Shall  
we cloud their blessed skies ?

Let us draw their mantles o'er us  
Which have fallen in our way ;  
Let us do the work before us,  
Cheerly, bravely, while we may,  
Ere the long night-silence cometh, and  
with us it is not day !

## LINES

FROM A LETTER TO A YOUNG  
CLERICAL FRIEND.

A STRENGTH Thy service cannot  
tire,—  
A faith which doubt can never  
dim,—  
A heart of love, a lip of fire,—  
O Freedom's God ! be Thou to him !

Speak through him words of power  
and fear,  
As through Thy prophet bards of  
old,  
And let a scornful people hear  
Once more Thy Sinai-thunders  
rolled.

For lying lips Thy blessing seek,  
And hands of blood are raised to  
Thee,  
And on Thy children, crushed and  
weak,  
The oppressor plants his kneeling  
knee.

Let then, O God ! Thy servant dare  
Thy truth in all its power to tell,  
Unmask the priestly thieves, and  
tear  
The Bible from the grasp of hell !

From hollow rite and narrow span  
Of law and sect by Thee released,  
Oh, teach him that the Christian  
man  
Is holier than the Jewish priest.

Chase back the shadows, grey and old,  
Of the dead ages, from his way,  
And let his hopeful eyes behold  
The dawn of Thy millennial day ;—

That day when fettered limb and mind  
Shall know the truth which maketh  
free,  
And he alone who loves his kind  
Shall, childlike, claim the love of  
Thee !

YORKTOWN<sup>5</sup>

FROM Yorktown's ruins, ranked and  
still

Two lines stretch far o'er vale and  
hill :

Who curbs his steed at head of one ?  
Hark ! the low murmur : Washington !  
Who bends his keen, approving glance  
Where down the gorgeous line of  
France

Shine knightly star and plume of  
snow ?

Thou too art victor, Rochambeau !

The earth which bears this calm array  
Shook with the war-charge yesterday,  
Ploughed deep with hurrying hoof  
and wheel,

Shot-sown and bladed thick with  
steel ;

October's clear and noonday sun  
Paled in the breath-smoke of the gun,  
And down night's double blackness  
fell,

Like a dropped star, the blazing shell.

Now all is hushed : the gleaming  
lines

Stand moveless as the neighbouring  
pines ;

While through them, sullen, grim,  
and slow,

The conquered hosts of England go :  
O'Hara's brow belies his dress,  
Gay Tarleton's troop rides bannerless :  
Shout, from thy fired and wasted  
homes,

Thy scourge, Virginia, captive comes !

Nor thou alone : with one glad voice  
Let all thy sister States rejoice ;  
Let Freedom, in whatever clime  
She waits with sleepless eye her  
time,

Shouting from cave and mountain  
wood

Make glad her desert solitude,  
While they who hunt her quail with  
fear ;

The New World's chain lies broken  
here !

But who are they, who, cowering, wait  
 Within the shattered fortress gate?  
 Dark tillers of Virginia's soil,  
 Classed with the battle's common  
   spoil,  
 With household stuffs, and fowl, and  
   swine,  
 With Indian weed and planters' wine,  
 With stolen beeves, and foraged corn,—  
 Are they not men, Virginian born?

Oh, veil your faces, young and brave !  
 Sleep, Scammel, in thy soldier grave !  
 Sons of the Northland, ye who set  
 Stout hearts against the bayonet,  
 And pressed with steady footfall near  
 The moated battery's blazing tier,  
 Turn your scarred faces from the sight,  
 Let shame do homage to the right !

Lo ! threescore years have passed ;  
   and where  
 The Gallic timbrel stirred the air,  
 With Northern drum-roll, and the clear,  
 Wild horn-blow of the mountaineer,  
 While Britain grounded on that plain  
 The arms she might not lift again,  
 As abject as in that old day  
 The slave still toils his life away.

Oh, fields still green and fresh in story,  
 Old days of pride, old names of glory,  
 Old marvels of the tongue and pen,  
 Old thoughts which stirred the hearts  
   of men,  
 Ye spared the wrong ; and over all  
 Behold the avenging shadow fall !  
 Your world-wide honour stained with  
   shame,—  
 Your freedom's self a hollow name !

Where's now the flag of that old war ?  
 Where flows its stripe ? Where burns  
   its star ?  
 Bear witness, Palo Alto's day,  
 Dark Vale of Palms, red Monterey,  
 Where Mexic Freedom, young and  
   weak,  
 Fleshes the Northern eagle's beak ;  
 Symbol of terror and despair,  
 Of chains and slaves, go seek it there !

Laugh, Prussia, midst thy iron ranks !  
 Laugh, Russia, from thy Neva's  
   banks !

Brave sport to see the fledgling born  
 Of Freedom by its parent torn !  
 Safe now is Spielberg's dungeon cell,  
 Safe drear Siberia's frozen hell :  
 With Slavery's flag o'er both un-  
   rolled,  
 What of the New World fears the  
   Old ?

## LINES

WRITTEN IN THE BOOK OF A  
 FRIEND.

ON page of thine I cannot trace  
 The cold and heartless common-  
   place,—  
 A statue's fixed and marble grace.

For ever as these lines I penned,  
 Still with the thought of thee will  
   blend  
 That of some loved and common  
   friend,—

Who in life's desert track has made  
 His pilgrim tent with mine, or strayed  
 Beneath the same remembered shade.

And hence my pen unfettered moves  
 In freedom which the heart ap-  
   proves,—  
 The negligence which friendship loves.

And wilt thou prize my poor gift  
   less  
 For simple air and rustic dress,  
 And sign of haste and carelessness ?—

Oh, more than specious counterfeit  
 Of sentiment or studied wit,  
 A heart like thine should value it.

Yet half I fear my gift will be  
 Unto thy book, if not to thee,  
 Of more than doubtful courtesy.

A banished name from Fashion's  
sphere,  
A lay unheard of Beauty's ear,  
Forbidden, disowned,—what do they  
here?—

Upon my ear not all in vain  
Came the sad captive's clanking  
chain,—  
The groaning from his bed of pain.

And sadder still, I saw the woe  
Which only wounded spirits know  
When Pride's strong footsteps o'er  
them go.

Spurned not alone in walks abroad,  
But from the "temples of the Lord"  
Thrust out apart, like things abhorred.

Deep as I felt, and stern and strong,  
In words which Prudence smothered  
long,  
My soul spoke out against the wrong ;

Not mine alone the task to speak  
Of comfort to the poor and weak,  
And dry the tear on Sorrow's cheek ;

But, mingled in the conflict warm,  
To pour the fiery breath of storm  
Through the harsh trumpet of Re-  
form ;

To brave Opinion's settled frown,  
From ermined robe and saintly gown,  
While wrestling revered Error  
down.

Founts gushed beside my pilgrim way,  
Cool shadows on the greensward lay,  
Flowers swung upon the bending  
spray.

And, broad and bright, on either  
hand,  
Stretched the green slopes of Fairy-  
land,  
With Hope's eternal sunbow spanned ;

Whence voices called me like the flow,  
Which on the listener's ear will grow,  
Of forest streamlets soft and low.

And gentle eyes, which still retain  
Their picture on the heart and brain,  
Smiled, beckoning from that path of  
pain.

In vain !—nor dream, nor rest, nor  
pause  
Remain for him who round him draws  
The battered mail of Freedom's cause.

From youthful hopes,—from each  
green spot  
Of young Romance, and gentle  
Thought,  
Where storm and tumult enter not,—

From each fair altar, where belong  
The offerings Love requires of Song  
In homage to her bright-eyed  
throng,—

With soul and strength, with heart  
and hand,  
I turned to Freedom's struggling  
band,—  
To the sad Helots of our land.

What marvel then that Fame should  
turn  
Her notes of praise to those of scorn,—  
Her gifts reclaimed,—her smiles with-  
drawn ?

What matters it !—a few years more,  
Life's surge, so restless heretofore,  
Shall break upon the unknown shore !

In that far land shall disappear  
The shadows which we follow here,—  
The mist-wreaths of our atmosphere !

Before no work of mortal hand,  
Of human will or strength expand  
The pearl gates of the Better Land ;

Alone in that great love which gave  
Life to the sleeper of the grave,  
Resteth the power to "seek and  
save."

Yet, if the spirit gazing through  
The vista of the past can view  
One deed to Heaven and virtue true,—

If through the wreck of wasted  
powers,  
Of garlands wreathed from Folly's  
bowers,  
Of idle aims and misspent hours,—

The eye can note one sacred spot  
By Pride and Self profaned not,—  
A green place in the waste of  
thought,—

Where deed or word hath rendered  
less  
“The sum of human wretchedness,”  
And Gratitude looks forth to bless,—

The simple burst of tenderest feeling  
From sad hearts worn by evil-  
dealing,  
For blessing on the hand of healing,—

Better than Glory's pomp will be  
That green and blessed spot to me,  
A palm-shade in Eternity !—

Something of Time which may invite  
The purified and spiritual sight  
To rest on with a calm delight.

And when the summer winds shall  
sweep  
With their light wings my place of  
sleep,  
And mosses round my headstone  
creep,—

If still, as Freedom's rallying sign,  
Upon the young heart's altars shine  
The very fires they caught from mine,—

If words my lips once uttered still,  
In the calm faith and steadfast will  
Of other hearts, their work fulfil,—

Perchance with joy the soul may learn  
These tokens, and its eye discern  
The fires which on those altars burn,—

A marvellous joy that even then,  
The spirit hath its life again,  
In the strong hearts of mortal men.

Take, lady, then, the gift I bring,  
No gay and graceful offering,—  
No flower-smile of the laughing  
spring.

Midst the green buds of Youth's fresh  
May,  
With Fancy's leaf-enwoven bay,  
My sad and sombre gift I lay.

And if it deepens in thy mind  
A sense of suffering human-kind,—  
The outcast and the spirit-blind :

Oppressed and spoiled on every side,  
By Prejudice, and Scorn, and Pride,  
Life's common courtesies denied ;

Sad mothers mourning o'er their  
trust,  
Children by want and misery nursed,  
Tasting life's bitter cup at first ;

If to their strong appeals which come  
From fireless hearth, and crowded  
room,  
And the close-alley's noisome gloom,—

Though dark the hands upraised to  
thee  
In mute beseeching agony,  
Thou lend'st thy woman's sym-  
pathy,—

Not vainly on thy gentle shrine,  
Where Love, and Mirth, and Friend-  
ship twine  
Their varied gifts, I offer mine.

PÆAN

1848.

Now, joy and thanks for evermore !  
The dreary night has well-nigh  
passed,  
The slumbers of the North are o'er,  
The Giant stands erect at last !

More than we hoped in that dark  
time

When, faint with watching, few  
and worn,

We saw no welcome day-star climb  
The cold grey pathway of the  
morn !

O weary hours ! O night of years !

What storms our darkling pathway  
swept,

Where, beating back our thronging  
fears,

By Faith alone our march we kept.

How jeered the scoffing crowd behind,  
How mocked before the tyrant  
train,

As, one by one, the true and kind  
Fell fainting in our path of pain !

They died,—their brave hearts break-  
ing slow,—

But, self-forgotten to the last,

In words of cheer and bugle blow  
Their breath upon the darkness  
passed.

A mighty host, on either hand,  
Stood waiting for the dawn of day  
To crush like reeds our feeble band ;  
The morn has come,—and where  
are they ?

Troop after troop their line forsakes ;  
With peace-white banners waving  
free,  
And from our own the glad shout  
breaks,  
Of Freedom and Fraternity !

Like mist before the growing light,  
The hostile cohorts melt away ;  
Our frowning foemen of the night  
Are brothers at the dawn of day !

As unto these repentant ones  
We open wide our toil-worn ranks,  
Along our line a murmur runs  
Of song, and praise, and grateful  
thanks.

Sound for the onset !—Blast on blast !  
Till Slavery's minions cower and  
quail ;

One charge of fire shall drive them  
fast

Like chaff before our Northern gale !

O prisoners in your house of pain,  
Dumb, toiling millions, bound and  
sold,

Look ! stretched o'er Southern vale  
and plain,

The Lord's delivering hand behold !

Above the tyrant's pride of power,  
His iron gates and guarded wall,  
The bolts which shattered Shinar's  
tower

Hang, smoking, for a fiercer fall.

Awake ! awake ! my Fatherland !

It is thy Northern light that  
shines ;

This stirring march of Freedom's band,  
The storm-song of thy mountain  
pines.

Wake, dwellers where the day expires !  
And hear, in winds that sweep your  
lakes

And fan your prairies' roaring fires,  
The signal-call that Freedom makes !

### TO THE MEMORY OF THOMAS SHIPLEY

GONE to thy Heavenly Father's rest !  
The flowers of Eden round thee  
blowing,

And on thine ear the murmurs blest  
Of Siloa's waters softly flowing !  
Beneath that Tree of Life which gives  
To all the earth its healing leaves

In the white robe of angels clad,  
And wandering by that sacred  
river,

Whose streams of holiness make glad  
The city of our God for ever !

Gentlest of spirits !—not for thee  
Our tears are shed, our sighs are  
given ;

Why mourn to know thou art a free  
Partaker of the joys of Heaven ?  
Finished thy work, and kept thy faith  
In Christian firmness unto death ;  
And beautiful as sky and earth,  
When autumn's sun is downward  
going,  
The blessed memory of thy worth  
Around thy place of slumber glow-  
ing !

But woe for us ! who linger still  
With feebler strength and hearts  
less lowly,  
And minds less steadfast to the will  
Of Him whose every work is holy.  
For not like thine, is crucified  
The spirit of our human pride :  
And at the bondman's tale of woe,  
And for the outcast and forsaken,  
Not warm like thine, but cold and  
slow,  
Our weaker sympathies awaken.

Darkly upon our struggling way  
The storm of human hate is sweep-  
ing ;  
Hunted and branded, and a prey,  
Our watch amidst the darkness  
keeping,  
Oh for that hidden strength which can  
Nerve unto death the inner man !  
Oh for thy spirit, tried and true,  
And constant in the hour of trial,  
Prepared to suffer, or to do,  
In meekness and in self-denial.

Oh for thy spirit, meek and mild,  
Derided, spurned, yet uncomplain-  
ing,—  
By man deserted and reviled,  
Yet faithful to its trust remaining.  
Still prompt and resolute to save  
From scourge and chain the hunted  
slave ;  
Unwavering in the Truth's defence,  
Even where the fires of Hate were  
burning.  
The unquailing eye of innocence  
Alone upon the oppressor turning !

O loved of thousands ! to thy grave,  
Sorrowing of heart, thy brethren  
bore thee.

The poor man and the rescued slave  
Wept as the broken earth closed  
o'er thee ;  
And grateful tears, like summer rain,  
Quickened its dying grass again !  
And there, as to some pilgrim-shrine,  
Shall come the outcast and the  
lowly,  
Of gentle deeds and words of thine  
Recalling memories sweet and holy !

Oh for the death the righteous die !  
An end, like autumn's day declin-  
ing,  
On human hearts, as on the sky,  
With holier, tenderer beauty shin-  
ing ;  
As to the parting soul were given  
The radiance of an opening Heaven !  
As if that pure and blessed light,  
From off the Eternal altar flow-  
ing,  
Were bathing, in its upward flight,  
The spirit to its worship going !

TO A SOUTHERN STATESMAN

1846.

Is this thy voice, whose treble notes  
of fear  
Wail in the wind ? And dost thou  
shake to hear,  
Actæon-like, the bay of thine own  
hounds,  
Spurning the leash, and leaping o'er  
their bounds ?  
Sore-baffled statesman ! when thy  
eager hand,  
With game afoot, unslipped the  
hungry pack,  
To hunt down Freedom in her chosen  
land,  
Hast thou no fear, that, ere long,  
doubling back,  
These dogs of thine might snuff on  
Slavery's track ?

Where's now the boast, which even  
 thy guarded tongue,  
 Cold, calm, and proud, in the teeth  
 o' the Senate flung,  
 O'er the fulfilment of thy baleful  
 plan,  
 Like Satan's triumph at the fall of  
 man?  
 How stood'st thou then, thy feet on  
 Freedom planting,  
 And pointing to the lurid heaven  
 afar,  
 Whence all could see, through the  
 south window slanting,  
 Crimson as blood, the beams of that  
 Lone Star!  
 The Fates are just; they give us but  
 our own;  
 Nemesis ripens what our hands have  
 sown.  
 There is an Eastern story, not un-  
 known,  
 Doubtless, to thee, of one whose magic  
 skill  
 Called demons up his water-jars to  
 fill;  
 Deftly and silently, they did his  
 will,  
 But, when the task was done, kept  
 pouring still.  
 In vain with spell and charm the  
 wizard wrought,  
 Faster and faster were the buckets  
 brought,  
 Higher and higher rose the flood  
 around,  
 Till the fiends clapped their hands  
 above their master drowned!  
 So, Carolinian, it may prove with  
 thee,  
 For God still overrules man's schemes,  
 and takes  
 Craftiness in its self-set snare, and  
 makes  
 The wrath of man to praise Him. It  
 may be,  
 That the roused spirits of Democracy  
 May leave to freer States the same  
 wide door  
 Through which thy slave-cursed Texas  
 entered in,  
 From out the blood and fire, the  
 wrong and sin,

Of the stormed city and the ghastly  
 plain,  
 Beat by hot hail, and wet with bloody  
 rain,  
 A myriad-handed Aztechoast may pour,  
 And swarthy South with pallid North  
 combine  
 Back on thyself to turn thy dark  
 design.

### LINES

*Written on the Adoption of Pinckney's  
 Resolutions, in the House of Repre-  
 sentatives, and the Passage of Cal-  
 houn's " Bill for Excluding Papers  
 written or printed, touching the Sub-  
 ject of Slavery, from the U.S. Post-  
 Office," in the Senate of the United  
 States.*

MEN of the North-land! where's the  
 manly spirit  
 Of the true-hearted and the un-  
 shackled gone?  
 Sons of old freemen, do we but inherit  
 Their names alone?

Is the old Pilgrim spirit quenched  
 within us,  
 Stoops the strong manhood of our  
 souls so low,  
 That Mammon's lure or Party's wile  
 can win us  
 To silence now?

Now, when our land to ruin's brink  
 is verging,  
 In God's name, let us speak while  
 there is time!  
 Now, when the padlocks for our lips  
 are forging,  
 Silence is crime!

What! shall we henceforth humbly  
 ask as favours  
 Rights all our own? In madness  
 shall we barter,  
 For treacherous peace, the freedom  
 Nature gave us,  
 God and our charter?



Here shall the statesman forge his  
human fetters,  
Here the false jurist human rights  
deny,  
And, in the Church, their proud and  
skilled abettors  
Make truth a lie?

Torture the pages of the hallowed Bible,  
To sanction crime, and robbery,  
and blood?  
And, in Oppression's hateful service,  
libel

Both man and God?

Shall our New England stand erect  
no longer,  
But stoop in chains upon her down-  
ward way,  
Thicker to gather on her limbs and  
stronger  
Day after day?

Oh no; methinks from all her wild,  
green mountains,—  
From valleys where her slumbering  
fathers lie,—  
From her blue rivers and her welling  
fountains,  
And clear, cold sky,—

From her rough coast, and isles, which  
hungry Ocean  
Gnaws with his surges,—from the  
fisher's skiff,  
With white sail swaying to the bil-  
lows' motion  
Round rock and cliff,—

From the free fireside of her unbought  
farmer,  
From her free labourer at his loom  
and wheel,—  
From the brown smith-shop, where,  
beneath the hammer,  
Rings the red steel,—

From each and all, if God hath not  
forsaken  
Our land, and left us to an evil  
choice,  
Loud as the summer thunderbolt shall  
waken

A People's voice.

Startling and stern! the Northern  
winds shall bear it  
Over Potomac's to St. Mary's wave;  
And buried Freedom shall awake to  
hear it

Within her grave.

Oh, let that voice go forth! The  
bondman sighing  
By Santee's wave, in Mississippi's  
cane,  
Shall feel the hope, within his bosom  
dying,

Revive again.

Let it go forth! The millions who  
are gazing  
Sadly upon us from afar, shall  
smile,  
And unto God devout thanksgiving  
raising,  
Bless us the while.

Oh for your ancient freedom, pure and  
holy,  
For the deliverance of a groaning  
earth,  
For the wronged captive, bleeding,  
crushed, and lowly,  
Let it go forth!

Sons of the best of fathers! will ye  
falter  
With all they left ye perilled and  
at stake?  
Ho! once again on Freedom's holy  
altar

The fire awake!

Prayer-strengthened for the trial,  
come together,  
Put on the harness for the moral  
fight,  
And, with the blessing of your  
Heavenly Father,  
MAINTAIN THE RIGHT!



*THE CURSE OF THE CHARTER-  
BREAKERS* <sup>6</sup>

IN Westminster's royal halls,  
Robed in their pontificals,  
England's ancient prelates stood  
For the people's right and good.

Closed around the waiting crowd,  
Dark and still, like winter's cloud ;  
King and council, lord and knight,  
Squire and yeoman, stood in sight,—

Stood to hear the priest rehearse,  
In God's name, the Church's curse ;  
By the tapers round them lit,  
Slowly, sternly uttering it.

"Right of voice in framing laws,  
Right of peers to try each cause ;  
Peasant homestead, mean and small,  
Sacred as the monarch's hall,—

"Whoso lays his hand on these,  
England's ancient liberties,—  
Whoso breaks, by word or deed,  
England's vow at Runnymede,—

"Be he Prince or belted knight,  
Whatsoever his rank or might,  
If the highest, then the worst,  
Let him live and die accurst.

"Thou, who to Thy Church hast  
given  
Keys alike of hell and heaven,  
Make our word and witness sure,  
Let the curse we speak endure !"

Silent, while that curse was said,  
Every bare and listening head  
Bowed in reverent awe, and then  
All the people said, Amen !

Seven times the bells have tolled,  
For the centuries grey and old,  
Since that stoled and mitred band  
Cursed the tyrants of their land.

Since the priesthood, like a tower,  
Stood between the poor and power ;  
And the wronged and trodden down  
Blessed the abbot's shaven crown.

Gone, thank God, their wizard  
spell,  
Lost, their keys of heaven and  
hell ;  
Yet I sigh for men as bold  
As those bearded priests of old.

Now, too oft the priesthood wait  
At the threshold of the State,—  
Waiting for the beck and nod  
Of its power as law and God.

Fraud exults, while solemn words  
Sanctify his stolen hoards ;  
Slavery laughs, while ghostly lips  
Bless his manacles and whips.

Not on them the poor rely,  
Not to them looks liberty,  
Who with fawning falsehood cower  
To the wrong, when clothed with  
power.

Oh, to see them meanly cling,  
Round the master, round the king,  
Sported with, and sold and bought,—  
Pitiful sight is not !

Tell me not that this must be :  
God's true priest is always free ;  
Free, the needed truth to speak,  
Right the wronged, and raise the  
weak.

Not to fawn on wealth and state,  
Leaving Lazarus at the gate,—  
Not to peddle creeds like wares,—  
Not to mutter hireling prayers,—

Nor to paint the new life's bliss  
On the sable ground of this,—  
Golden streets for idle knave,  
Sabbath rest for weary slave !

Not for words and works like these,  
 Priest of God, thy mission is ;  
 But to make earth's desert glad,  
 In its Eden greenness clad ;

And to level manhood bring  
 Lord and peasant, serf and king ;  
 And the Christ of God to find  
 In the humblest of thy kind !

Thine to work as well as pray,  
 Clearing thorny wrongs away ;  
 Plucking up the weeds of sin,  
 Letting heaven's warm sunshine in,—

Watching on the hills of Faith ;  
 Listening what the Spirit saith,  
 Of the dim-seen light afar,  
 Growing like a nearing star.

God's interpreter art thou,  
 To the waiting ones below ;  
 'Twixt them and its light midway  
 Heraldng the better day,—

Catching gleams of temple spires,  
 Hearing notes of angel choirs,  
 Where, as yet unseen of them,  
 Comes the New Jerusalem !

Like the seer of Patmos gazing,  
 On the glory downward blazing ;  
 Till upon Earth's grateful sod  
 Rests the City of our God !

### THE SLAVES OF MARTINIQUE

SUGGESTED BY A DAGUERRETYPE  
 FROM A FRENCH ENGRAVING.

BEAMS of noon, like burning lances,  
 through the tree-tops flash and  
 glisten,  
 As she stands before her lover, with  
 raised face to look and listen.

Dark, but comely, like the maiden in  
 the ancient Jewish song :  
 Scarcely has the toil of task-fields done  
 her graceful beauty wrong.

He, the strong one and the manly,  
 with the vassal's garb and hue,  
 Holding still his spirit's birthright, to  
 his higher nature true ;

Hiding deep the strengthening pur-  
 pose of a freeman in his heart,  
 As the greegree holds his Fetish from  
 the white man's gaze apart.

Ever foremost of his comrades, when  
 the driver's morning horn  
 Calls away to stuffing mill-house, to  
 the fields of cane and corn :

Fall the keen and burning lashes  
 never on his back or limb ;  
 Scarce with look or word of censure,  
 turns the driver unto him.

Yet, his brow is always thoughtful,  
 and his eye is hard and stern ;  
 Slavery's last and humblest lesson he  
 has never deigned to learn.

And, at evening, when his comrades  
 dance before their master's door,  
 Folding arms and knitting forehead,  
 stands he silent evermore.

God be praised for every instinct which  
 rebels against a lot  
 Where the brute survives the human,  
 and man's upright form is not !

As the serpent-like bejucó winds his  
 spiral fold on fold  
 Round the tall and stately ceiba, till  
 it withers in his hold ;—

Slow decays the forest monarch, closer  
 girds the fell embrace,  
 Till the tree is seen no longer, and the  
 vine is in its place,—

So a base and bestial nature round  
 the vassal's manhood twines,  
 And the spirit wastes beneath it, like  
 the ceiba choked with vines.

God is Love, saith the Evangel ; and  
our world of woe and sin  
Is made light and happy only when  
a Love is shining in.

Ye whose lives are free as sunshine,  
finding, wheresoe'er ye roam,  
Smiles of welcome, looks of kindness,  
making all the world like home ;

In the veins of whose affections kindred  
blood is but a part,  
Of one kindly current throbbing from  
the universal heart ;

Can ye know the deeper meaning of  
a love in Slavery nursed,  
Last flower of a lost Eden, blooming  
in that Soil accursed ?

Love of Home, and Love of Woman !  
—dear to all, but doubly dear  
To the heart whose pulses elsewhere  
measure only hate and fear.

All around the desert circles, underneath  
a brazen sky,  
Only one green spot remaining where  
the dew is never dry !

From the horror of that desert, from  
its atmosphere of hell,  
Turns the fainting spirit thither, as  
the diver seeks his bell.

'Tis the fervid tropic noontime ; faint  
and low the sea-waves beat ;  
Hazy rise the inland mountains  
through the glimmer of the heat,—

Where, through mingled leaves and  
blossoms, arrowy sunbeams flash  
and glisten,  
Speaks her lover to the slave-girl, and  
she lifts her head to listen :—

" We shall live as slaves no longer !  
Freedom's hour is close at  
hand !  
Rocks her bark upon the waters, rests  
the boat upon the strand !

" I have seen the Haytien Captain ;  
I have seen his swarthy crew,  
Haters of the pallid faces, to their  
race and colour true.

" They have sworn to wait our coming  
till the night has passed its noon,  
And the grey and darkening waters  
roll above the sunken moon ! "

Oh the blessed hope of freedom ! how  
with joy and glad surprise,  
For an instant throbs her bosom, for  
an instant beam her eyes !

But she looks across the valley, where  
her mother's hut is seen,  
Through the snowy bloom of coffee,  
and the lemon leaves so green

And she answers, sad and earnest :  
" It were wrong for thee to stay ;  
God hath heard thy prayer for freedom,  
and His finger points the way.

" Well I know with what endurance,  
for the sake of me and mine,  
Thou hast borne too long a burden  
never meant for souls like thine.

" Go ; and at the hour of midnight,  
when our last farewell is o'er,  
Kneeling on our place of parting, I  
will bless thee from the shore.

" But for me, my mother, lying on  
her sick-bed all the day,  
Lifts her weary head to watch me,  
coming through the twilight grey.

" Should I leave her sick and helpless,  
even freedom, shared with thee,  
Would be sadder far than bondage,  
lonely toil, and stripes to me.

" For my heart would die within me,  
and my brain would soon be  
wild ;  
I should hear my mother calling  
through the twilight for her  
child ! "

Blazing upward from the ocean, shines  
the sun of morning-time,  
Through the coffee-trees in blossom,  
and green hedges of the lime.

Side by side, amidst the slave-gang,  
toil the lover and the maid ;  
Wherefore looks he o'er the waters,  
leaning forward on his spade ?

Sadly looks he, deeply sighs he : 'tis  
the Haytien's sail he sees,  
Like a white cloud of the mountains,  
driven seaward by the breeze !

But his arm a light hand presses, and  
he hears a low voice call :  
Hate of Slavery, hope of Freedom,  
Love is mightier than all.

### THE CRISIS

WRITTEN ON LEARNING THE TERMS  
OF THE TREATY WITH MEXICO.

ACROSS the Stony Mountains, o'er the  
desert's drouth and sand,  
The circles of our empire touch the  
Western Ocean's strand ;  
From slumberous Timpanogos, to Gila,  
wild and free,  
Flowing down from Nuevo-Leon to  
California's sea ;  
And from the mountains of the East,  
to Santa Rosa's shore,  
The eagles of Mexitli shall beat the  
air no more.

O Vale of Rio Bravo ! Let thy simple  
children weep ;  
Close watch about their holy fire let  
maids of Pecos keep ;  
Let Taos send her cry across Sierra  
Madre's pines,  
And Algodones toll her bells amidst  
her corn and vines ;  
For lo ! the pale land-seekers come,  
with eager eyes of gain,  
Wide scattering, like the bison herds  
on broad Salada's plain.

Let Sacramento's herdsmen heed what  
sound the winds bring down  
Of footsteps on the crisping snow,  
from cold Nevada's crown !  
Full hot and fast the Saxon rides,  
with rein of travel slack,  
And, bending o'er his saddle, leaves  
the sunrise at his back,  
By many a lonely river, and gorge of  
fir and pine,  
On many a wintry hill-top, his nightly  
camp-fires shine.

O countrymen and brothers ! that land  
of lake and plain,  
Of salt wastes alternating with valleys  
fat with grain ;  
Of mountains white with winter,  
looking downward, cold, serene,  
On their feet with spring-vines tangled  
and lapped in softest green ;  
Swift through whose black volcanic  
gates, o'er many a sunny vale,  
Wind-like the Arapahoe sweeps the  
bison's dusty trail !

Great spaces yet untravelled, great  
lakes whose mystic shores  
The Saxon rifle never heard, nor dip  
of Saxon oars ;  
Great herds that wander all un-  
watched, wild steeds that none  
have tamed,  
Strange fish in unknown streams, and  
birds the Saxon never named ;  
Deep mines, dark mountain crucibles,  
where Nature's chemic powers  
Work out the Great Designer's will ;  
—all these ye say are ours !

For ever ours ! for good or ill, on us  
the burden lies ;  
God's balance, watched by angels, is  
hung across the skies.  
Shall Justice, Truth, and Freedom  
turn the poised and trembling  
scale ?  
Or shall the Evil triumph, and robber  
Wrong prevail ?  
Shall the broad land o'er which our  
flag in starry splendour waves,  
Forego through us its freedom, and  
bear the tread of slaves ?

The day is breaking in the East of  
 which the prophets told,  
 And brightens up the sky of Time the  
 Christian Age of Gold ;  
 Old Might to Right is yielding, battle  
 blade to clerkly pen,  
 Earth's monarchs are her peoples, and  
 her serfs stand up as men ;  
 The isles rejoice together, in a day are  
 nations born,  
 And the slave walks free in Tunis, and  
 by Stamboul's Golden Horn !

Is this, O countrymen of mine ! a day  
 for us to sow  
 The soil of new-gained empire with  
 slavery's seeds of woe ?  
 To feed with our fresh life-blood the  
 Old World's cast-off crime,  
 Dropped, like some monstrous early  
 birth, from the tired lap of Time ?  
 To run anew the evil race the old  
 lost nations ran,  
 And die like them of unbelief of God,  
 and wrong of man ?

Great Heaven ! Is this our mission ?  
 end in this the prayers and tears,  
 The toil, the strife, the watchings of  
 our younger, better years ?  
 Still as the Old World rolls in light,  
 shall ours in shadow turn,  
 A beamless Chaos, cursed of God,  
 through outer darkness borne ?  
 Where the far nations looked for  
 light, a blackness in the air ?  
 Where for words of hope they listened,  
 the long wail of despair ?

The Crisis presses on us ; face to face  
 with us it stands,  
 With solemn lips of question, like the  
 Sphinx in Egypt's sands !  
 This day we fashion Destiny, our web  
 of Fate we spin ;  
 This day for all hereafter choose we  
 holiness or sin ;  
 Even now from stony Gerizim, or  
 Elbal's cloudy crown,  
 We call the dews of blessing or the  
 bolts of cursing down !

By all for which the martyrs bore their  
 agony and shame ;  
 By all the warning words of truth with  
 which the prophets came ;  
 By the Future which awaits us ; by  
 all the hopes which cast  
 Their faint and trembling beams across  
 the blackness of the Past ;  
 And by the blessed thought of Him  
 who for Earth's freedom died,  
 O my people ! O my brothers ! let  
 us choose the righteous side.

So shall the Northern pioneer go joy-  
 ful on his way ;  
 To wed Penobscot's waters to San  
 Francisco's bay ;  
 To make the rugged places smooth,  
 and sow the vales with grain ;  
 And bear, with Liberty and Law, the  
 Bible in his train :  
 The mighty West shall bless the East,  
 and sea shall answer sea,  
 And mountain unto mountain call,  
 PRAISE GOD, FOR WE ARE FREE.



# MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

## THE KNIGHT OF ST. JOHN

ERE down yon blue Carpathian hills  
The sun shall sink again,  
Farewell to life and all its ills,  
Farewell to cell and chain.

These prison shades are dark and  
cold,—  
But, darker far than they,  
The shadow of a sorrow old  
Is on my heart alway.

For since the day when Warkworth  
wood  
Closed o'er my steed and I,  
An alien from my name and blood,  
A weed cast out to die,—

When, looking back in sunset light,  
I saw her turret gleam,  
And from its casement, far and white,  
Her sign of farewell stream,

Like one who, from some desert shore,  
Doth home's green isles descry,  
And, vainly longing, gazes o'er  
The waste of wave and sky;

So from the desert of my fate  
I gaze across the past;  
For ever on life's dial-plate  
The shade is backward cast!

I've wandered wide from shore to  
shore,  
I've knelt at many a shrine;  
And bowed me to the rocky floor  
Where Bethlehem's tapers shine.

And by the Holy Sepulchre  
I've pledged my knightly sword  
To Christ, His blessed Church, and  
her,  
The Mother of our Lord.

Oh, vain the vow, and vain the  
strife!

How vain do all things seem!  
My soul is in the past, and life  
To-day is but a dream!

In vain the penance strange and  
long,  
And hard for flesh to bear;  
The prayer, the fasting, and the  
thong,  
And sackcloth shirt of hair.

The eyes of memory will not sleep,—  
Its ears are open still;  
And vigils with the past they keep  
Against my feeble will.

And still the loves and joys of old  
Do evermore uprise;  
I see the flow of locks of gold,  
The shine of loving eyes!

Ah me! upon another's breast  
Those golden locks recline;  
I see upon another rest  
The glance that once was mine.

“O faithless priest! O perjured  
knight!”  
I hear the Master cry;  
“Shut out the vision from thy sight,  
Let Earth and Nature die.

“The Church of God is now thy  
spouse,  
And thou the bridegroom art;  
Then let the burden of thy vows  
Crush down thy human heart!”

In vain! This heart its grief must  
know,  
Till life itself hath ceased,  
And falls beneath the self-same blow  
The lover and the priest!

O pitying Mother ! souls of light,  
And saints, and martyrs old !  
Pray for a weak and sinful knight,  
A suffering man uphold.

Then let the Paynim work his will,  
And death unbind my chain,  
Ere down yon blue Carpathian hill  
The sun shall fall again.

### THE HOLY LAND

FROM LAMARTINE.

I HAVE not felt, o'er seas of sand,  
The rocking of the desert bark ;  
Nor laved at Hebron's fount my  
hand,  
By Hebron's palm-trees cool and  
dark ;  
Nor pitched my tent at even-fall,  
On dust where Job of old has  
lain,  
Nor dreamed beneath its canvas wall  
The dream of Jacob o'er again.

One vast world-page remains unread ;  
How shine the stars in Chaldea's  
sky,  
How sounds the reverent pilgrim's  
tread,  
How beats the heart with God so  
nigh !—  
How round grey arch and column  
lone  
The spirit of the old time broods,  
And sighs in all the winds that moan  
Along the sandy solitudes !

In thy tall cedars, Lebanon,  
I have not heard the nations' cries,  
Nor seen thy eagles stooping down  
Where buried Tyre in ruin lies.  
The Christian's prayer I have not  
said  
In Tadmor's temples of decay,  
Nor startled, with my dreary tread,  
The waste where Memnon's empire  
lay.

Nor have I, from thy hallowed tide,  
O Jordan ! heard the low lament,  
Like that sad wail along thy side  
Which Israel's mournful prophet  
sent !  
Nor thrilled within that grotto lone  
Where, deep in night, the Bard of  
Kings  
Felt hands of fire direct his own,  
And sweep for God the conscious  
strings.

I have not climbed to Olivet,  
Nor laid me where my Saviour  
lay,  
And left His trace of tears as yet  
By angel eyes unwept away ;  
Nor watched, at midnight's solemn  
time,  
The garden where His prayer and  
groan,  
Wrung by His sorrow and our crime,  
Rose to One listening ear alone.

I have not kissed the rock-hewn  
grot  
Where in His Mother's arms He  
lay,  
Nor knelt upon the sacred spot  
Where last His footsteps pressed  
the clay ;  
Nor looked on that sad mountain  
head,  
Nor smote my sinful breast, where  
wide  
His arms to fold the world He  
spread,  
And bowed His head to bless—and  
died !

### PALESTINE

BLEST land of Judæa ! thrice hallowed  
of song,  
Where the holiest of memories pilgrim-  
like throng ;  
In the shade of thy palms, by the  
shores of thy sea,  
On the hills of thy beauty, my heart  
is with thee.



With the eye of a spirit I look on that  
 shore,  
 Where pilgrim and prophet have lin-  
 geered before ;  
 With the glide of a spirit I traverse  
 the sod  
 Made bright by the steps of the angels  
 of God.

Blue sea of the hills !—in my spirit I  
 hear  
 Thy waters, Gennesaret, chime on  
 my ear ;  
 Where the Lowly and Just with the  
 people sat down,  
 And thy spray on the dust of His  
 sandals was thrown.

Beyond are Bethulia's mountains of  
 green,  
 And the desolate hills of the wild  
 Gadarene ;  
 And I pause on the goat-crag of  
 Tabor to see  
 The gleam of thy waters, O dark  
 Galilee !

Hark, a sound in the valley ! where,  
 swollen and strong,  
 Thy river, O Kishon, is sweeping  
 along ;  
 Where the Canaanite strove with Je-  
 hovah in vain,  
 And thy torrent grew dark with the  
 blood of the slain.

There down from his mountains stern  
 Zebulon came,  
 And Naphtali's stag, with his eyeballs  
 of flame,  
 And the chariots of Jabin rolled  
 harmlessly on,  
 For the arm of the Lord was Abinoam's  
 son !

There sleep the still rocks and the  
 caverns which rang  
 To the song which the beautiful pro-  
 phetess sang,  
 When the princes of Issachar stood by  
 her side,  
 And the shout of a host in its triumph  
 replied.

Lo, Bethlehem's hill-site before me is  
 seen,  
 With the mountains around, and the  
 valleys between ;  
 There rested the shepherds of Judah,  
 and there  
 The song of the angels rose sweet on  
 the air.

And Bethany's palm-trees in beauty  
 still throw  
 Their shadows at noon on the ruins  
 below ;  
 But where are the sisters who hastened  
 to greet  
 The lowly Redeemer, and sit at His  
 feet ?

I tread where the TWELVE in their  
 wayfaring trod ;  
 I stand where they stood with the  
 CHOSEN OF GOD,—  
 Where His blessing was heard and  
 His lessons were taught,  
 Where the blind were restored and  
 the healing was wrought.

Oh, here with His flock the sad  
 Wanderer came,—  
 These hills He toiled over in grief are  
 the same,—  
 The founts where He drank by the  
 wayside still flow,  
 And the same airs are blowing which  
 breathed on His brow !

And throned on her hills sits Jerusa-  
 lem yet,  
 But with dust on her forehead, and  
 chains on her feet ;  
 For the crown of her pride to the  
 mocker hath gone,  
 And the holy Shechinah is dark where  
 it shone.

But wherefore this dream of the earthly  
 abode  
 Of Humanity clothed in the bright-  
 ness of God ?  
 Were my spirit but turned from the  
 outward and dim,  
 It could gaze, even now, on the pre-  
 sence of Him !

Not in clouds and in terrors, but gentle  
as when,  
In love and in meekness, He moved  
among men ;  
And the voice which breathed peace  
to the waves of the sea  
In the hush of my spirit would whisper  
to me !

And what if my feet may not tread  
where He stood,  
Nor my ears hear the dashing of Gali-  
lee's flood,  
Nor my eyes see the cross which He  
bowed Him to bear,  
Nor my knees press Gethsemane's  
garden of prayer.

Yet, Loved of the Father, Thy Spirit  
is near  
To the meek, and the lowly, and  
penitent here ;  
And the voice of Thy love is the same  
even now  
As at Bethany's tomb or on Olivet's  
brow.

Oh, the outward hath gone !—but in  
glory and power,  
The SPIRIT surviveth the things of an  
hour ;  
Unchanged, undecaying, its Pentecost  
flame  
On the heart's secret altar is burning  
the same !

### EZEKIEL xxxiii. 30-33

THEY hear Thee not, O God ! nor see ;  
Beneath Thy rod they mock at Thee ;  
The princes of our ancient line  
Lie drunken with Assyrian wine ;  
The priests around Thy altar speak  
The false words which their hearers  
seek ;  
And hymns which Chaldea's wanton  
maids  
Have sung in Dura's idol-shades  
Are with the Levites' chant ascend-  
ing,  
With Zion's holiest anthems blending !

On Israel's bleeding bosom set,  
The heathen heel is crushing yet ,  
The towers upon our holy hill  
Echo Chaldean footsteps still.  
Our wasted shrines,—who weeps for  
them ?

Who mourneth for Jerusalem ?  
Who turneth from his gains away ?  
Whose knee with mine is bowed to  
pray ?

Who, leaving feast and purpling cup,  
Takes Zion's lamentation up ?

A sad and thoughtful youth, I went  
With Israel's early banishment ;  
And where the sullen Chebar crept,  
The ritual of my fathers kept.  
The water for the trench I drew,  
The firstling of the flock I slew,  
And, standing at the altar's side,  
I shared the Levites' lingering pride,  
That still, amidst her mocking foes,  
The smoke of Zion's offering rose.

In sudden whirlwind, cloud and flame,  
The Spirit of the Highest came !  
Before mine eyes a vision passed,  
A glory terrible and vast ;  
With dreadful eyes of living things,  
And sounding sweep of angel wings,  
With circling light and sapphire  
throne  
And flame-like form of One thereon,  
And voice of that dread Likeness  
sent  
Down from the crystal firmament !

The burden of a prophet's power  
Fell on me in that fearful hour ;  
From off unutterable woes  
The curtain of the future rose ;  
I saw far down the coming time  
The fiery chastisement of crime ;  
With noise of mingling hosts, and jar  
Of falling towers and shouts of war,  
I saw the nations rise and fall,  
Like fire-gleams on my tent's white  
wall.

In dream and trance, I saw the slain  
Of Egypt heaped like harvest grain.  
I saw the walls of sea-born Tyre  
Swept over by the spoiler's fire ;

And heard the low, expiring moan  
Of Edom on his rocky throne ;  
And, woe is me ! the wild lament  
From Zion's desolation sent ;  
And felt within my heart each blow  
Which laid her holy places low.

In bonds and sorrow, day by day,  
Before the pictured tile I lay ;  
And there, as in a mirror, saw  
The coming of Assyria's war,—  
Her swarthy lines of spearmen pass  
Like locusts through Bethhoron's  
grass ;  
I saw them draw their stormy hem  
Of battle round Jerusalem ;  
And, listening, heard the Hebrew  
wail  
Blend with the victor-trump of Baal !

Who trembled at my warning word ?  
Who owned the prophet of the Lord ?  
How mocked the rude,—how scoffed  
the vile,—  
How stung the Levites' scornful smile,  
As o'er my spirit, dark and slow,  
The shadow crept of Israel's woe,  
As if the angel's mournful roll  
Had left its record on my soul,  
And traced in lines of darkness there  
The picture of its great despair !

Yet ever at the hour I feel  
My lips in prophecy unseal.  
Prince, priest, and Levite gather near,  
And Salem's daughters haste to hear,  
On Chebar's waste and alien shore,  
The harp of Judah swept once more.  
They listen, as in Babel's throng  
The Chaldeans to the dancer's song,  
Or wild *sabbeka's* nightly play,  
As careless and as vain as they.

\* \* \*

And thus, O Prophet-hard of old,  
Hast thou thy tale of sorrow told !  
The same which earth's unwelcome  
seers  
Have felt in all succeeding years.  
Sport of the changeful multitude,  
Nor calmly heard nor understood,

Their song has seemed a trick of art,  
Their warnings but the actor's part.  
With bonds, and scorn, and evil will,  
The world requites its prophets still.

So was it when the Holy One  
The garments of the flesh put on !  
Men followed where the Highest led  
For common gifts of daily bread,  
And gross of ear, of vision dim,  
Owned not the godlike power of Him.  
Vain as a dreamer's words to them  
His wail above Jerusalem,  
And meaningless the watch He kept  
Through which His weak disciples  
slept.

Yet shrink not thou, whoe'er thou art,  
For God's great purpose set apart,  
Before whose far-discerning eyes,  
The Future as the Present lies !  
Beyond a narrow-bounded age  
Stretches thy prophet-heritage,  
Through Heaven's dim spaces angel-  
trod,  
Through arches round the throne of  
God !  
Thy audience, worlds !—all Time to  
be  
The witness of the Truth in thee !

### THE WIFE OF MANOAH TO HER HUSBAND

AGAINST the sunset's glowing wall  
The city towers rise black and tall,  
Where Zorah, on its rocky height,  
Stands like an arm'd man in the light.

Down Eshtaol's vales of ripened grain  
Falls like a cloud the night again,  
And up the hillsides climbing slow  
The bailey reapers homeward go.

Look, dearest ! how our fair child's  
head  
The sunset light hath hallowed,  
Where at this olive's foot he lies,  
Uplooking to the tranquil skies.

Oh, while beneath the fervent heat  
Thy sickle swept the bearded wheat,  
I've watched, with mingled joy and  
dread,  
Our child upon his grassy bed.

Joy, which the mother feels alone  
Whose morning hope like mine had  
flown,  
When to her bosom, over-blessed,  
A dearer life than hers is pressed.

Dread, for the future dark and still,  
Which shapes our dear one to its will ;  
For ever in his large calm eyes,  
I read a tale of sacrifice.—

The same foreboding awe I felt  
When at the altar's side we knelt,  
And He, who as a Pilgrim came,  
Rose, winged and glorious, through  
the flame.

I slept not, though the wild bees made  
A dreamlike murmuring in the shade,  
And on me the warm-fingered hours  
Pressed with the drowsy smell of  
flowers.

Before me, in a vision, rose  
The hosts of Israel's scornful foes,—  
Rank over rank, helm, shield, and  
spear,  
Glittered in noon's hot atmosphere.

I heard their boast, and bitter word,  
Their mockery of the Hebrew's Lord,  
I saw their hands His ark assail,  
Their feet profane His holy veil.

No angel down the blue space spoke,  
No thunder from the still sky broke ;  
But in their midst, in power and  
awe,  
Like God's waked wrath, OUR CHILD  
I saw !

A child no more !—harsh-browed and  
strong,  
He towered a giant in the throng,  
And down his shoulders, broad and  
bare,  
Swept the black terror of his hair.

He raised his arm ; he smote amain ;  
As round the reaper falls the grain,  
So the dark host around him fell,  
So sank the foes of Israel !

Again I looked. In sunlight shone  
The towers and domes of Askelon.  
Priest, warrior, slave, a mighty crowd,  
Within her idol temple bowed.

Yet one knelt not ; stark, gaunt, and  
blind,  
His arms the massive pillars twined,—  
An eyeless captive, strong with hate  
He stood there like an evil Fate.

The red shrines smoked,—the trum-  
pets pealed :  
He stooped, — the giant columns  
reeled,—  
Reeled tower and fane, sank arch and  
wall,  
And the thick dust-cloud closed o'er  
all !

Above the shriek, the crash, the groan  
Of the fallen pride of Askelon,  
I heard, sheer down the echoing sky,  
A voice as of an angel cry,—

The voice of Him, who at our side  
Sat through the golden eventide,—  
Of Him who, on thy altar's blaze,  
Rose fire-winged, with His song of  
praise.

" Rejoice o'er Israel's broken chain,  
Grey mother of the mighty slain !  
Rejoice ! " it cried, " he vanquisheth !  
The strong in life is strong in death !

" To him shall Zorah's daughters  
raise  
Through coming years their hymns of  
praise,  
And grey old men at evening tell  
Of all he wrought for Israel.

" And they who sing and they who  
hear  
Alike shall hold thy memory dear,  
And pour their blessings on thy head,  
O mother of the mighty dead ! "

It ceased; and though a sound I  
 heard  
 As if great wings the still air stirred,  
 I only saw the barley sheaves  
 And hills half-hid by olive leaves.

I bowed my face, in awe and fear,  
 On the dear child who slumbered  
 near.

"With me, as with my only son,  
 O God," I said, "THY WILL BE  
 DONE!"

### THE CITIES OF THE PLAIN

"GET ye up from the wrath of God's  
 terrible day!

Ungirdled, unsandalled, arise and  
 away!

'Tis the vintage of blood, 'tis the ful-  
 ness of time,  
 And vengeance shall gather the har-  
 vest of crime!"

The warning was spoken; the right-  
 eous had gone,

And the proud ones of Sodom were  
 feasting alone;

All gay was the banquet; the revel  
 was long,

With the pouring of wine and the  
 breathing of song.

'Twas an evening of beauty; the air  
 was perfume,

The earth was all greenness, the trees  
 were all bloom;

And softly the delicate viol was heard,  
 Like the murmur of love or the notes  
 of a bird.

And beautiful maidens moved down  
 in the dance,

With the magic of motion and sun-  
 shine of glance;

And white arms wreathed lightly, and  
 tresses fell free

As the plumage of birds in some  
 tropical tree.

Where the shrines of foul idols were  
 lighted on high,

And wantonness tempted the lust of  
 the eye;

Midst rites of obscenity, strange,  
 loathsome, abhorred,

The blasphemier scoffed at the name  
 of the Lord.

Hark! the growl of the thunder—  
 the quaking of earth!

Woe, woe to the worship, and woe to  
 the mirth!

The black sky has opened,—there's  
 flame in the air,—

The red arm of vengeance is lifted  
 and bare!

Then the shriek of the dying rose wild  
 where the song

And the low tone of love had been  
 whispered along;

For the fierce flames went lightly o'er  
 palace and bower,

Like the red tongues of demons, to  
 blast and devour!

Down,—down on the fallen the red  
 ruin rained,

And the reveller sank with his wine-  
 cup undrained;

The foot of the dancer, the music's  
 loved thrill,

And the shout and the laughter grew  
 suddenly still.

The last throb of anguish was fear-  
 fully given;

The last eye glared forth in its mad-  
 ness on Heaven!

The last groan of horror rose wildly  
 and vain,

And death brooded over the pride of  
 the Plain!

### THE CRUCIFIXION

SUNLIGHT upon Judæa's hills!

And on the waves of Galilee,—

On Jordan's stream, and on the rills  
 That feed the dead and sleeping sea!

Most freshly from the green wood  
springs  
The light breeze on its scented wings ;  
And gaily quiver in the sun  
The cedar tops of Lebanon !

A few more hours,—a change hath  
come !

The sky is dark without a cloud !  
The shouts of wrath and joy are dumb,  
And proud knees unto earth are  
bowed.

A change is on the hill of Death,  
The helmèd watchers pant for breath,  
And turn with wild and maniac eyes  
From the dark scene of sacrifice !

That Sacrifice !—the death of Him,—  
The High and ever Holy One !  
Well may the conscious Heaven grow  
dim,

And blacken the beholding Sun.  
The wonted light hath fled away,  
Night settles on the middle day,  
And earthquake from his caverned  
bed

Is waking with a thrill of dread !

The dead are waking underneath !  
Their prison door is rent away !  
And, ghastly with the seal of death,  
They wander in the eye of day !  
The temple of the Cherubim,  
The House of God is cold and dim ;  
A curse is on its trembling walls,  
Its mighty veil asunder falls !

Well may the cavern-depths of Earth  
Be shaken, and her mountains nod ;  
Well may the sheeted dead come  
forth

To gaze upon a suffering God !  
Well may the temple - shrine grow  
dim,  
And shadows veil the Cherubim,  
When He, the chosen One of Heaven,  
A sacrifice for guilt is given !

And shall the sinful heart, alone,  
Behold unmoved the atoning hour,  
When Nature trembles on her throne,  
And Death resigns his iron power ?

Oh, shall the heart—whose sinfulness  
Gave keenness to His sore distress,  
And added to His tears of blood—  
Refuse its trembling gratitude !

### THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM

WHERE Time the measure of his  
hours

By changeful bud and blossom  
keeps,  
And, like a young bride crowned with  
flowers,  
Fair Shiraz in her garden sleeps ;

Where, to her poet's turban stone,  
The Spring her gift of flowers im-  
parts,

Less sweet than those his thoughts  
have sown  
In the warm soil of Persian hearts :

There sat the stranger, where the  
shade

Of scattered date-trees thinly lay,  
While in the hot clear heaven delayed  
The long and still and weary day.

Strange trees and fruits above him  
hung,

Strange odours filled the sultry air,  
Strange birds upon the branches  
swung,

Strange insect voices murmured  
there.

And strange bright blossoms shone  
around,

Turned sunward from the shadowy  
bowers,

As if the Gheber's soul had found  
A fitting home in Iran's flowers.

Whate'er he saw, whate'er he heard,  
Awakened feelings new and sad,—  
No Christian garb, nor Christian  
word,

Nor church with Sabbath - bell  
chimes glad,

But Moslem graves, with turban  
stones,  
And mosque-spires gleaming white,  
in view,  
And greybeard Mollahs in low tones  
Chanting their Koran service  
through.

The flowers which smiled on either  
hand,  
Like tempting fiends, were such as  
they  
Which once, o'er all that Eastern  
land,  
As gifts on demon altars lay.

As if the burning eye of Baal  
The servant of his Conqueror knew,  
From skies which knew no cloudy  
veil,  
The Sun's hot glances smote him  
through.

"Ah me!" the lonely stranger said,  
"The hope which led my footsteps  
on,  
And light from heaven around them  
shed,  
O'er weary wave and waste, is gone!"

"Where are the harvest fields all  
white,  
For Truth to thrust her sickle in?  
Where flock the souls, like doves in  
flight,  
From the dark hiding-place of sin?"

"A silent horror broods o'er all,—  
The burden of a hateful spell,—  
The very flowers around recall  
The hoary magi's rites of hell!"

"And what am I, o'er such a land  
The banner of the Cross to bear?  
Dear Lord, uphold me with Thy hand,  
Thy strength with human weakness  
share!"

He ceased; for at his very feet  
In mild rebuke a floweret smiled,—  
How thrilled his sinking heart to greet  
The Star-flower of the Virgin's  
child!

Sown by some wandering Frank, it  
drew  
Its life from alien air and earth,  
And told to Paynim sun and dew  
The story of the Saviour's birth.

From scorching beams, in kindly  
mood,  
The Persian plants its beauty  
screened,  
And on its pagan sisterhood,  
In love, the Christian floweret  
leaned.

With tears of joy the wanderer felt  
The darkness of his long despair  
Before that hallowed symbol melt,  
Which God's dear love had nurtured  
there.

From Nature's face, that simple flower  
The lines of sin and sadness swept;  
And Magian pile and Paynim bower  
In peace like that of Eden slept.

Each Moslem tomb, and cypress old,  
Looked holy through the sunset air;  
And, angel-like, the Muezzin told  
From tower and mosque the hour of  
prayer.

With cheerful steps, the morrow's dawn  
From Shiraz saw the stranger part;  
The Star-flower of the Virgin-Born  
Still blooming in his hopeful heart!

## HYMNS

FROM THE FRENCH OF LAMARTINE.

ONE hymn more, O my lyre!  
Praise to the God above,  
Of joy and life and love,  
Sweeping its strings of fire!

Oh, who the speed of bird and wind  
And sunbeam's glance will lend to  
me,  
That, soaring upward, I may find  
My resting-place and home in  
Thee?—

Thou, whom my soul, midst doubt  
and gloom,  
Adoreth with a fervent flame,—  
Mysterious spirit ! un'o whom  
Pertain nor sign nor name !

Swiftly my lyre's soft murmurs go,  
Up from the cold and joyless  
earth,  
Back to the God who bade them  
flow,  
Whose moving spirit sent them  
forth.

But as for me, O God ! for me,  
The lowly creature of Thy will,  
Lingering and sad, I sigh to Thee,  
An earth-bound pilgrim still !

Was not my spirit born to shine  
Where yonder stars and suns are  
glowing ?

To breathe with them the light  
divine

From God's own holy altar flowing ?  
To be, indeed, whate'er the soul  
In dreams hath thirsted for so  
long,—

A portion of Heaven's glorious whole  
Of loveliness and song ?

Oh, watchers of the stars at night,  
Who breathe their fire, as we the  
air,—

Suns, thunders, stars, and rays of  
light,

Oh, say, is He, the Eternal, there ?  
Bend there around His awful throne  
The seraph's glance, the angel's  
knee ?

Or are thy inmost depths His own,  
O wild and mighty sea ?

Thoughts of my soul, how swift ye  
go !

Swift as the eagle's glance of fire,  
Or arrows from the archer's bow,  
To the far aim of your desire !

Thought after thought, ye thronging  
rise,

Like spring-doves from the startled  
wood,

Bearing like them your sacrifice  
Of music unto God !

And shall these thoughts of joy and love  
Come back again no more to me ?—

Returning like the Patriarch's dove  
Wing-weary from the eternal sea,  
To bear within my longing arms  
The promise-bough of kindlier skies,  
Plucked from the green, immortal  
palms

Which shadow Paradise ?

All-moving spirit !—freely forth  
At thy command the strong wind  
goes :

Its errand to the passive earth,  
Nor art can stay, nor strength  
oppose,

Until it folds its weary wing  
Once more within the hand divine ;  
So, weary from its wandering,  
My spirit turns to Thine !

Child of the sea, the mountain stream,  
From its dark caverns, hurries on,  
Ceaseless, by night and morning's  
beam,

By evening's star and noontide's sun,  
Until at last it sinks to rest,  
O'erwearied, in the waiting sea,  
And moans upon its mother's breast,—  
So turns my soul to Thee !

O Thou who bid'st the torrent flow,  
Who lendest wings unto the wind,—  
Mover of all things ! where art Thou ?

Oh, whither shall I go to find  
The secret of Thy resting-place ?  
Is there no holy wing for me,  
That, soaring, I may search the space  
Of highest heaven for Thee ?

Oh, would I were as free to rise  
As leaves on autumn's whirlwind  
borne,—

The arrowy light of sunset skies,  
Or sound, or ray, or star of morn,  
Which melts in heaven at twilight's  
close,

Or aught which soars unchecked  
and free  
Through Earth and Heaven ; that I  
might lose  
Myself in finding Thee !



WHEN the BREATH DIVINE is flowing,  
 Zephyr-like o'er all things going,  
 And, as the touch of viewless fingers,  
 Softly on my soul it lingers,  
 Open to a breath the lightest,  
 Conscious of a touch the slightest,—  
 As some calm, still lake, whereon  
 Sinks the snowy-bosomed swan,  
 And the glistening water-rings  
 Circle round her moving wings :  
 When my upward gaze is turning  
 Where the stars of heaven are burn-  
 ing

Through the deep and dark abyss,—  
 Flowers of midnight's wilderness,  
 Blowing with the evening's breath  
 Sweetly in their Maker's path :

When the breaking day is flushing  
 All the east, and light is gushing  
 Upward through the horizon's haze,  
 Sheaf-like, with its thousand rays.  
 Spreading, until all above  
 Overflows with joy and love,  
 And below, on earth's green bosom,  
 All is changed to light and blossom :

When my waking fancies over  
 Forms of brightness flit and hover,  
 Holy as the seraphs are,  
 Who by Zion's fountains wear  
 On their foreheads, white and broad,  
 "HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD !"  
 When, inspired with rapture high  
 It would seem a single sigh  
 Could a world of love create,—  
 That my life could know no date,  
 And my eager thoughts could fill  
 Heaven and Earth, o'erflowing still !—

Then, O Father ! Thou alone,  
 From the shadow of Thy throne,  
 To the sighing of my breast  
 And its rapture answerest.  
 All my thoughts, which, upward  
 winging,  
 Bathe where Thy own light is spring-  
 ing,—  
 All my yearnings to be free  
 Are as echoes answering Thee !

Seldom upon lips of mine,  
 Father ! rests that name of Thine,—

Deep within my inmost breast,  
 In the secret place of mind,  
 Like an awful presence shrined,  
 Doth the dread idea rest !  
 Hushed and holy dwells it there,—  
 Prompter of the silent prayer,  
 Lifting up my spirit's eye  
 And its faint, but earnest cry,  
 From its dark and cold abode,  
 Unto Thee, my Guide and God !

## THE FEMALE MARTYR

[MANYC—, aged eighteen, a "SISTER OF CHARITY," died in one of our Atlantic cities, during the prevalence of the Indian cholera, while in voluntary attendance upon the sick.]

"BRING out your dead !" The mid-  
 night street

Heard and gave back the hoarse,  
 low call ;

Harsh fell the tread of hasty feet,—  
 Glanced through the dark the coarse  
 white sheet,—

Her coffin and her pall.

"What—only one !" the brutal hack-  
 man said,

As, with an oath, he spurned away  
 the dead.

How sunk the inmost hearts of all,  
 As rolled that dead-cart slowly by,  
 With creaking wheel and harsh hoof-  
 fall !

The dying turned him to the wall,  
 To hear it and to die !—  
 Onward it rolled ; while oft its driver  
 stayed,

And hoarsely clamoured, "Ho !—  
 bring out your dead."

It paused beside the burial-place ;  
 "Toss in your load !"—and it was  
 done,—

With quick hand and averted face,  
 Hastily to the grave's embrace

They cast them, one by one,—  
 Stranger and friend,—the evil and the  
 just,

Together trodden in the churchyard  
 dust !

And thou, young martyr !— thou wast  
there,—

No white-robed sisters round thee  
trod,—

Nor holy hymn, nor funeral prayer  
Rose through the damp and noisome  
air,

Giving thee to thy God ;  
Nor flower, nor cross, nor hallowed  
taper gave  
Grace to the dead, and beauty to the  
grave.

Yet, gentle sufferer ! there shall be,  
In every heart of kindly feeling,  
A rite as holy paid to thee  
As if beneath the convent-tree  
Thy sisterhood were kneeling,  
At vesper hours, like sorrowing angels,  
keeping  
Their tearful watch around thy place  
of sleeping.

For thou wast one in whom the light  
Of Heaven's own love was kindled  
well.

Enduring with a martyr's might,  
Through weary day and wakeful  
night

Far more than words may tell :  
Gentle, and meek, and lowly, and  
unknown,—

Thy mercies measured by thy God  
alone !

Where manly hearts were failing,—  
where

The throngful street grew foul with  
death,

O high-souled martyr !—thou wast  
there,

Inhaling, from the loathsome air,  
Poison with every breath.

Yet shrinking not from offices of dread  
For the wrung dying, and the uncon-  
scious dead.

And, where the sickly taper shed  
Its light through vapours, damp,  
confined,

Hushed as a seraph's fell thy tread,—  
A new Electra by the bed  
Of suffering human-kind !

Pointing the spirit, in its dark dismay,  
To that pure hope which fadeth not  
away.

Innocent teacher of the high  
And holy mysteries of Heaven !  
How turned to thee each glazing eye,  
In mute and awful sympathy,  
As thy low prayers were given ;  
And the o'er-hovering Spoiler wore,  
the while,  
An angel's features,—a deliverer's  
smile !

A blessed task !—and worthy one  
Who, turning from the world, as thou,  
Before life's pathway had begun  
To leave its spring-time flower and sun,  
Had sealed her early vow ;  
Giving to God her beauty and her  
youth,  
Her pure affections and her guileless  
truth.

Earth may not claim thee. Nothing  
here

Could be for thee a meet reward ;  
Thine is a treasure far more dear,—  
Eye hath not seen it, nor the ear  
Of living mortal heard,—

The joys prepared,—the promised  
bliss above,—

The holy presence of Eternal Love !

Sleep on in peace. The earth has not  
A nobler name than thine shall be.  
The deeds by martial manhood  
wrought,

The lofty energies of thought,  
The fire of poesy,—

These have but frail and fading  
honours ;—thine

Shall Time unto Eternity consign.

Yea, and when thrones shall crumble  
down,

And human pride and grandeur  
fall,—

The herald's line of long renown,—  
The mitre and the kingly crown,—

Perishing glories all !  
The pure devotion of thy generous  
heart

Shall live in Heaven, of which it was  
a part.

## THE FROST SPIRIT

He comes,—he comes,—the Frost Spirit comes! You may trace his footsteps now

On the naked woods and the blasted fields and the brown hill's withered brow.

He has smitten the leaves of the grey old trees where their pleasant green came forth,

And the winds which follow wherever he goes, have shaken them down to earth.

He comes,—he comes,—the Frost Spirit comes!—from the frozen Labrador,—

From the icy bridge of the Northern seas, which the white bear wanders o'er,—

Where the fisherman's sail is stiff with ice, and the luckless forms below

In the sunless cold of the lingering night into marble statues grow!

He comes,—he comes,—the Frost Spirit comes!—on the rushing Northern blast,

And the dark Norwegian pines have bowed as his fearful breath went past.

With an unscorched wing he has hurried on, where the fires of Hecla glow

On the darkly beautiful sky above and the ancient ice below.

He comes,—he comes,—the Frost Spirit comes!—and the quiet lake shall feel

The torpid touch of his glazing breath, and ring to the skater's heel;

And the streams which danced on the broken rocks, or sang to the leaning grass,

Shall bow again to their winter chain, and in mournful silence pass.

He comes,—he comes,—the Frost Spirit comes!—let us meet him as we may,

And turn with the light of the parlour-fire his evil power away;

And gather closer the circle round, when that firelight dances high,

And laugh at the shriek of the baffled Fiend as his sounding wing goes by!

## THE VAUDOIS TEACHER

“O LADY fair, these silks of mine are beautiful and rare,—

The richest web of the Indian loom, which beauty's queen might wear;

And my pearls are pure as thy own fair neck, with whose radiant light they vie;

I have brought them with me a weary way,—will my gentle lady buy?”

And the lady smiled on the worn old man through the dark and clustering curls

Which veiled her brow as she bent to view his silks and glittering pearls;

And she placed their price in the old man's hand, and lightly turned away,

But she paused at the wanderer's earnest call,—“My gentle lady, stay!”

“O lady fair, I have yet a gem which a purer lustre flings,

Than the diamond flash of the jewelled crown on the lofty brow of kings,—

A wonderful pearl of exceeding price, whose virtue shall not decay,

Whose light shall be as a spell to thee and a blessing on thy way!”

The lady glanced at the mirroring steel where her form of grace was seen,

Where her eye shone clear, and her dark locks waved their clasping pearls between;

"Bring forth thy pearl of exceeding worth, thou traveller grey and old,—  
And name the price of thy precious gem, and my page shall count thy gold."

The cloud went off from the pilgrim's brow, as a small and meagre book,  
Unchased with gold or gem of cost, from his folding robe he took !

"Here, lady fair, is the pearl of price, may it prove as such to thee !  
Nay—keep thy gold—I ask it not, for the word of God is free !"

The hoary traveller went his way, but the gift he left behind

It had its pure and perfect work on that high-born maiden's mind,  
And she hath turned from the pride of sin to the lowliness of truth,  
And given her human heart to God in its beautiful hour of youth !

And she hath left the grey old halls, where an evil faith had power,  
The courtly knights of her father's train, and the maidens of her bower ;

And she hath gone to the Vaudois vales by lordly feet untrod,  
Where the poor and needy of earth are rich in the perfect love of God !

### THE CALL OF THE CHRISTIAN

Not always as the whirlwind's rush  
On Horeb's mount of fear,  
Not always as the burning bush  
To Midian's shepherd seer,  
Nor as the awful voice which came  
To Israel's prophet bards,  
Nor as the tongues of cloven flame,  
Nor gift of fearful words,—

Not always thus, with outward sign  
Of fire or voice from Heaven,  
The message of a truth divine,  
The call of God is given !

Awaking in the human heart  
Love for the true and right,—  
Zeal for the Christian's better part,  
Strength for the Christian's fight.

Nor unto manhood's heart alone  
The holy influence steals :  
Warm with a rapture not its own,  
The heart of woman feels !  
As she who by Samaria's wall  
The Saviour's errand sought,—  
As those who with the fervent Paul  
And meek Aquila wrought :

Or those meek ones whose martyrdom  
Rome's gathered grandeur saw :  
Or those who in their Alpine home  
Braved the Crusader's war,  
When the green Vaudois, trembling,  
heard,  
Through all its vales of death  
The martyr's song of triumph poured  
From woman's failing breath.

And gently, by a thousand things  
Which o'er our spirits pass,  
Like breezes o'er the harp's fine strings,  
Or vapours o'er a glass,  
Leaving their token strange and new  
Of music or of shade,  
The summons to the right and true  
And merciful is made.

Oh, then, if gleams of truth and light  
Flash o'er thy waiting mind,  
Unfolding to thy mental sight  
The wants of human-kind ;  
If, brooding over human grief,  
The earnest wish is known  
To soothe and gladden with relief  
An anguish not thine own ;

Though heralded with naught of fear,  
Or outward sign or show ;  
Though only to the inward ear  
It whispers soft and low ;  
Though dropping, as the manna fell,  
Unseen, yet from above,  
Noiseless as dew-fall, heed it well,—  
Thy Father's call of love !

MY SOUL AND I

STAND still, my soul, in the silent dark  
I would question thee,  
Alone in the shadow drear and stark  
With God and me !

What, my soul, was thy errand here ?  
Was it mirth or ease,  
Or heaping up dust from year to year ?  
“ Nay, none of these ! ”

Speak, soul, aright in His holy sight  
Whose eye looks still  
And steadily on thee through the  
night :  
“ To do His will ! ”

What hast thou done, O soul of mine,  
That thou tremblest so ?—  
Hast thou wrought His task, and kept  
the line  
He bade thee go ?

What, silent all !—art sad of cheer ?  
Art fearful now ?  
When God seemed far and men were  
near,  
How brave wert thou !

Aha ! thou tremblest !—well I see  
Thou’rt craven grown.  
Is it so hard with God and me  
To stand alone ?—

Summon thy sunshine bravery back,  
O wretched sprite !  
Let me hear thy voice through this  
deep and black  
Abyssal night.

What hast thou wrought for Right  
and Truth,  
For God and Man,  
From the golden hours of bright-eyed  
youth  
To life’s mid span ?

Ah, soul of mine, thy tones I hear,  
But weak and low,  
Like far sad murmurs on my ear  
They come and go.

“ I have wrestled stoutly with the  
Wrong,  
And borne the Right  
From beneath the footfall of the  
throng,  
To life and light.

“ Wherever Freedom shivered a  
chain,  
God speed, quoth I ;  
To Error amidst her shouting train  
I gave the lie.”

Ah, soul of mine ! ah, soul of mine !  
Thy deeds are well :  
Were they wrought for Truth’s sake  
or for thine ?  
My soul, pray tell.

“ Of all the work my hand hath  
wrought  
Beneath the sky,  
Save a place in kindly human thought,  
No gain have I.”

Go to, go to !—for thy very self  
Thy deeds were done :  
Thou for fame, the miser for pelf,  
Your end is one !

And where art thou going, soul of  
mine ?  
Canst see the end ?  
And whither this troubled life of  
thine  
Evermore doth tend ?

What daunts thee now ?—what shakes  
thee so ?  
My sad soul say.  
“ I see a cloud like a curtain low  
Hang o’er my way.

“ Whither I go I cannot tell :  
That cloud hangs black,  
High as the heaven and deep as  
hell  
Across my track.

“ I see its shadow coldly enwrap  
The souls before.  
Sadly they enter it, step by step,  
To return no more.

"They shrink, they shudder, dear  
 God! they kneel  
 To Thee in prayer.  
 They shut their eyes on the cloud,  
 but feel  
 That it still is there.

"In vain they turn from the dread  
 Before  
 To the Known and Gone;  
 For while gazing behind them ever-  
 more  
 Their feet glide on.

"Yet, at times, I see upon sweet pale  
 faces  
 A light begin  
 To tremble, as if from holy places  
 And shrines within.

"And at times methinks their cold  
 lips move  
 With hymn and prayer,  
 As if somewhat of awe, but more of  
 love  
 And hope were there.

"I call on the souls who have left  
 the light  
 To reveal their lot;  
 I bend mine ear to that wall of night,  
 And they answer not.

"But I hear around me sighs of pain  
 And the cry of fear,  
 And a sound like the slow sad drop-  
 ping of rain,  
 Each drop a tear!

"Ah, the cloud is dark, and day by day  
 I am moving thither:  
 I must pass beneath it on my way—  
 God pity me!—WHITHER?"

Ah, soul of mine! so brave and wise  
 In the life-storm loud,  
 Fronting so calmly all human eyes  
 In the sunlit crowd!

Now standing apart with God and me  
 Thou art weakness all,  
 Gazing vainly after the things to be  
 Through Death's dread wall.

But never for this, never for this  
 Was thy being lent;  
 For the craven's fear is but selfishness,  
 Like his merriment.

Folly and Fear are sisters twain:  
 One closing her eyes,  
 The other peopling the dark inane  
 With spectral lies.

Know well, my soul, God's hand  
 controls  
 Whate'er thou fearest;  
 Round Him in calmest music rolls  
 Whate'er thou hearest.

What to thee is shadow, to Him is  
 day.  
 And the end He knoweth,  
 And not on a blind and aimless way  
 The spirit goeth.

Man sees no future,—a phantom show  
 Is alone before him:  
 Past Time is dead, and the grasses  
 grow,  
 And the flowers bloom o'er him.

Nothing before, nothing behind;  
 The steps of Faith  
 Fall on the seeming void, and find  
 The rock beneath.

The Present, the Present is all thou  
 hast  
 For thy sure possessing;  
 Like the patriarch's angel hold it  
 fast  
 Till it gives its blessing.

Why fear the night? why shrink from  
 Death,  
 That phantom wan?  
 There is nothing in heaven or earth  
 beneath  
 Save God and man.

Peopling the shadows we turn from  
 Him  
 And from one another;  
 All is spectral and vague and dim  
 Save God and our brother!

Like warp and woof all destinies  
Are woven fast,  
Linked in sympathy like the keys  
Of an organ vast.

Pluck one thread, and the web ye  
mar;  
Break but one  
Of a thousand keys, and the paining  
jar  
Through all will run.

O restless spirit ! wherefore strain  
Beyond thy sphere ?  
Heaven and hell, with their joy and  
pain,  
Are now and here.

Back to thyself is measured well  
All thou hast given ;  
Thy neighbour's wrong is thy present  
hell,  
His bliss, thy heaven.

And in life, in death, in dark and  
light,  
All are in God's care :  
Sound the black abyss, pierce the  
deep of night,  
And He is there !

All which is real now remaineth,  
And fadeth never :  
The hand which upholds it now sus-  
taineth  
The soul for ever.

Leaning on Him, make with reverent  
meekness  
His own thy will,  
And with strength from Him shall  
thy utter weakness  
Life's task fulfil ;

And that cloud itself, which now be-  
fore thee  
Lies dark in view,  
Shall with beams of light from the  
inner glory  
Be stricken through.

And like meadow mist through  
autumn's dawn  
Uprolling thin,  
Its thickest folds when about thee  
drawn  
Let sunlight in.

Then of what is to be, and of what is  
done,  
Why quieriest thou ?—  
The past and the time to be are one,  
And both are NOW !

## TO A FRIEND

ON HER RETURN FROM EUROPE.

How smiled the land of France  
Under thy blue eye's glance,  
Light-hearted rover !  
Old walls of chateaux gray,  
Towers of an early day,  
Which the Three Colours play  
Flauntingly over.

Now midst the brilliant train  
Thronging the banks of Seine :  
Now midst the splendour  
Of the wild Alpine range,  
Waking with change on change  
Thoughts in thy young heart strange,  
Lovely, and tender.

Vales, soft Elysian,  
Like those in the vision  
Of Mirza, when, dreaming,  
He saw the long hollow dell,  
Touched by the prophet's spell,  
Into an ocean swell  
With its isles teeming.

Cliffs wrapped in snows of years,  
Splintering with icy spears  
Autumn's blue heaven :  
Loose rock and frozen slide,  
Hung on the mountain-side,  
Waiting their hour to glide  
Downward, storm-driven !

Rhine-stream, by castle old,  
 Baron's and robber's hold,  
     Peacefully flowing ;  
 Sweeping through vineyards green,  
 Or where the cliffs are seen  
 O'er the broad wave between  
     Grim shadows throwing.

Or, where St. Peter's dome  
 Swells o'er eternal Rome,  
     Vast, dim, and solemn,—  
 Hymns ever chanting low,—  
 Censers swung to and fro,—  
 Sables stoles sweeping slow  
     Cornice and column !

Oh, as from each and all  
 Will there not voices call  
     Evermore back again ?  
 In the mind's gallery  
 Wilt thou not always see  
 Dim phantoms beckon thee  
     O'er that old track again ?

New forms thy presence haunt,—  
 New voices softly chant,—  
     New faces greet thee !—  
 Pilgrims from many a shrine  
 Hallowed by poet's line,  
 At memory's magic sign,  
     Rising to meet thee.

And when such visions come  
 Unto thy olden home,  
     Will they not waken  
 Deep thoughts of Him whose hand  
 Led thee o'er sea and land  
 Back to the household band  
     Whence thou wast taken ?

While, at the sunset time,  
 Swells the cathedral's chime,  
     Yet, in thy dreaming,  
 While to thy spirit's eye  
 Yet the vast mountains lie  
 Piled in the Switzer's sky,  
     Icy and gleaming :

Prompter of silent prayer,  
 Be the wild picture there  
     In the mind's chamber,

And, through each coming day  
 Him who, as staff and stay,  
 Watched o'er thy wandering way,  
     Freshly remember.

So, when the call shall be  
 Soon or late unto thee,  
     As to all given,  
 Still may that picture live,  
 All its fair forms survive,  
 And to thy spirit give  
     Gladness in Heaven !

### THE ANGEL OF PATIENCE

A FREE PARAPHRASE OF THE  
 GERMAN.

To weary hearts, to mourning homes,  
 God's meekest Angel gently comes :  
 No power has he to banish pain,  
 Or give us back our lost again ;  
 And yet in tenderest love, our dear  
 And Heavenly Father sends him here.

There's quiet in that Angel's glance,  
 There's rest in his still counte-  
     nance !  
 He mocks no grief with idle cheer,  
 Nor wounds with words the mourner's  
     ear ;  
 But ills and woes he may not cure  
 He kindly trains us to endure.

Angel of Patience ! sent to calm  
 Our feverish brows with cooling  
     palm ;  
 To lay the storms of hope and fear,  
 And reconcile life's smile and tear ;  
 The throbs of wounded pride to still,  
 And make our own our Father's will !

O thou who mournest on thy way,  
 With longings for the close of day ;  
 He walks with thee, that Angel kind,  
 And gently whispers, " Be resigned :  
 Bear up, bear on, the end shall tell  
 The dear Lord ordereth all things  
     well ! "



## FOLLEN

ON READING HIS ESSAY ON THE  
"FUTURE STATE."

FRIEND of my soul!—as with moist  
eye

I look up from this page of thine,  
Is it a dream that thou art nigh,  
Thy mild face gazing into mine?

That presence seems before me now,  
A placid heaven of sweet moon-  
rise,  
When, dew-like, on the earth below  
Descends the quiet of the skies.

The calm brow through the parted  
hair,  
The gentle lips which knew no  
guile,  
Softening the blue eye's thoughtful  
care  
With the bland beauty of their  
smile.

Ah me!—at times that last dread  
scene  
Of Frost and Fire and moaning  
Sea,  
Will cast its shade of doubt between  
The failing eyes of Faith and thee.

Yet, lingering o'er thy charmed page,  
Where through the twilight air of  
earth,  
Alike enthusiast and sage,  
Prophet and bard, thou gazest  
forth;

Lifting the Future's solemn veil;  
The reaching of a mortal hand  
To put aside the cold and pale  
Cloud-curtains of the Unseen Land;

In thoughts which answer to my own,  
In words which reach my inward  
ear,  
Like whispers from the void Un-  
known,  
I feel thy living presence here.

The waves which lull thy body's  
rest,  
The dust thy pilgrim footsteps trod,  
Unwasted, through each change, at-  
test  
The fixed economy of God.

Shall these poor elements outlive  
The mind whose kingly will they  
wrought?  
Their gross unconsciousness survive  
Thy godlike energy of thought?

THOU LIVEST, FOLLEN!—not in vain  
Hath thy fine spirit meekly borne  
The burthen of Life's cross of pain,  
And the thorned crown of suffering  
worn.

Oh, while Life's solemn mystery  
glooms  
Around us like a dungeon's wall,—  
Silent earth's pale and crowded tombs,  
Silent the heaven which bends o'er  
all!

While day by day our loved ones glide  
In spectral silence, hushed and  
lone,  
To the cold shadows which divide  
The living from the dread Un-  
known;

While even on the closing eye,  
And on the lip which moves in  
vain,  
The seals of that stern mystery  
Their undiscovered trust retain;—

And only midst the gloom of death,  
Its mournful doubts and haunting  
fears,  
Two pale, sweet angels, Hope and  
Faith,  
Smile dimly on us through their  
tears;

'Tis something to a heart like mine  
To think of thee as living yet;  
To feel that such a light as thine  
Could not in utter darkness set,

Less dreary seems the untried way  
 Since thou hast left thy footprints  
 there,  
 And beams of mournful beauty play  
 Round the sad Angel's sable hair.

Oh !—at this hour when half the  
 sky  
 Is glorious with its evening light,  
 And fair broad fields of summer lie  
 Hung o'er with greenness in my  
 sight ;

While through these elm-boughs wet  
 with rain  
 The sunset's golden walls are  
 seen,  
 With clover-bloom and yellow grain  
 And wood-draped hill and stream  
 between ;

I long to know if scenes like this  
 Are hidden from an angel's eyes ;  
 If earth's familiar loveliness  
 Haunts not thy heaven's serenest  
 skies.

For sweetly here upon thee grew  
 The lesson which that beauty  
 gave,  
 The ideal of the Pure and True  
 In earth and sky and gliding  
 wave.

And it may be that all which lends  
 The soul an upward impulse here,  
 With a diviner beauty blends,  
 And greets us in a holier sphere.

Through groves where blighting never  
 fell  
 The humbler flowers of earth may  
 twine ;  
 And simple draughts from childhood's  
 well  
 Blend with the angel-tasted wine.

But be the prying vision veiled,  
 And let the seeking lips be  
 dumb,—  
 Where even seraph eyes have failed  
 Shall mortal blindness seek to  
 come ?

We only know that thou hast gone,  
 And that the same returnless tide  
 Which bore thee from us still glides  
 on,  
 And we who mourn thee with it  
 glide.

On all thou lookest we shall look,  
 And to our gaze ere long shall turn  
 That page of God's mysterious book  
 We so much wish, yet dread to  
 learn.

With Him, before whose awful power  
 Thy spirit bent its trembling  
 knee ;—  
 Who, in the silent greeting flower,  
 And forest leaf, looked out on  
 thee,—

We leave thee, with a trust serene,  
 Which Time, nor Change, nor  
 Death can move,  
 While with thy childlike faith we  
 lean  
 On Him whose dearest name is  
 Love !

### TO THE REFORMERS OF ENGLAND

God bless ye, brothers !—in the fight  
 Ye're waging now, ye cannot fail,  
 For better is your sense of right  
 Than king's-craft's triple mail.

Than tyrant's law, or bigot's ban,  
 More mighty is your simplest word ;  
 The free heart of an honest man  
 Than crosier or the sword.

Go,—let your bloated Church rehearse  
 The lesson it has learned so well ;  
 It moves not with its prayer or curse  
 The gates of heaven or hell.

Let the State scaffold rise again,—  
 Did Freedom die when Russell  
 died ?

Forget ye how the blood of Vane  
 From earth's green bosom cried ?

The great hearts of your olden time  
Are beating with you, full and  
strong  
All holy memories and sublime  
And glorious round ye throng.

The bluff, bold men of Runnymede  
Are with ye still in times like these ;  
The shades of England's mighty dead,  
Your cloud of witnesses !

The truths ye urge are borne abroad  
By every wind and every tide ;  
The voice of Nature and of God  
Speaks out upon your side.

The weapons which your hands have  
found  
Are those which Heaven itself has  
wrought,  
Light, Truth, and Love ;—your battle-  
ground  
The free, broad field of Thought.

No partial, selfish purpose breaks  
The simple beauty of your plan,  
Nor lie from throne or altar shakes  
Your steady faith in man.

The languid pulse of England starts  
And bounds beneath your words of  
power,  
The beating of her million hearts  
Is with you at this hour !

O ye who, with undoubting eyes,  
Through present cloud and gather-  
ing storm,  
Behold the span of Freedom's skies,  
And sunshine soft and warm,—

Press bravely onward !—not in vain  
Your generous trust in human-  
kind ;  
The good which bloodshed could not  
gain  
Your peaceful zeal shall find.

Press on !—the triumph shall be  
won  
Of common rights and equal laws,  
The glorious dream of Harrington,  
And Sidney's good old cause.

Blessing the cotter and the crown,  
Sweetening worn Labour's bitter  
cup ;  
And, plucking not the highest down,  
Lifting the lowest up.

Press on !—and we who may not share  
The toil or glory of your fight,  
May ask, at least, in earnest prayer,  
God's blessing on the right !

### THE QUAKER OF THE OLDEN TIME

THE Quaker of the olden time !—  
How calm and firm and true,  
Unspotted by its wrong and crime,  
He walked the dark earth through.  
The lust of power, the love of gain,  
The thousand lures of sin  
Around him, had no power to stain  
The purity within.

With that deep insight which detects  
All great things in the small,  
And knows how each man's life affects  
The spiritual life of all,  
He walked by faith and not by sight,  
By love and not by law ;  
The presence of the wrong or right  
He rather felt than saw.

He felt that wrong with wrong  
partakes,  
That nothing stands alone,  
That whoso gives the motive, makes  
His brother's sin his own.  
And, pausing not for doubtful choice  
Of evils great or small,  
He listened to that inward voice  
Which called away from all.

O Spirit of that early day,  
So pure and strong and true,  
Be with us in the narrow way  
Our faithful fathers knew.  
Give strength the evil to forsake,  
The cross of Truth to bear,  
And love and reverent fear to make  
Our daily lives a prayer !

## THE REFORMER

ALL grim and soiled and brown with  
tan,

I saw a Strong One, in his wrath,  
Smiling the godless shrines of man  
Along his path.

The Church, beneath her trembling  
dome,

Essayed in vain her ghostly charm :  
Wealth shook within his gilded home  
With strange alarm.

Fraud from his secret chambers fled  
Before the sunlight bursting in :  
Sloth drew her pillow o'er her head  
To drown the din.

"Spare," Art implored, "yon holy  
pile ;

That grand, old, time-worn turret  
spare ;"  
Meek Reverence, kneeling in the aisle,  
Cried out, "Forbear !"

Grey-bearded Use, who, deaf and  
blind,

Groped for his old accustomed  
stone,  
Leaned on his staff, and wept to find  
His seat o'erthrown.

Young Romance raised his dreamy  
eyes,

O'erhung with paly locks of gold,—  
"Why smite," he asked, in sad sur-  
prise,  
"The fair, the old ?"

Yet louder rang the Strong One's  
stroke,

Yet nearer flashed his axe's gleam ;  
Shuddering and sick of heart I woke,  
As from a dream.

I looked : aside the dust-cloud  
rolled,—

The Waster seemed the Builder too ;  
Up springing from the ruined Old  
I saw the New.

'Twas but the ruin of the bad,—  
The wasting of the wrong and ill ;  
Whate'er of good the old time had  
Was living still.

Calm grew the brows of him I feared ;  
The frown which awed me passed  
away,  
And left behind a smile which cheered  
Like breaking day.

The grain grew green on battle-plains,  
O'er swarded war-mounds grazed  
the cow ;

The slave stood forging from his  
chains  
The spade and plough.

Where frowned the fort, pavilions  
gay

And cottage windows, flower-  
entwined,  
Looked out upon the peaceful bay  
And hills behind.

Through vine-wreathed cups with  
wine once red,

The lights on brimming crystal  
fell,  
Drawn, sparkling, from the rivulet  
head

And mossy well.

Through prison walls, like Heaven-  
sent hope,

Fresh breezes blew, and sunbeams  
strayed,  
And with the idle gallows-rope  
The young child played.

Where the doomed victim in his  
cell

Had counted o'er the weary hours,  
Glad school-girls, answering to the  
bell,

Came crowned with flowers.

Grown wiser for the lesson given,

I fear no longer, for I know  
That, where the share is deepest  
driven,

The best fruits grow.

The outworn rite, the old abuse,  
 The pious fraud transparent grown,  
 The good held captive in the use  
 Of wrong alone,—

These wait their doom, from that great  
 law  
 Which makes a past time serve to-  
 day;  
 And fresher life the world shall draw  
 From their decay.

Oh, backward-looking son of time !  
 The new is old, the old is new,  
 The cycle of a change sublime  
 Still sweeping through.

So wisely taught the Indian seer ;  
 Destroying Seva, forming Brahm,  
 Who wake by turns Earth's love and  
 fear,  
 Are one, the same.

Idly as thou, in that old day  
 Thou mournest, did thy sire re-  
 pine ;  
 So, in his time, thy child grown grey  
 Shall sigh for thine.

But life shall on and upward go ;  
 Th' eternal step of Progress beats  
 To that great anthem, calm and  
 slow,  
 Which God repeats.

Take heart !—the Waster builds  
 again,—  
 A charmed life old Goodness hath ;  
 The tares may perish,—but the grain.  
 Is not for death.

God works in all things ; all obey  
 His first propulsion from the  
 night :  
 Wake thou and watch !—the world is  
 grey  
 With morning light !



## THE PRISONER FOR DEBT

LOOK on him !—through his dungeon  
 grate

Feebly and cold, the morning light  
 Comes stealing round him, dim and  
 late,

As if it loathed the sight.  
 Reclining on his strawy bed,  
 His hand upholds his drooping  
 head,—

His bloodless cheek is seamed and  
 hard,

Unshorn his grey, neglected beard ;  
 And o'er his bony fingers flow  
 His long, dishevelled locks of snow.

No grateful fire before him glows,  
 And yet the winter's breath is chill ;  
 And o'er his half-clad person goes  
 The frequent ague thrill !

Silent, save ever and anon,  
 A sound, half-murmur and half-groan,  
 Forces apart the painful grip  
 Of the old sufferer's bearded lip ;  
 Oh sad and crushing is the fate  
 Of old age chained and desolate !

Just God ! why lies that old man  
 there ?

A murderer shares his prison bed,  
 Whose eyeballs, through his horrid  
 hair,

Gleam on him, fierce and red ;  
 And the rude oath and heartless jeer  
 Fall ever on his loathing ear,  
 And, or in wakefulness or sleep,  
 Nerve, flesh, and pulses thrill and creep  
 Whene'er that ruffian's tossing limb,  
 Crimson with murder, touches him !

What has the grey-haired prisoner  
 done ?

Has murder stained his hands with  
 gore ?

Not so ; his crime's a fouler one ;  
 GOD MADE THE OLD MAN POOR !  
 For this he shares a felon's cell,—  
 The fittest earthly type of hell !  
 For this, the boon for which he poured  
 His young blood on the invader's  
 sword,

And counted light the fearful cost,—  
His blood-gained liberty is lost !

And so, for such a place of rest,  
Old prisoner, dropped thy blood as  
rain

On Concord's field, and Bunker's crest,  
And Saratoga's plain ?  
Look forth, thou man of many scars,  
Through thy dim dungeon's iron  
bars ;

It must be joy, in sooth, to see  
Yon monument upreared to thee,—  
Piled granite and a prison cell,—  
The land repays thy service well !

Go, ring the bells and fire the guns,  
And fling the starry banner out ;  
Shout "Freedom !" till your lisping  
ones

Give back their cradle shout ;  
Let boastful eloquence declaim  
Of honour, liberty, and fame ;  
Still let the poet's strain be heard,  
With glory for each second word,  
And everything with breath agree  
To praise "our glorious liberty !"

But when the patron cannon jars  
That prison's cold and gloomy wall,  
And through its grates the stripes  
and stars

Rise on the wind, and fall,—  
Think ye that prisoner's aged ear  
Rejoices in the general cheer ?  
Think ye his dim and failing eye  
Is kindled at your pageantry ?  
Sorrowing of soul, and chained of  
limb,  
What is your carnival to him ?

Down with the LAW that binds him  
thus !

Unworthy freemen, let it find  
No refuge from the withering curse  
Of God and human-kind !  
Open the prison's living tomb,  
And usher from its brooding gloom  
The victims of your savage code  
To the free sun and air of God ;  
No longer dare as crime to brand  
The chastening of the Almighty's  
hand.

## LINES

WRITTEN ON PAMPHLETS BY CLERGY-  
MEN AGAINST THE ABOLITION OF  
THE GALLOWES.

### I.

THE suns of eighteen centuries have  
shone  
Since the Redeemer walked with  
man, and made  
The fisher's boat, the cavern's floor of  
stone,  
And mountain moss, a pillow for  
His head ;  
And He, who wandered with the  
peasant Jew,  
And broke with publicans the bread  
of shame,  
And drank, with blessings in His  
Father's name,  
The water which Samaria's outcast  
drew,  
Hath now His temples upon every  
shore,  
Altar and shrine and priest,—and  
incense dim  
Evermore rising, with low prayer  
and hymn,  
From lips which press the temple's  
marble floor,  
Or kiss the gilded sign of the dread  
Cross He bore.

### II.

Yet as of old, when, meekly "doing  
good,"  
He fed a blind and selfish multitude.  
And even the poor companions of His  
lot  
With their dim earthly vision knew  
Him not,  
How ill are His high teachings  
understood !  
Where He hath spoken Liberty, the  
priest  
At His own altar binds the chain  
anew ;  
Where He hath bidden to Life's equal  
feast,  
The starving many wait upon the  
few ;

Where He hath spoken Peace, His  
name hath been  
The loudest war-cry of contending  
men ;  
Priests, pale with vigils, in His name  
have blessed  
The unsheathed sword, and laid the  
spear in rest,  
Wet the war-banner with their sacred  
wine,  
And crossed its blazon with the holy  
sign ;  
Yea, in His name who bade the erring  
live,  
And daily taught His lesson,—to for-  
give !—  
Twisted the cord and edged the  
murderous steel ;  
And, with His words of mercy on  
their lips,  
Hung gloating o'er the pincer's burn-  
ing grips,  
And the grim horror of the strain-  
ing wheel ;  
Fed the slow flame which gnawed the  
victim's limb,  
Who saw before his searing eyeballs  
swim  
The image of *their* Christ in cruel zeal,  
Through the black torment-smoke,  
held mockingly to him !

III.

The blood which mingled with the  
desert sand,  
And beaded with its red and ghastly  
dew  
The vines and olives of the Holy  
Land,—  
The shrieking curses of the hunted  
Jew,—  
The white-sown bones of heretics,  
where'er  
They sank beneath the Crusade's holy  
spear,—  
Goa's dark dungeons,—Malta's sea-  
washed cell,  
Where with the hymns the ghostly  
fathers sung  
Mingled the groans by subtle torture  
wrung,

Heaven's anthem blending with the  
shriek of hell !  
The midnight of Bartholomew,—the  
lake  
Of Smithfield, and that thrice-ac-  
cursed flame  
Which Calvin kindled by Geneva's  
lake,—  
New England's scaffold, and the  
priestly sneer  
Which mocked its victims in that  
hour of fear,  
When guilt itself a human tear  
might claim,—  
Bear witness, O thou wronged and  
merciful One !  
That Earth's most hateful crimes have  
in Thy name been done !

IV.

Thank God ! that I have lived to see  
the time  
When the great truth begins at last  
to find  
An utterance from the deep heart  
of mankind,  
Earnest and clear, that ALL REVENGE  
IS CRIME !  
That man is holier than a creed,—  
that all  
Restraint upon him must consult his  
good,  
Hope's sunshine linger on his prison  
wall,  
And Love look in upon his soli-  
tude.  
The beautiful lesson which our Saviour  
taught  
Through long, dark centuries its way  
hath wrought  
Into the common mind and popular  
thought ;  
And words, to which by Galilee's lake  
shore  
The humble fishers listened with  
hushed oar,  
Have found an echo in the general  
heart,  
And of the public faith become a  
living part.

## v.

Who shall arrest this tendency?—  
 Bring back  
 The cells of Venice and the bigot's  
 rack?  
 Harden the softening human heart  
 again  
 To cold indifference to a brother's  
 pain?  
 Ye most unhappy men!—who, turned  
 away  
 From the mild sunshine of the Gospel  
 day,  
 Grope in the shadows of Man's  
 twilight time,  
 What mean ye, that with ghoul-like  
 zest ye brood,  
 O'er those foul altars streaming with  
 warm blood,  
 Permitted in another age and clime?  
 Why cite that law with which the  
 bigot Jew  
 Rebuked the Pagan's mercy, when he  
 knew  
 No evil in the Just One!—Wherefore  
 turn  
 To the dark cruel past?—Can ye not  
 learn  
 From the pure Teacher's life, how  
 mildly free  
 Is the great Gospel of Humanity?  
 The Flamen's knife is bloodless, and  
 no more  
 Mexitli's altars soak with human gore,  
 No more the ghastly sacrifices smoke  
 Through the green arches of the  
 Druid's oak;  
 And ye of milder faith, with your high  
 claim  
 Of prophet-utterance in the Holiest  
 name,  
 Will ye become the Druids of *our* time?  
 Set up your scaffold-altars in *our*  
 land,  
 And, consecrators of Law's darkest  
 crime,  
 Urge to its loathsome work the  
 hangman's hand?  
 Beware,—lest human nature, roused  
 at last,  
 From its peeled shoulder your encum-  
 brance cast,

And, sick to loathing of your cry  
 for blood,  
 Rank ye with those who led their  
 victims round  
 The Celt's red altar and the Indian's  
 mound,  
 Abhorred of Earth and Heaven,—  
 a pagan brotherhood!

## THE HUMAN SACRIFICE

## I.

FAR from his close and noisome cell,  
 By grassy lane and sunny stream,  
 Blown clover field and strawberry  
 dell,  
 And green and meadow freshness, fell  
 The footsteps of his dream.  
 Again from careless feet the dew  
 Of summer's misty morn he shook;  
 Again with merry heart he threw  
 His light line in the rippling brook.  
 Back crowded all his school-day  
 joys,—  
 He urged the ball and quoit again,  
 And heard the shout of laughing boys  
 Come ringing down the walnut glen.  
 Again he felt the western breeze,  
 With scent of flowers and crisping  
 hay;  
 And down again through wind-stirred  
 trees  
 He saw the quivering sunlight play.  
 An angel in home's vine-hung door,  
 He saw his sister smile once more;  
 Once more the truant's brown-locked  
 head  
 Upon his mother's knees was laid,  
 And sweetly lulled to slumber there,  
 With evening's holy hymn and prayer!

## II.

He woke. At once on heart and brain  
 The present Terror rushed again,—  
 Clanked on his limbs the felon's  
 chain!  
 He woke, to hear the church-tower  
 tell  
 Time's footfall on the conscious bell,



And, shuddering, feel that clanging  
din

His life's LAST HOUR had ushered in ;  
To see within his prison yard,  
Through the small window, iron  
barred,

The gallows shadow rising dim  
Between the sunrise heaven and  
him,—

A horror in God's blessed air,—

A blackness in his morning light,—  
Like some foul devil-altar there

Built up by demon hands at night.  
And, maddened by that evil sight,

Dark, horrible, confused, and strange,  
A chaos of wild, weltering change,

All power of check and guidance gone,  
Dizzy and blind, his mind swept on.

In vain he strove to breathe a prayer,  
In vain he turned the Holy Book,

He only heard the gallows-stair  
Creak as the wind its timbers shook.

No dream for him of sin forgiven,  
While still that baleful spectre  
stood,

With its hoarse murmur, "*Blood  
for Blood !*"

Between him and the pitying Heaven !

## III.

Low on his dungeon floor he knelt,  
And smote his breast, and on his  
chain,

Whose iron clasp he always felt,

His hot tears fell like rain ;  
And near him, with the cold, calm  
look

And tone of one whose formal part,  
Unwarmed, unsoftened of the heart,

Is measured out by rule and book,  
With placid lip and tranquil blood,

The hangman's ghostly ally stood,  
Blessing with solemn text and word

The gallows-drop and strangling cord ;  
Lending the sacred Gospel's awe

And sanction to the crime of Law.

## IV.

He saw the victim's tortured brow,—

Thesweal of anguish starting there,—  
The record of a nameless woe

In the dim eye's imploring stare,  
Seen hideous through the long,  
damp hair,—

Fingers of ghastly skin and bone  
Working and writhing on the stone !—

And heard, by mortal terror wrung  
From heaving breast and stiffened  
tongue,

The choking sob and low hoarse  
prayer ;

As o'er his half-crazed fancy came

A vision of the eternal flame,—

Its smoking cloud of agonies,—

Its demon-worm that never dies,—

The everlasting rise and fall

Of fire-waves round the infernal wall ;

While high above that dark red flood,

Black, giant-like, the gallows stood ;

Two busy fiends attending there :

One with cold mocking rite and  
prayer,

The other with impatient grasp,

Tightening the death-rope's strangling  
clasp.

## V.

The unfelt rite at length was done,—  
The prayer unheard at length was  
said,—

An hour had passed:—the noondaysun  
Smote on the features of the dead !

And he who stood the doomed beside,  
Calm gauger of the swelling tide

Of mortal agony and fear,

Heeding with curious eye and ear

Whate'er revealed the keen excess

Of man's extremest wretchedness :

And who in that dark anguish saw

An earnest of the victim's fate,

The vengeful terrors of God's law,

The kindlings of Eternal hate,—

The first drops of that fiery rain

Which beats the dark red realm of  
pain,

Did he uplift his earnest cries

Against the crime of Law, which  
gave

His brother to that fearful grave,  
Whereon Hope's moonlight never lies,

And Faith's white blossoms never  
wave

To the soft breath of Memory's sighs ;—

Which sent a spirit marred and stained,  
By fiends of sin possessed, profaned,  
In madness and in blindness stark,  
Into the silent, unknown dark?  
No,—from the wild and shrinking  
dread

With which he saw the victim led  
Beneath the dark veil which divides  
Ever the living from the dead,

And Nature's solemn secret hides,  
The man of prayer can only draw  
New reasons for his bloody law;  
New faith in staying Murder's hand  
By murder at that Law's command;  
New reverence for the gallows-rope,  
As human nature's latest hope;  
Last relic of the good old time,  
When Power found license for its  
crime,

And held a writhing world in check  
By that fell cord about its neck;  
Stifled Sedition's rising shout,  
Choked the young breath of Freedom  
out,  
And timely checked the words which  
sprung

From Heresy's forbidden tongue;  
While in its noose of terror bound,  
The Church its cherished union found,  
Conforming, on the Moslem plan,  
The motley-coloured mind of man,  
Not by the Koran and the Sword,  
But by the Bible and the Cord!

## VI.

O Thou! at whose rebuke the grave  
Back to warm life its sleeper gave,  
Beneath whose sad and tearful glance  
The cold and changed countenance  
Broke the still horror of its trance,  
And, waking, saw with joy above,  
A brother's face of tenderest love;  
Thou, unto whom the blind and lame,  
The sorrowing and the sin-sick came,  
And from Thy very garment's hem  
Drew life and healing unto them.  
The burden of Thy holy faith  
Was love and life, not hate and death,  
Man's demon ministers of pain,  
The fiends of his revenge were sent  
From Thy pure Gospel's element  
To their dark home again.

Thy name is Love! What, then, is he,  
Who in that name the gallows rears,  
An awful altar built to Thee,  
With sacrifice of blood and tears?  
Oh, once again Thy healing lay  
On the blind eyes which knew Thee  
not,

And let the light of Thy pure day  
Melt in upon his darkened thought.  
Soften his hard, cold heart, and show  
The power which in forbearance lies,  
And let him feel that mercy now  
Is better than old sacrifice!

## VII.

As on the White Sea's charmed shore,  
The Parsee sees his holy hill  
With dunest smoke-clouds curtained  
o'er,

Yet knows beneath them, evermore,  
The low, pale fire is quivering still;  
So, underneath its clouds of sin,  
The heart of man retaineth yet  
Gleams of its holy origin;  
And half-quenched stars that never  
set,

Dim colours of its faded bow,  
And early beauty, linger there,  
And o'er its wasted desert blow  
Faint breathings of its morning air,  
Oh, never yet upon the scroll  
Of the sin-stained, but priceless soul,  
Hath Heaven inscribed "DESPAIR!"

Cast not the clouded gem away,  
Quench not the dim but living ray,—  
My brother man, Beware!  
With that deep voice which from the  
skies

Forbade the Patriarch's sacrifice,  
God's angel cries, FORBEAR!

## RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE

O MOTHER EARTH! upon thy lap  
Thy weary ones receiving,  
And o'er them, silent as a dream,  
Thy grassy mantle weaving,  
Fold softly in thy long embrace  
That heart so worn and broken,  
And cool its pulse of fire beneath  
Thy shadows old and oaken.

Shut out from him the bitter word  
And serpent hiss of scorning ;  
Nor let the storms of yesterday  
Disturb his quiet morning.  
Breathe over him forgetfulness  
Of all save deeds of kindness,  
And, save to smiles of grateful eyes,  
Press down his lids in blindness.

There, where with living ear and  
eye  
He heard Potomac's flowing,  
And, through his tall ancestral trees,  
Saw autumn's sunset glowing,  
He sleeps,—still looking to the west,  
Beneath the dark wood shadow,  
As if he still would see the sun  
Sink down on wave and meadow.

Bard, Sage, and Tribune !—in himself  
All moods of mind contrasting,—  
The tenderest wail of human woe,  
The scorn like lightning blasting ;  
The pathos which from rival eyes  
Unwilling tears could summon,  
The stinging taunt, the fiery burst  
Of hatred scarcely human !

Mirth, sparkling like a diamond  
shower,  
From lips of life-long sadness ;  
Clear picturings of majestic thought  
Upon a ground of madness ;  
And over all Romance and Song  
A classic beauty throwing,  
And laurelled Clio at his side  
Her storied pages showing.

All parties feared him : each in turn  
Beheld its schemes disjointed,  
As right or left his fatal glance  
And spectral finger pointed.  
Sworn foe of Cant, he smote it down  
With trenchant wit unsparing,  
And, mocking, rent with ruthless  
hand  
The robe Pretence was wearing.

Too honest or too proud to feign  
A love he never cherished,  
Beyond Virginia's border line  
His patriotism perished.

While others hailed in distant skies  
Our eagle's dusky pinion,  
He only saw the mountain bird  
Stoop o'er his Old Dominion !

Still through each change of fortune  
strange,  
Racked nerve, and brain all burn-  
ing,  
His loving faith in Mother-land  
Knew never shade of turning ;  
By Britain's lakes, by Neva's wave,  
Whatever sky was o'er him,  
He heard her rivers' rushing sound,  
Her blue peaks rose before him.

He held his slaves, yet made withal  
No false and vain pretences,  
Nor paid a lying priest to seek  
For Scriptural defences.  
His hardest words of proud rebuke,  
His bitterest taunt and scorning,  
Fell fire-like on the Northern brow  
That bent to him in fawning.

He held his slaves ; yet kept the while  
His reverence for the Human ;  
In the dark vassals of his will  
He saw but Man and Woman !  
No hunter of God's outraged poor  
His Roanoke valley entered ;  
No trader in the souls of men  
Across his threshold ventured.

And when the old and wearied man  
Lay down for his last sleeping,  
And at his side, a slave no more,  
His brother-man stood weeping,  
His latest thought, his latest breath,  
To Freedom's duty giving,  
With failing tongue and trembling  
hand  
The dying blest the living.

Oh, never bore his ancient State  
A truer son or braver !  
None trampling with a calmer scorn  
On foreign hate or favour.  
He knew her faults, yet never stooped  
His proud and manly feeling  
To poor excuses of the wrong  
Or meanness of concealing.

But none beheld with clearer eye  
The plague-spot o'er her spreading,  
None heard more sure the steps of  
Doom

Along her future treading.  
For her as for himself he spake,  
When, his gaunt frame upbracing,  
He traced with dying hand "RE-  
MORSE!"

And perished in the tracing.

As from the grave where Henry sleeps,  
From Vernon's weeping willow,  
And from the grassy pall which hides  
The Sage of Monticello,  
So from the leaf-strewn burial-stone  
Of Randolph's lowly dwelling,  
Virginia! o'er thy land of slaves  
A warning voice is swelling!

And hark! from thy deserted fields  
Are sadder warnings spoken,  
From quenched hearths, where thy  
exiled sons

Their household gods have broken.  
The curse is on thee,—wolves for men,  
And briers for corn-sheaves giving!  
Oh, more than all thy dead renown  
Were now one hero living!

### DEMOCRACY

"All things whatsoever ye would that men  
should do to you, do ye even so to them."—  
*Matthew vii. 12.*

BEARER of Freedom's holy light,  
Breaker of Slavery's chain and rod,  
The foe of all which pains the sight,  
Or wounds the generous ear of God!

Beautiful yet thy temples rise,  
Though there profaning gifts are  
thrown;  
And fires unkindled of the skies  
Are glaring round thy altar-stone.

Still sacred,—though thy name be  
breathed  
By those whose hearts thy truth  
deride;

And garlands, plucked from thee, are  
wreathed  
Around the haughty brows of Pride.

Oh, ideal of my boyhood's time!  
The faith in which my father stood.  
Even when the sons of Lust and  
Crime  
Had stained thy peaceful courts  
with blood!

Still to those courts my footsteps turn,  
For through the mists which darken  
there,  
I see the flame of Freedom burn,—  
The Kebla of the patriot's prayer!

The generous feeling, pure and warm,  
Which owns the rights of *all*  
divine,—  
The pitying heart,—the helping  
arm,—  
The prompt self-sacrifice,—are  
thine.

Beneath thy broad, impartial eye,  
How fade the lines of caste and  
birth!  
How equal in their suffering lie  
The groaning multitudes of earth!

Still to a stricken brother true,  
Whatever clime hath nurtured him;  
As stooped to heal the wounded Jew  
The worshipper of Gerizim.

By misery unrepelled, unawed  
By pomp or power, thou seest a  
MAN  
In prince or peasant,—slave or lord,—  
Pale priest, or swarthy artisan.

Through all disguise, form, place, or  
name,  
Beneath the flaunting robes of sin,  
Through poverty and squalid shame,  
Thou lookest on *the man* within.

On man, as man, retaining yet,  
Howe'er debased, and soiled, and  
dim,  
The crown upon his forehead set,—  
The immortal gift of God to him.

And there is reverence in thy look ;  
 For that frail form which mortals  
     wear  
 The Spirit of the Holiest took,  
 And veiled His perfect brightness  
     there.

Not from the shallow babbling fount  
 Of vain philosophy thou art ;  
 He who of old on Syria's mount  
     Thrilled, warmed, by turns, the lis-  
     tener's heart,

In holy words which cannot die,  
 In thoughts which angels learned  
     to know,  
 Proclaimed thy message from on  
     high,—  
 Thy mission to a world of woe.

That voice's echo hath not died !  
 From the blue lake of Galilee,  
 And Tabor's lonely mountain-side,  
     It calls a struggling world to thee.

Thy name and watchword o'er this  
     land  
 I hear in every breeze that stirs,  
 And round a thousand altars stand  
     Thy banded party worshippers.

Not to these altars of a day,  
 At party's call, my gift I bring :  
 But on thy olden shrine I lay  
     A freeman's dearest offering :

The voiceless utterance of his will,—  
 His pledge to Freedom and to  
     Truth,  
 That manhood's heart remembers  
     still  
 The homage of his generous youth.

*Election Day, 1843.*

### TO RONGE

STRIKE home, strong-hearted man !  
 Down to the root  
 Of old oppression sink the Saxon  
     steel.

Thy work is to hew down. In God's  
     name then  
 Put nerve into thy task. Let other men  
 Plant, as they may, that better tree  
     whose fruit  
 The wounded bosom of the Church  
     shall heal.  
 Be thou the image-breaker. Let thy  
     blows  
 Fall heavy as the Suabian's iron hand,  
 On crown or crosier, which shall in-  
     terpose  
 Between thee and the weal of Father-  
     land.  
 Leave creeds to closet idlers. First  
     of all,  
 Shake thou all German dream-land  
     with the fall  
 Of that accursed tree, whose evil  
     trunk  
 Was spared of old by Erfurt's stal-  
     wart monk.  
 Fight not with ghosts and shadows.  
     Let us hear  
 The snap of chain-links. Let our  
     gladdened ear  
 Catch the pale prisoner's welcome, as  
     the light  
 Follows thy axe-stroke, through his  
     cell of night.  
 Be faithful to both worlds ; nor think  
     to feed  
 Earth's starving millions with the  
     husks of creed.  
 Servant of Him whose mission high  
     and holy  
 Was to the wronged, the sorrowing,  
     and the lowly,  
 Thrust not His Eden promise from  
     our sphere,  
 Distant and dim beyond the blue sky's  
     span ;  
 Like him of Patmos, see it, now and  
     here,—  
 The New Jerusalem comes down to  
     man !  
 Be warned by Luther's error. Nor  
     like him,  
 When the roused Teuton dashes from  
     his limb  
 The rusted chain of ages, help to bind  
 His hands for whom thou claim'st the  
     freedom of the mind !

CHALKLEY HALL<sup>s</sup>

How bland and sweet the greeting of  
 this breeze  
 To him who flies  
 From crowded street and red wall's  
 weary gleam,  
 Till far behind him like a hideous  
 dream  
 The close dark city lies !

Here, while the market murmurs,  
 while men throng  
 The marble floor  
 Of Mammon's altar, from the crush  
 and din  
 Of the world's madness let me gather in  
 My better thoughts once more.

Oh, once again revive, while on my ear  
 The cry of Gain  
 And low hoarse hum of Traffic die  
 away,  
 Ye blessed memories of my early day  
 Like sere grass wet with rain !—

Once more let God's green earth and  
 sunset air  
 Old feelings waken ;  
 Through weary years of toil and strife  
 and ill,  
 Oh, let me feel that my good angel  
 still  
 Hath not his trust forsaken.

And well do time and place befit my  
 mood :  
 Beneath the arms  
 Of this embracing wood, a good man  
 made  
 His home, like Abraham resting in  
 the shade  
 Of Mamre's lonely palms.

Here, rich with autumn gifts of  
 countless years,  
 The virgin soil  
 Turned from the share he guided, and  
 in rain  
 And summer sunshine throve the  
 fruits and grain  
 Which blessed his honest toil,

Here, from his voyages on the stormy  
 seas,  
 Weary and worn,  
 He came to meet his children and to  
 bless  
 The Giver of all good in thankful-  
 ness  
 And praise for his return.

And here his neighbours gathered in  
 to greet  
 Their friend again,  
 Safe from the wave and the destroy-  
 ing gales,  
 Which reap untimely green Bermuda's  
 vales,  
 And vex the Carib main.

To hear the good man tell of simple  
 truth,  
 Sown in an hour  
 Of weakness in some far-off Indian  
 isle,  
 From the parched bosom of a barren  
 soil,  
 Raised up in life and power :

How at those gatherings in Barbadian  
 vales,  
 A tendering love  
 Came o'er him, like the gentle rain  
 from heaven,  
 And words of fitness to his lips were  
 given,  
 And strength as from above :

How the sad captive listened to the  
 Word,  
 Until his chain  
 Grew lighter, and his wounded spirit  
 felt  
 The healing balm of consolation melt  
 Upon its life-long pain :

How the armed warrior sat him down  
 to hear  
 Of Peace and Truth,  
 And the proud ruler and his Creole  
 dame,  
 Jewelled and gorgeous in her beauty  
 came,  
 And fair and bright-eyed youth.

Oh, far away beneath New England's  
sky,  
Even when a boy,  
Following my plough by Merrimack's  
green shore,  
His simple record I have pondered o'er  
With deep and quiet joy.

And hence this scene, in sunset glory  
warm,—  
Its woods around,  
Its still stream winding on in light and  
shade,  
Its soft, green meadows and its up-  
land glade,—  
To me is holy ground.

And dearer far than haunts where  
Genius keeps  
His vigils still ;  
Than that where Avon's son of song  
is laid,  
Of Vauchuse hallowed by its Petrarch's  
shade,  
Or Virgil's laurelled hill.

To the grey walls of fallen Paraclete,  
To Juliet's urn,  
Fair Arno and Sorrento's orange-grove,  
Where Tasso sang, let young Romance  
and Love  
Like brother pilgrims turn.

But here a deeper and serener charm  
To all is given ;  
And blessed memories of the faithful  
dead  
O'er wood and vale and meadow-  
stream have shed  
The holy hues of Heaven !

## TO J. P.

NOT as a poor requital of the joy  
With which my childhood heard  
that lay of thine,  
Which, like an echo of the song  
divine  
At Bethlehem breathed above the  
Holy Boy,  
Bore to my ear the *Airs of Pales-  
tine*,—

Not to the poet, but the man I  
bring  
In friendship's fearless trust my offer-  
ing ;  
How much it lacks I feel, and thou  
wilt see,  
Yet well I know that thou hast deemed  
with me  
Life all too earnest, and its time too  
short  
For dreamy ease and Fancy's graceful  
sport ;  
And girded for thy constant strife  
with wrong,  
Like Nehemiah fighting while he  
wrought  
The broken walls of Zion, even thy  
song  
Hath a rude martial tone, a blow in  
every thought !

THE CYPRESS-TREE OF  
CEYLON

[*ISAN BATUTA*, the celebrated Mussulman traveller of the fourteenth century, speaks of a cypress-tree in Ceylon, universally held sacred by the natives, the leaves of which were said to fall only at certain intervals, and he who had the happiness to find and eat one of them was restored, at once, to youth and vigour. The traveller saw several venerable *JOGEES*, or saints, sitting silent and motionless under the tree, patiently awaiting the falling of a leaf.]

THEY sat in silent watchfulness  
The sacred cypress-tree about,  
And, from beneath old wrinkled  
brows,  
Their failing eyes looked out.

Grey Age and Sickness waiting there  
Through weary night and lingering  
day,—  
Grim as the idols at their side,  
And motionless as they.

Unheeded in the boughs above  
The song of Ceylon's bird was  
sweet ;  
Unseen of them the island flowers  
Bloomed brightly at their feet.

O'er them the tropic night-storm  
swept,  
The thunder crashed on rock and  
hill ;  
The cloud-fire on their eyeballs blazed,  
Yet there they waited still !

What was the world without to  
them ?

The Moslem's sunset-call, — the  
dance

Of Ceylon's maids,—the passing gleam  
Of battle-flag and lance ?

They waited for that falling leaf  
Of which the wandering Jogees  
sing :

Which lends once more to wintry  
age

The greenness of its spring.

Oh, if these poor and blinded ones  
In trustful patience wait to feel  
O'er torpid pulse and failing limb  
A youthful freshness steal ;

Shall we, who sit beneath that Tree  
Whose healing leaves of life are  
shed,

In answer to the breath of prayer  
Upon the waiting head ;

Not to restore our failing forms,  
And build the spirit's broken  
shrine,

But on the fainting SOUL to shed  
A light and life divine ;

Shall we grow weary in our watch,  
And murmur at the long delay ?  
Impatient of our Father's time  
And His appointed way ?

Or shall the stir of outward things  
Allure and claim the Christian's  
eye,

When on the heathen watcher's ear  
Their powerless murmurs die ?

Alas ! a deeper test of faith  
Than prison cell or martyr's stake,  
The self-abasing watchfulness  
Of silent prayer may make,

We gird us bravely to rebuke  
Our erring brother in the wrong,—  
And in the ear of Pride and Power  
Our warning voice is strong.

Easier to smite with Peter's sword  
Than "watch one hour" in hum-  
bling prayer.

Life's "great things," like the Syrian  
lord,  
Our hearts can do and dare.

But oh ! we shrink from Jordan's  
side,

From waters which alone can  
save ;

And murmur for Abana's banks  
And Pharpar's brighter wave.

O Thou, who in the garden's shade  
Didst wake Thy weary ones again,  
Who slumbered at that fearful hour,  
Forgetful of Thy pain ;

Bend o'er us now, as over them,  
And set our sleep-bound spirits  
free,

Nor leave us slumbering in the watch  
Our souls should keep with Thee !

### A DREAM OF SUMMER

BLAND as the morning breath of June  
The south-west breezes play ;  
And, through its haze, the winter  
noon

Seems warm as summer's day.  
The snow-plumed Angel of the North  
Has dropped his icy spear ;  
Again the mossy earth looks forth,  
Again the streams gush clear.

The fox his hillside cell forsakes,  
The muskrat leaves his nook,  
The bluebird in the meadow brakes  
Is singing with the brook.  
"Bear up, O Mother Nature !" cry  
Bird, breeze, and streamlet free ;  
"Our winter voices prophesy  
Of summer days to thee !"



So, in those winters of the soul,  
 By bitter blasts and drear  
 O'erswept from Memory's frozen  
 pole,  
 Will sunny days appear.  
 Reviving Hope and Faith, they show  
 The soul its living powers,  
 And how beneath the winter's snow  
 Lie germs of summer flowers !

The Night is mother of the Day,  
 The Winter of the Spring,  
 And ever upon old Decay  
 The greenest mosses cling.  
 Behind the cloud the starlight lurks,  
 Through showers the sunbeams  
 fall;  
 For God, who loveth all His works,  
 Has left His Hope with all !

4th 1st month, 1847.

Every wing of bird above it,  
 Every light cloud floating on,  
 Glitters like that flashing mirror  
 In the self-same sun.

But upon thy youthful forehead  
 Something like a shadow lies ;  
 And a serious soul is looking  
 From thy earnest eyes.

With an early introversion,  
 Through the forms of outward  
 things  
 Seeking for the subtle essence,  
 And the hidden springs.

Deeper than the gilded surface  
 Hath thy wakeful vision seen,  
 Farther than the narrow present  
 Have thy journeyings been.

Thou hast midst Life's empty noises  
 Heard the solemn steps of Time,  
 And the low mysterious voices  
 Of another clime.

All the mystery of Being  
 Hath upon thy spirit pressed,—  
 Thoughts which, like the Deluge wan-  
 derer,  
 Find no place of rest :

That which mystic Plato pondered,  
 That which Zeno heard with awe,  
 And the star-rapt Zoroaster  
 In his night-watch saw.

From the doubt and darkness springing  
 Of the dim, uncertain Past,  
 Moving to the dark still shadows  
 O'er the Future cast,

Early hath Life's mighty question  
 Thrilled within thy heart of youth,  
 With a deep and strong beseeching :  
 WHAT and WHERE IS TRUTH ?

Hollow creed and ceremonial,  
 Whence the ancient life hath fled,  
 Idle faith unknown to action,  
 Dull and cold and dead.

## TO ———

WITH A COPY OF WOOLMAN'S  
 JOURNAL.

"Get the writings of John Woolman by  
 heart."—*Essays of Elia*.

MAIDEN ! with the fair brown tresses  
 Shading o'er t' y dreamy eye,  
 Floating on thy thoughtful forehead  
 Cloud-wreaths of its sky.

Youthful years and maiden beauty,  
 Joy with them should still abide,—  
 Instinct take the place of Duty,  
 Love, not Reason, guide.

Ever in the New rejoicing,  
 Kindly beckoning back the Old,  
 Turning, with the gift of Midas,  
 All things into gold.

And the passing shades of sadness  
 Wearing even a welcome guise ;  
 As, when some bright lake lies open  
 To the sunny skies,

Oracles, whose wire-worked meanings

Only wake a quiet scorn,—  
Not from these thy seeking spirit  
Hath its answer drawn.

But, like some tired child at even,  
On thy mother Nature's breast,  
Thou, methinks, art vainly seeking  
Truth, and peace, and rest.

O'er that mother's rugged features  
Thou art throwing Fancy's veil,  
Light and soft as woven moon-  
beams,  
Beautiful and frail !

O'er the rough chart of Existence,  
Rocks of sin and wastes of woe,  
Soft airs breathe, and green leaves  
tremble,  
And cool fountains flow.

And to thee an answer cometh  
From the earth and from the sky,  
And to thee the hills and waters  
And the stars reply.

But a soul-sufficing answer  
Hath no outward origin ;  
More than Nature's many voices  
May be heard within.

Even as the great Augustine  
Questioned earth and sea and sky,  
And the dusty tomes of learning  
And old poesy.

But his earnest spirit needed  
More than outward Nature taught,—  
More than blest the poet's vision  
Or the sage's thought.

Only in the gathered silence  
Of a calm and waiting frame  
Light and wisdom as from Heaven  
To the seeker came.

Not to ease and aimless quiet  
Doth that inward answer tend,  
But to works of love and duty  
As our being's end,—

Not to idle dreams and trances,  
Length of face, and solemn tone,  
But to Faith, in daily striving  
And performance shown.

Earnest toil and strong endeavour  
Of a spirit which within  
Wrestles with familiar evil  
And besetting sin ;

And without, with tireless vigour,  
Steady heart, and weapon strong,  
In the power of truth assailing  
Every form of wrong.

Guided thus, how passing lovely  
Is the track of WOOLMAN's feet !  
And his brief and simple record  
How serenely sweet !

O'er life's humblest duties throwing  
Light the earthling never knew,  
Freshening all its dark waste places  
As with Hermon's dew.

All which glows in Pascal's pages,—  
All which sainted Guion sought,  
Or the blue-eyed German Rahel  
Half-unconscious taught :—

Beauty, such as Goethe pictured,  
Such as Shelley dreamed of, shed  
Living warmth and starry bright-  
ness  
Round that poor man's head.

Not a vain and cold ideal,  
Not a poet's dream alone,  
But a presence warm and real,  
Seen and felt and known.

When the red right-hand of slaughter  
Moulders with the steel it swung,  
When the name of seer and poet  
Dies on Memory's tongue,

All bright thoughts and pure shall  
gather  
Round that meek and suffering  
one,—  
Glorious, like the seer-seen angel  
Standing in the sun !

Take the good man's book and ponder  
 What its pages say to thee,—  
 Blessed as the hand of healing  
 May its lesson be.

If it only serves to strengthen  
 Yearnings for a higher good,  
 For the fount of living waters  
 And diviner food ;

If the pride of human reason  
 Feels its meek and still rebuke,  
 Quailing like the eye of Peter,  
 From the Just One's look !—

If with readier ear thou heedest  
 What the Inward Teacher saith,  
 Listening with a willing spirit  
 And a childlike faith,—

Thou mayst live to bless the giver,  
 Who, himself but frail and weak,  
 Would at least the highest welfare  
 Of another seek ;

And his gift, though poor and lowly  
 It may seem to other eyes,  
 Yet may prove an angel holy  
 In a pilgrim's guise.

LEGGETT'S MONUMENT

"Ye build the tombs of the prophets."  
 —*Holy Writ.*

YES,—pile the marble o'er him ! It  
 is well  
 That ye who mocked him in his  
 long stern strife,  
 And planted in the pathway of his life  
 The ploughshares of your hatred hot  
 from hell,  
 Who clamoured down the bold re-  
 former when  
 He pleaded for his captive fellow-  
 men,  
 Who spurned him in the market-  
 place, and sought  
 Within thy walls, St. Tammany,  
 to bind  
 In party chains the free and honest  
 thought,  
 The angel utterance of an upright  
 mind,  
 Well is it now that o'er his grave ye  
 raise  
 The stony tribute of your tardy praise,  
 For not alone that pile shall tell to  
 Fame  
 Of the brave heart beneath, but of the  
 builders' shame !



# MOGG MEGONE

[1835]

[The story of MOGG MEGONE has been considered by the author only as a framework for sketches of the scenery of New England, and of its early inhabitants. In portraying the Indian character he has necessarily discarded much of the romance which poets and novelists have thrown around the ill-fated red man.]

## PART I.

WHO stands on that cliff, like a figure  
of stone,  
Unmoving and tall in the light of  
the sky,  
Where the spray of the cataract  
sparkles on high,  
Lonely and sternly, save Mogg Megone?<sup>9</sup>

Close to the verge of the rock is he,  
While beneath him the Saco its  
work is doing,

Hurrying down to its grave, the  
sea,

And slow through the rock its path-  
way hewing!

Far down, through the mist of the  
falling river,

Which rises up like an incense ever,  
The splintered points of the crags are  
seen,

With water howling and vexed be-  
tween,

While the scooping whirl of the pool  
beneath

Seems an open throat, with its granite  
teeth!

But Mogg Megone never trembled  
yet

Wherever his eye or his foot was set.  
He is watchful: each form in the  
moonlight dim,

Of rock or of tree, is seen of him:

He listens; each sound from afar is  
caught,

The faintest shiver of leaf and limb:  
But he sees not the waters, which  
foam and fret,

Whose moonlit spray has his moccasin  
wet,—

And the roar of their rushing, he hears  
it not.

The moonlight, through the open  
bough

Of the gnarl'd beech, whose naked  
root

Coils like a serpent at his foot,  
Falls, checkered, on the Indian's  
brow.

His head is bare, save only where  
Waves in the wind one lock of  
hair,

Reserved for him, whoe'er he be,  
More mighty than Megone in strife,  
When breast to breast and knee to  
knee,

Above the fallen warrior's life  
Gleams, quick and keen, the scalping-  
knife.

Megone hath his knife and hatchet  
and gun,

And his gaudy and tasselled blanket  
on:

His knife hath a handle with gold  
inlaid,

And magic words on its polished  
blade,—

'Twas the gift of Castine<sup>10</sup> to Mogg  
Megone,

For a scalp or twain from the Yengees  
torn :

His gun was the gift of the Tarrantine,  
And Modocawando's wives had  
strung

The brass and the beads, which tinkle  
and shine

On the polished breech, and broad  
bright line

Of beaded wampum around it hung.

What seeks Megone? His foes are  
near,—

Grey Jocelyn's<sup>11</sup> eye is never sleeping,  
And the garrison lights are burning  
clear,

Where Phillips' <sup>12</sup> men their watch  
are keeping.

Let him hie him away through the  
dank river fog,

Never rustling the boughs nor dis-  
placing the rocks,

For the eyes and the ears which are  
watching for Mogg

Are keener than those of the wolf  
or the fox.

He starts,—there's a rustle among  
the leaves :

Another,—the click of his gun is  
heard !

A footstep,—is it the step of Cleaves,  
With Indian blood on his English  
sword ?

Steals Harmon <sup>13</sup> down from the sands  
of York,

With hand of iron and foot of cork ?  
Has Scamman, versed in Indian wile,

For vengeance left his vine-hung  
isle ? <sup>14</sup>

Hark ! at that whistle, soft and low,  
How lights the eye of Mogg Me-  
gone !

A smile gleams o'er his dusky brow,—  
“Boon welcome, Johnny Bony-  
thon !”

Out steps, with cautious foot and slow,  
And quick, keen glances to and fro,

The hunted outlaw, Bonython ! <sup>15</sup>  
A low, lean, swarthy man is he,

With blanket-garb and buskined knee,  
And naught of English fashion on ;

For he hates the race from whence he  
sprung,

And he couches his words in the  
Indian tongue.

“Hush,—let the Sachem's voice be  
weak ;

The water-rat shall hear him speak,—  
The owl shall whoop in the white  
man's ear,

That Mogg Megone, with his scalps,  
is here !”

He pauses,—dark, over cheek and  
brow,

A flush, as of shame, is stealing now :  
“Sachem !” he says, “let me have  
the land,

Which stretches away upon either  
hand,

As far about as my feet can stray.  
In the half of a gentle summer's day,

From the leaping brook <sup>16</sup> to the  
Saco river,—

And the fair-haired girl, thou hast  
sought of me,

Shall sit in the Sachem's wigwam,  
and be

The wife of Mogg Megone for  
ever.”

There's a sudden light in the Indian's  
glance,

A moment's trace of powerful feel-  
ing,

Of love or triumph, or both perchance,  
Over his proud, calm features

stealing.

“The words of my father are very  
good ;

He shall have the land, and water,  
and wood ;

And he who harms the Sagamore  
John,

Shall feel the knife of Mogg Megone ;  
But the fawn of the Yengees shall

sleep on my breast,  
And the bird of the clearing shall

sing in my nest.”

“But, father !”—and the Indian's  
hand

Falls gently on the white man's  
arm,

And with a smile as shrewdly bland  
 As the deep voice is slow and calm,—  
 "Where is my father's singing bird,—  
 The sunny eye, and sunset hair?  
 I know I have my father's word,  
 And that his word is good and fair;  
 But will my father tell me where  
 Megone shall go and look for his  
 bride?—  
 For he sees her not by her father's  
 side."

The dark, stern eye of Bonython  
 Flashes over the features of Mogg  
 Megone,  
 In one of those glances which search  
 within;  
 But the stolid calm of the Indian  
 alone  
 Remains where the trace of emotion  
 has been,  
 "Does the Sachem doubt? Let him  
 go with me,  
 And the eyes of the Sachem his bride  
 shall see."

Cautious and slow, with pauses oft,  
 And watchful eyes and whispers soft,  
 The twain are stealing through the  
 wood,  
 Leaving the downward-rushing flood,  
 Whose deep and solemn roar behind  
 Grows fainter on the evening wind.  
 Hark!—is that the angry howl  
 Of the wolf, the hills among?—  
 Or the hooting of the owl,  
 On his leafy cradle swung?—  
 Quickly glancing, to and fro,  
 Listening to each sound they go  
 Round the columns of the pine,  
 Indistinct, in shadow, seeming  
 Like some old and pillared shrine;  
 With the soft and white moonshine,  
 Round the foliage-tracery shed  
 Of each column's branching head,  
 For its lamps of worship gleaming!  
 And the sounds awakened there,  
 In the pine-leaves fine and small,  
 Soft and sweetly musical,  
 By the fingers of the air,  
 For the anthem's dying fall  
 Lingered round some temple's wall!

Niche and cornice round and round  
 Wailing like the ghost of sound!  
 Is not Nature's worship thus,  
 Ceaseless ever, going on?  
 Hath it not a voice for us  
 In the thunder, or the tone  
 Of the leaf-harp faint and small,  
 Speaking to the unsealed ear  
 Words of blended love and fear,  
 Of the mighty Soul of all?

Naught had the twain of thoughts  
 like these  
 As they wound along through the  
 crowded trees,  
 Where never had rung the axeman's  
 stroke  
 On the gnarled trunk of the rough-  
 barked oak;—  
 Climbing the dead tree's mossy log,  
 Breaking the mesh of the bramble  
 fine,  
 Turning aside the wild grapevine,  
 And lightly crossing the quaking  
 bog  
 Whose surface shakes at the leap of  
 the frog,  
 And out of whose pools the ghostly  
 fog  
 Creeps into the chill moonshine!  
 Yet, even that Indian's ear had  
 heard  
 The preaching of the Holy Word:  
 Sanchekantacket's isle of sand  
 Was once his father's hunting land,  
 Where zealous Hiacoomes<sup>17</sup> stood,—  
 The wild apostle of the wood,  
 Shook from his soul the fear of harm,  
 And trampled on the Powwaw's  
 charm;  
 Until the wizard's curses hung  
 Suspended on his palsying tongue,  
 And the fierce warrior, grim and  
 tall,  
 Trembled before the forest Paul!

A cottage hidden in the wood,—  
 Red through its seams a light is  
 glowing,  
 On rock and bough and tree-trunk  
 rude,  
 A narrow lustre throwing.

"Who's there?" a clear, firm voice  
demands;

"Hoid, Ruth,—'tis I, the Saga-  
more!"

Quick, at the summons, hasty hands  
Unclose the bolted door;  
And on the outlaw's daughter shine  
The flashes of the kindled pine.

Tall and erect the maiden stands,  
Like some young priestess of the  
wood,

The freeborn child of Solitude,  
And bearing still the wild and rude,  
Yet noble trace of Nature's hands.  
Her dark brown cheek has caught its  
stain

More from the sunshine than the rain;  
Yet, where her long fair hair is parting,  
A pure white brow into light is  
starting;

And, where the folds of her blanket  
sever,

Are a neck and bosom as white as ever  
The foam-wreaths rise on the leaping  
river.

But in the convulsive quiver and grip  
Of the muscles around her bloodless lip,  
There is something painful and sad  
to see;

And her eye has a glance more sternly  
wild

Than even that of a forest child  
In its fearless and untamed freedom  
should be.

Yet, seldom in hall or court are seen  
So queenly a form and so noble a mien,  
As freely and smiling she welcomes  
them there,—

Her outlawed sire and Mogg Megone:  
"Pray, father, how does thy hunting  
fare?"

And, Sachem, say,—does Scamman  
wear,  
In spite of thy promise, a scalp of his  
own?"

IIurried and light is the maiden's  
tone;

But a fearful meaning lurks within  
Her glance, as it questions the eye of  
Megone,—

An awful meaning of guilt and  
sin!—

The Indian hath opened his blanket,  
and there

Hangs a human scalp by its long  
damp hair!

With hand upraised, with quick-  
drawn breath,  
She meets that ghastly sign of  
death.

In one long, glassy, spectral stare  
The enlarging eye is fastened there,  
As if that mesh of pale brown hair  
Had power to change at sight  
alone,

Even as the fearful locks which wound  
Medusa's fatal forehead round,  
The gazer into stone.

With such a look Herodias read  
The features of the bleeding head,  
So looked the mad Moor on his  
dead,

Or the young Cenci as she stood,  
O'er-dabbled with a father's blood:

Look!—feeling melts that frozen  
glance,

It moves that marble countenance,  
As if at once within her strove  
Pity with shame, and hate with  
love.

The Past recalls its joy and pain,  
Old memories rise before her brain,—  
The lips which love's embraces met,  
The hand her tears of parting wet,  
The voice whose pleading tones be-  
guiled

The pleased ear of the forest-child,—  
And tears she may no more repress  
Reveal her lingering tenderness.

Oh, woman wronged can cherish  
hate

More deep and dark than manhood  
may;

But when the mockery of Fate  
Hath left Revenge its chosen way,  
And the fell curse, which years have  
nursed,

Full on the spoiler's head hath  
burst,—

When all her wrong, and shame, and  
pain,

Burns fiercely on his heart and  
brain,—

Still lingers something of the spell  
Which bound her to the traitor's  
bosom,—  
Still, midst the vengeful fires of hell,  
Some flowers of old affection  
blossom.

John Bonython's eyebrows together  
are drawn  
With a fierce expression of wrath and  
scorn,—  
He hoarsely whispers, "Ruth, beware !  
Is this the time to be playing the  
fool,—  
Crying over a paltry lock of hair,  
Like a love-sick girl at school ?—  
Curse on it !—an Indian can see and  
hear :  
Away, — and prepare our evening  
cheer !"

How keenly the Indian is watching  
now  
Her tearful eye and her varying  
brow,—  
With a serpent eye, which kindles  
and burns,  
Like a fiery star in the open air ;  
On sire and daughter his fierce glance  
turns :—  
"Has my old white father a scalp  
to spare ?  
For his young one loves the pale  
brown hair  
Of the scalp of an English dog far more  
Than Mogg Megone, or his wigwam  
floor ;  
Go,—Mogg is wise : he will keep  
his land,—  
And Sagamore John, when he feels  
with his hand,  
Shall miss his scalp where it grew  
before."

The moment's gust of grief is gone,—  
The lip is clenched,—the tears are  
still,—  
God pity thee, Ruth Bonython !  
With what a strength of will  
Are nature's feelings in thy breast,  
As with an iron hand, repressed !  
And how, upon that nameless woe,  
Quick as the pulse can come and go,

While shakes the unsteadfast knee,  
and yet  
The bosom heaves, — the eye is  
wet—  
Has thy dark spirit power to stay  
The heart's wild current on its way ?  
And whence that baleful strength  
of guile,  
Which over that still working brow  
And tearful eye and cheek can throw  
The mockery of a smile ?  
Warned by her father's blackening  
frown,  
With one strong effort crushing  
down  
Grief, hate, remorse, she meets again  
The savage murderer's sullen gaze,  
And scarcely look or tone betrays  
How the heart strives beneath its  
chain.

"Is the Sachem angry,—angry with  
Ruth,  
Because she cries with an ache in her  
tooth,<sup>18</sup>  
Which would make a Sagamore jump  
and cry,  
And look about with a woman's  
eye ?  
No,—Ruth will sit in the Sachem's  
door  
And braid the mats for his wigwam  
floor,  
And broil his fish and tender fawn,  
And weave his wampum, and grind  
his corn,—  
For she loves the brave and the wise,  
and none  
Are braver and wiser than Mogg  
Megone !"

The Indian's brow is clear once  
more :  
With grave, calm face, and half-  
shut eye,  
He sits upon the wigwam floor,  
And watches Ruth go by,  
Intent upon her household care ;  
And ever and anon, the while,  
Or on the maiden, or her fare,  
Which smokes in grateful promise  
there,  
Bestows his quiet smile.



Ah, Mogg Megone!—what dreams  
are thine,  
But those which love's own fancies  
dress,—

The sum of Indian happiness!—  
A wigwam, where the warm sun-  
shine  
Looks in among the groves of  
pine,—

A stream, where, round thy light  
canoe,

The trout and salmon dart in view,  
And the fair girl, before thee now,  
Spreading thy mat with hand of  
snow,

Or plying, in the dews of morn,  
Her hoe amidst thy patch of corn,  
Or offering up, at eve, to thee,  
Thy birchen dish of hominy!

From the rude board of Bony-  
thon,

Venison and succotash have gone,—  
For long these dwellers of the  
wood

Have felt the gnawing want of  
food.

But untasted of Ruth is the frugal  
cheer,—

With head averted, yet ready ear,  
She stands by the side of her austere  
sire,

Feeding, at times, the unequal fire  
With the yellow knots of the pitch-  
pine tree,

Whose flaming light, as they kindle,  
falls

On the cottage roof, and its blacklog  
walls,

And over its inmates three.

From Sagamore Bonython's hunting  
flask

The fire-water burns at the lip of  
Megone:

"Will the Sachem hear what his  
father shall ask?

Will he make his mark, that it  
may be known,

On the speaking-leaf, that he gives  
the land,

From the Sachem's own, to his father's  
hand?"

The fire-water shines in the Indian's  
eyes,

As he rises, the white man's bidding  
to do:

"Wuttamuttata—weekan! \* Mogg is  
wise,—

For the water he drinks is strong  
and new,—

Mogg's heart is great!—will he shut  
his hand,

When his father asks for a little  
land?"—

With unsteady fingers, the Indian has  
drawn

On the parchment the shape of a  
hunter's bow,

"Boon water,—boon water,—Saga-  
more John!

Wuttamuttata—weekan! our hearts  
will grow!"

He drinks yet deeper,—he mutters  
low,—

He reels on his bear-skin to and  
fro,—

His head falls down on his naked  
breast,—

He struggles, and sinks to a drunken  
rest.

"Humph—drunk as a beast!"—and  
Bonython's brow

Is darker than ever with evil  
thought—

"The fool has signed his warrant;  
but how

And when shall the deed be  
wrought?

Speak, Ruth! why, what the devil is  
there,

To fix thy gaze in that empty air?—  
Speak, Ruth! by my soul, if I thought

that tear,  
Which shames thyself and our purpose

here,  
Were shed for that cursed and pale-  
faced dog,

Whose green scalp hangs from the  
belt of Mogg,

And whose beastly soul is in Satan's  
keeping,—

\* *Wuttamuttata*, "Let us drink." *Weekan*  
"It is sweet."

This—this!"—he dashes his hand upon

The rattling stock of his loaded gun,—  
"Should send thee with him to do thy weeping!"

"Father!"—the eye of Bonython  
Sinks at that low, sepulchral tone,  
Hollow and deep, as it were spoken  
By the unmoving tongue of death,—  
Or from some statue's lips had broken,—

A sound without a breath!  
"Father!—my life I value less  
Than yonder fool his gaudy dress;  
And how it ends it matters not,  
By heart-break or by rifle-shot;  
But spare awhile the scoff and threat,—  
Our business is not finished yet."

"True, true, my girl,—I only meant  
To draw up again the bow unbent.  
Harm thee, my Ruth! I only sought  
To frighten off thy gloomy thought;  
Come,—let's be friends!" He seeks  
to clasp  
His daughter's cold, damp hand in his.  
Ruth startles from her father's grasp,  
As if each nerve and muscle felt,  
Instinctively, the touch of guilt,  
Through all their subtle sympathies.

He points her to the sleeping Mogg:  
"What shall be done with yonder dog?  
Scamman is dead, and revenge is thine,—

The deed is signed and the land is mine;  
And this drunken fool is of use no more,

Save as thy hopeful bridegroom, and sooth,

'Twere Christian mercy to finish him,  
Ruth,

Now, while he lies like a beast on our floor,—

If not for thine, at least for his sake,  
Rather than let the poor dog awake  
To drain my flask, and claim as his bride

Such a forest devil to run by his side,—  
Such a Wetuomanit<sup>19</sup> as thou wouldst make!"

He laughs at his jest. Hush—what is there?—

The sleeping Indian is striving to rise,

With his knife in his hand, and glaring eyes!—

"Wagh!—Mogg will have the pale-face's hair,

For his knife is sharp, and his fingers can help

The hair to pull and the skin to peel,—

Let him cry like a woman and twist like an eel,

The great Captain Scamman must lose his scalp!

And Ruth, when she sees it, shall dance with Mogg."

If his eyes are fixed,—but his lips draw in,—

With a low, hoarse chuckle, and fiendish grin,—

And he sinks again, like a senseless log.

Ruth does not speak,—she does not stir;

But she gazes down on the murderer,  
Whose broken and dreamful slumbers tell

Too much for her ear of that deed of hell.

She sees the knife, with its slaughter red,

And the dark fingers clenching the bear-skin bed!

What thoughts of horror and madness whirl

Through the burning brain of that fallen girl!

John Bonython lifts his gun to his eye,

Its muzzle is close to the Indian's ear,—

But he drops it again. "Some one may be nigh,

And I would not that even the wolves should hear."

He draws his knife from its deer-skin belt,—

Its edge with his fingers is slowly felt;—

Kneeling down on one knee, by the  
Indian's side,  
From his throat he opens the blanket  
wide ;  
And twice or thrice he feebly essays  
A trembling hand with the knife to  
raise.

"I cannot,"—he mutters,—“did he  
not save  
My life from a cold and wintry grave,  
When the storm came down from  
Agiochook,  
And the north-wind howled, and the  
tree-tops shook,—  
And I strove, in the drifts of the  
rushing snow,  
Till my knees grew weak and I could  
not go,  
And I felt the cold to my vitals creep,  
And my heart's blood stiffen, and  
pulses sleep !  
I cannot strike him—Ruth Bonython !  
In the Devil's name, tell me—what's  
to be done ?”

Oh, when the soul, once pure and  
high,  
Is stricken down from Virtue's sky,  
As, with the downcast star of morn,  
Some gems of light are with it  
drawn,—  
And, through its night of darkness,  
play  
Some tokens of its primal day,—  
Some lofty feelings linger still,—  
The strength to dare, the nerve to  
meet  
Whatever threatens with defeat  
Its all-indomitable will !—  
But lacks the mean of mind and  
heart,  
Though eager for the gains of  
crime,  
Oft, at his chosen place and time,  
The strength to bear his evil part ;  
And, shielded by his very Vice,  
Escapes from Crime by Cowardice.

Ruth starts erect,—with bloodshot  
eye,  
And lips drawn tight across her  
teeth,

Showing their locked embrace be-  
neath,  
In the red firelight:—“Mogg must die !  
Give me the knife !”—The outlaw  
turns,  
Shuddering in heart and limb,  
away,—  
But, fitfully there, the hearth-fire  
burns,  
And he sees on the wall strange  
shadows play.  
A lifted arm, a tremulous blade,  
Are dimly pictured in light and shade,  
Plunging down in the darkness.  
Hark, that cry  
Again—and again—he sees it fall,—  
That shadowy arm down the lighted  
wall !  
He hears quick footsteps—a shape  
flits by—  
The door on its rusted hinges  
creaks :—  
“Ruth—daughter Ruth !” the out-  
law shrieks.  
But no sound comes back,—he is  
standing alone  
By the mangled corse of Mogg Me-  
gone !

## PART II.

'Tis morning over Norridgewock,—  
On tree and wigwam, wave and rock.  
Bathed in the autumnal sunshine,  
stirred  
At intervals by breeze and bird,  
And wearing all the hues which  
glow  
In heaven's own pure and perfect  
bow,  
That glorious picture of the air,  
Which summer's light-robed angel  
forms  
On the dark ground of fading storms,  
With pencil dipped in sunbeams  
there,—  
And, stretching out, on either hand,  
O'er all that wide and unshorn land,  
Till, weary of its gorgeousness,  
The aching and the dazzled eye  
Rests, gladdened, on the calm blue  
sky,—  
Slumbers the mighty wilderness.

The oak, upon the windy hill,  
Its dark green burthen upward  
heaves—

The hemlock broods above its rill,  
Its cone-like foliage darker still,  
Against the birch's graceful stem,  
And the rough walnut-bough receives  
The sun upon its crowded leaves,  
Each coloured like a topaz gem ;  
And the tall maple wears with them  
The coronal, which autumn gives,  
The brief, bright sign of ruin near,  
The hectic of a dying year !

The hermit priest, who lingers now  
On the Bald Mountain's shrubless  
brow,

The grey and thunder-smitten pile  
Which marks afar the Desert Isle,<sup>20</sup>  
While gazing on the scene below,  
May half forget the dreams of home,  
That nightly with his slumbers  
come,—

The tranquil skies of sunny France,  
The peasant's harvest song and dance,  
The vines around the hillsides wreath-  
ing

The soft airs midst their clusters  
breathing,

The wings which dipped, the stars  
which shone

Within thy bosom, blue Garonne !  
And round the Abbey's shadowed wall,  
At morning spring and even-fall,  
Sweet voices in the still air sing-  
ing,—

The chant of many a holy hymn,—  
The solemn bell of vespers ringing,—  
And hallowed torchlight falling dim  
On pictured saint and seraphim !  
For here beneath him lies unrolled,  
Bathed deep in morning's flood of gold,  
A vision gorgeous as the dream  
Of the beatified may seem,

When, as his Church's legends say,  
Borne upward in ecstatic bliss,  
The rapt enthusiast soars away  
Unto a brighter world than this :  
A mortal's glimpse beyond the pale,—  
A moment's lifting of the veil !

Far eastward o'er the lovely bay,  
Penobscot's clustered wigwams lay,

And gently from that Indian town  
The verdant hillside slopes adown,  
To where the sparkling waters play  
Upon the yellow sands below ;  
And shooting round the winding  
shores

Of narrow capes, and isles which lie  
Slumbering to ocean's lullaby,—  
With birchen boat and glancing oars,  
The red men to their fishing go ;  
While from their planting ground is  
borne

The treasure of the golden corn,  
By laughing girls, whose dark eyes  
glow

Wild through the locks which o'er  
them flow.

The wrinkled squaw, whose toil is  
done,

Sits on her bear-skin in the sun,  
Watching the huskers, with a smile  
For each full ear which swells the pile ;  
And the old chief, who nevermore  
May bend the bow or pull the oar,  
Smokes gravely in his wigwam door,  
Or slowly shapes, with axe of stone,  
The arrow-head from flint and bone.

Beneath the westward turning eye  
A thousand wooded islands lie,—  
Gems of the waters !—with each hue  
Of brightness set in ocean's blue.  
Each bears aloft its tuft of trees

Touched by the pencil of the frost,  
And, with the motion of each breeze,  
A moment seen,—a moment lost,—  
Changing and blent, confused and  
tossed,

The brighter with the darker crossed,  
Their thousand tints of beauty glow  
Down in the restless waves below,  
And tremble in the sunny skies,  
As if, from waving bough to bough,  
Flitted the birds of paradise.

There sleep Placentia's group,—and  
there

Père Breteaux marks the hour of  
prayer ;

And there, beneath the sea-worn cliff,  
On which the Father's hut is seen,  
The Indian stays his rocking skiff,  
And peers the hemlock-boughs  
between,

Half trembling, as he seeks to look  
Upon the Jesuit's Cross and Book.<sup>21</sup>  
There, gloomily against the sky  
The Dark Isles rear their summits  
high ;

And Desert Rock, abrupt and bare,  
Lifts its grey turrets in the air,—  
Seen from afar, like some stronghold  
Built by the ocean kings of old ;  
And, faint as smoke-wreath white and  
thin,

Swells in the north vast Katahdin :  
And, wandering from its marshy feet,  
The broad Penobscot comes to meet  
And mingle with his own bright bay.  
Slow sweep his dark and gathering  
floods,

Arched over by the ancient woods,  
Which Time, in those dim solitudes,  
Wielding the dull axe of Decay,  
Alone hath ever shorn away.

Not thus, within the woods which hide  
The beauty of thy azure tide,  
And with their faling timbers block  
Thy broken currents, Kennebec !  
Gazes the white man on the wreck  
Of the down-trodden Norridgewock,—

In one lone village hemmed at length,  
In battle shorn of half their strength,  
Turned, like the panther in his lair,  
With his fast-flowing life-blood wet,  
For one last struggle of despair,  
Wounded and faint, but tameless  
yet !

Unreaped, upon the planting lands,  
The scant, neglected harvest stands :  
No shout is there,—no dance,—no  
song ;

The aspect of the very child  
Scowls with a meaning sad and wild  
Of bitterness and wrong.

The almost infant Norridgewock  
Essays to lift the tomhawk ;  
And plucks his father's knife away,  
To mimic, in his frightful play,

The scalping of an English foe :  
Wreathes on his lip a horrid smile,  
Burns, like a snake's, his small eye,  
while

Some bough or sapling meets his  
blow

The fisher, as he drops his line,  
Starts, when he sees the hazels quiver  
Along the margin of the river,  
Looks up and down the rippling tide,  
And grasps the firelock at his side.  
For Bomazeen<sup>22</sup> from Tacconock  
Has sent his runners to Norridgewock,  
With tidings that Moulton and Har-  
mon of York

Far up the river have come :  
They have left their boats,—they have  
entered the wood,  
And filled the depths of the solitude  
With the sound of the ranger's  
drum.

On the brow of a hill, which slopes  
to meet

The flowing river, and bathe its feet,—  
The bare-washed rock, and the droop-  
ing grass,

And the creeping vine, as the waters  
pass,—

A rude and unshapely chapel stands,  
Built up in that wild by unskilled  
hands,

Yet the traveller knows it a place of  
prayer,

For the holy sign of the cross is there :  
And should he chance at that place  
to be

Of a Sabbath morn, or some hal-  
lowed day,

When prayers are made and masses  
are said,

Some for the living and some for the  
dead,

Well might that traveller start to see  
The tall dark forms, that take their  
way

From the birch canoe, on the river-  
shore,

And the forest paths, to that chapel  
door ;

And marvel to mark the naked knees  
And the dusky foreheads bending  
there,

While, in coarse white vesture, over  
these

In blessing or in prayer,  
Stretching abroad his thin pale hands,  
Like a shrouded ghost, the Jesuit<sup>23</sup>  
stands.

Two forms are now in that chapel dim,  
 The Jesuit, silent and sad and pale,  
 Anxiously heeding some fearful tale,  
 Which a stranger is telling him.  
 That stranger's garb is soiled and torn,  
 And wet with dew and loosely worn ;  
 Her fair neglected hair falls down  
 O'er cheeks with wind and sunshine  
 brown ;  
 Yet still, in that disordered face,  
 The Jesuit's cautious eye can trace  
 Those elements of former grace  
 Which, half effaced, seem scarcely less,  
 Even now, than perfect loveliness.

With drooping head, and voice so low  
 That scarce it meets the Jesuit's  
 ears,—  
 While through her clasped fingers  
 flow,  
 From the heart's fountain, hot and  
 slow,  
 Her penitential tears,—  
 She tells the story of the woe  
 And evil of her years.

“O father, bear with me ; my heart  
 Is sick and death-like, and my brain  
 Seems girdled with a fiery chain,  
 Whose scorching links will never part,  
 And never cool again.  
 Bear with me while I speak,—but turn  
 Away that gentle eye, the while,—  
 The fires of guilt more fiercely burn  
 Beneath its holy smile ;  
 For half I fancy I can see  
 My mother's sainted look in thee.

“My dear lost mother ! sad and pale,  
 Mournfully sinking day by day,  
 And with a hold on life as frail  
 As frosted leaves, that, thin and  
 gray,  
 Hang feebly on their parent spray,  
 And tremble in the gale ;  
 Yet watching o'er my childishness  
 With patient fondness,—not the less  
 For all the agony which kept  
 Her blue eye wakeful, while I slept ;  
 And checking every tear and groan  
 That haply might have waked my own,  
 And bearing still, without offence,  
 My idle words, and petulance ;

Reproving with a tear,—and, while  
 The tooth of pain was keenly preying  
 Upon her very heart, repaying  
 My brief repentance with a smile.

“Oh, in her meek, forgiving eye  
 There was a brightness not of mirth,  
 A light whose clear intensity  
 Was borrowed not of earth.  
 Along her cheek a deepening red  
 Told where the feverish hectic fed ;  
 And yet, each fatal token gave  
 To the mild beauty of her face  
 A newer and a dearer grace,  
 Unwarning of the grave.  
 'Twas like the hue which Autumn gives  
 To yonder changed and dying leaves  
 Breathed over by his frosty breath ;  
 Scarce can the gazer feel that this  
 Is but the spoiler's treacherous kiss,  
 The mocking-smile of Death !

“Sweet were the tales she used to tell  
 When summer's eve was dear to us,  
 And, fading from the darkening dell,  
 The glory of the sunset fell  
 On wooded Agamenticus,—  
 When, sitting by our cottage wall,  
 The murmur of the Saco's fall,  
 And the south-wind's expiring sighs,  
 Came, softly blending, on my ear,  
 With the low tones I loved to hear :  
 Tales of the pure,—the good,—the  
 wise,—  
 The holy men and maids of old,  
 In the all-sacred pages told ;—  
 Of Rachel, stooped at Haran's foun-  
 tains,  
 Amid her father's thirsty flock,  
 Beautiful to her kinsman seeming  
 As the bright angels of his dreaming,  
 On Padan-aram's holy rock ;  
 Of gentle Ruth,—and her who kept  
 Her awful vigil on the mountains,  
 By Israel's virgin daughters wept ;  
 Of Miriam, with her maidens, singing  
 The song of grateful Israel meet,  
 While every crimson wave was bringing  
 The spoils of Egypt at her feet ;  
 Of her,—Samaria's humble daughter,  
 Who paused to hear, beside her well,  
 Lessons of love and truth, which fell  
 Softly as Shiloh's flowing water ;

And saw, beneath His pilgrim guise,  
The Promised One, so long foretold  
By holy seer and bard of old,  
Revealed before her wondering eyes !

"Slowly she faded. Day by day  
Her step grew weaker in our hall,  
And fainter, at each even-fall,  
Her sad voice died away.

Yet on her thin, pale lip, the while,  
Sat Resignation's holy smile :  
And even my father checked his tread,  
And hushed his voice, beside her bed :  
Beneath the calm and sad rebuke  
Of her meek eye's imploring look,  
The scowl of hate his brow forsook,  
And in his stern and gloomy eye,  
At times, a few unwonted tears  
Wet the dark lashes, which for years  
Hatred and pride had kept so dry.

"Calm as a child to slumber soothed,  
As if an angel's hand had smoothed  
The still, white features into rest,  
Silent and cold, without a breath  
To stir the drapery on her breast,  
Pain, with its keen and poisoned fang,  
The horror of the mortal pang,  
The suffering look her brow had worn,  
The fear, the strife, the anguish  
gone,—  
She slept at last in death !

"Oh, tell me, father, *can* the dead  
Walk on the earth, and look on us,  
And lay upon the living's head  
Their blessing or their curse ?  
For, oh, last night she stood by me,  
As I lay beneath the woodland tree !"

The Jesuit crosses himself in awe,—  
"Jesu ! what was it my daughtersaw?"

"She came to me last night.  
The dried leaves did not feel her  
tread ;  
She stood by me in the wan moonlight  
In the white robes of the dead !  
Pale, and very mournfully,  
She bent her light form over me.  
I heard no sound, I felt no breath  
Breathe o'er me from that face of  
death .

Its blue eyes rested on my own,  
Rayless and cold as eyes of stone,  
Yet, in their fixed, unchanging gaze,  
Something, which spoke of early  
days,—

A sadness in their quiet glare,  
As if love's smile were frozen there,—  
Came o'er me with an icy thrill ;  
O God ! I feel its presence still ! "

The Jesuit makes the holy sign,—  
"How passed the vision, daughter  
mine ?"

"All dimly in the wan moonshine,  
As a wreath of mist will twist and  
twine,  
And scatter, and melt into the light,—  
So scattering,—melting on my sight,  
The pale, cold vision passed ;  
But those sad eyes were fixed on mine  
Mournfully to the last."

"God help thee, daughter, tell me  
why  
That spirit passed before thine eye !"

"Father, I know not, save it be  
That deeds of mine have summoned  
her

From the unbreathing sepulchre,  
To leave her last rebuke with me.

Ah, woe for me ! my mother died  
Just at the moment when I stood  
Close on the verge of womanhood,  
A child in everything beside ;  
And when my wild heart needed most  
Her gentle counsels, they were lost.

"My father lived a stormy life,  
Of frequent change and daily strife ;  
And—God forgive him !—left his child  
To feel, like him, a freedom wild ;  
To love the red man's dwelling-  
place,

The birch boat on his shaded floods,  
The wild excitement of the chase  
Sweeping the ancient woods,  
The camp-fire, blazing on the shore  
Of the still lakes, the clear stream  
where

The idle fisher sets his wear,  
Or angles in the shade, far more

Than that restraining awe I felt  
Beneath my gentle mother's care  
When nightly at her knee I knelt,  
With childhood's simple prayer.

"There came a change. The wild,  
glad mood  
Of unchecked freedom passed.  
Amid the ancient solitude

Of unshorn grass and waving wood,  
And waters glancing bright and fast,  
A softened voice was in my ear,  
Sweet as those lulling sounds and  
fine

The hunter lifts his head to hear,  
Now far and faint, now full and near—  
The murmur of the wind-swept pine.

A manly form was ever nigh,  
A bold, free hunter, with an eye  
Whose dark, keen glance had power  
to wake

Both fear and love,—to awe and charm ;  
'Twas as the wizard rattlesnake,

Whose evil glances lure to harm—  
Whose cold and small and glittering  
eye,

And brilliant coil, and changing dye,  
Draw, step by step, the gazer near,  
With drooping wing and cry of fear,  
Yet powerless all to turn away,  
A conscious, but a willing prey !

"Fear, doubt, thought, life itself, ere-  
long

Merged in one feeling deep and strong.  
Faded the world which I had known,

A poor vain shadow, cold and waste ;  
In the warm present bliss alone  
Seemed I of actual life to taste.

Fond longings dimly understood,  
The glow of passion's quickening  
blood,

And cherished fantasies which press  
The young lip with a dream's caress,—  
The heart's forecast and prophecy  
Took form and life before my eye,  
Seen in the glance which met my  
own,

Heard in the soft and pleading tone,  
Felt in the arms around me cast,  
And warm heart-pulses beating fast.  
Ah ! scarcely yet to God above  
With deeper trust, with stronger love,

Has prayerful saint his meek heart  
lent,

Or cloistered nun at twilight bent,  
Than I, before a human shrine,  
As mortal and as frail as mine,  
With heart, and soul, and mind, and  
form,

Knelt madly to a fellow-worm.

"Full soon, upon that dream of  
sin,

An awful light came bursting in.  
The shrine was cold at which I  
knelt,

The idol of that shrine was gone ;  
A humbled thing of shame and guilt,  
Outcast, and spurned and lone,

Wrapt in the shadows of my crime,  
With withering heart and burning  
brain,

And tears that fell like fiery rain,  
I passed a fearful time.

"There came a voice—it checked the  
tear—

In heart and soul it wrought a  
change ;—

My father's voice was in my ear ;  
It whispered of revenge !

A new and fiercer feeling swept  
All lingering tenderness away ;  
And tiger passions, which had slept

In childhood's better day,  
Unknown, unfelt, arose at length  
In all their own demoniac strength.

"A youthful warrior of the wild,  
By words deceived, by smiles beguiled,  
Of crime the cheated instrument,  
Upon our fatal errands went.

Through camp and town and wil-  
derness

He tracked his victim ; and, at last,  
Just when the tide of hate had passed,  
And milder thoughts came warm and  
fast,

Exulting, at my feet he cast  
The bloody token of success.

"O God ! with what an awful power  
I saw the buried past arise,  
And gather, in a single hour,  
Its ghost-like memories !



And then I felt—alas ! too late—  
That underneath the mask of hate,  
That shame and guilt and wrong had  
thrown

O'er feelings which they might not  
own,

The heart's wild love had known  
no change ;

And still that deep and hidden love,  
With its first fondness, wept above

The victim of its own revenge !

There lay the fearful scalp, and there  
The blood was on its pale brown hair !

I thought not of the victim's scorn,

I thought not of his baleful guile,

My deadly wrong, my outcast name,

The characters of sin and shame

On heart and forehead drawn ;

I only saw that victim's smile,—

The still, green places where we met,—

The moonlit branches, dewy wet ;

I only felt, I only heard

The greeting and the parting word,—

The smile,—the embrace,—the tone,  
which made

An Eden of the forest shade.

"And oh, with what a loathing eye,

With what a deadly hate, and deep,

I saw that Indian murderer lie

Before me, in his drunken sleep !

What though for me the deed was done,

And words of mine had sped him on !

Yet when he murmured, as he slept,

The horrors of that deed of blood,

The tide of utter madness swept

O'er brain and bosom, like a flood.

And, father, with this hand of mine—"

"Ha ! what didst thou ?" the Jesuit  
cries,

Shuddering, as smitten with sudden  
pain,

And shading, with one thin hand,  
his eyes,

With the other he makes the holy sign.

"—I smote him as I would a worm ;—

With heart as steeled, with nerves as  
firm :

He never woke again !"

"Woman of sin and blood and shame,  
Speak,—I would know that victim's  
name."

"Father," she gasped, "a chieftain,  
known

As Saco's Sachem—MOGG MEGONE !"

Pale priest ! What proud and lofty  
dreams,

What keen desires, what cherished  
schemes,

What hopes, that time may not recall,  
Are darkened by that chieftain's fall !

Was he not pledged, by cross and  
vow,

To lift the hatchet of his sire,

And, round his own, the Church's foe,

To light the avenging fire ?

Who now the Tarrantine shall wake,

For thine and for the Church's sake ?

Who summon to the scene

Of conquest and unsparing strife,

And vengeance dearer than his life,

The fiery-souled Castine ?<sup>24</sup>

Three backward steps the Jesuit  
takes,—

His long, thin frame as ague shakes ;

And loathing hate is in his eye,

As from his lips these words of fear

Fall hoarsely on the maiden's ear,—

"The soul that sinneth shall surely  
die !"

She stands, as stands the stricken deer,

Checked midway in the fearful chase,

When bursts, upon his eye and ear,

The gaunt, grey robber, baying near

Between him and his hiding-place ;

While still behind, with yell and blow,

Sweeps, like a storm, the coming foe.

"Save me, O holy man !"—her cry

Fills all the void, as if a tongue,

Unseen, from rib and rafter hung,

Thrilling with mortal agony ;

Her hands are clasping the Jesuit's  
knee,

And her eye looks fearfully into his  
own ;—

"Off, woman of sin !—nay, touch not  
me

With those fingers of blood ;—be-  
gone !"

With a gesture of horror, he spurns  
the form

That writhes at his feet like a trodden  
worm.

Ever thus the spirit must,  
 Guilty in the sight of Heaven,  
 With a keener woe be riven,  
 For its weak and sinful trust  
 In the strength of human dust ;  
 And its anguish thrill afresh,  
 For each vain reliance given  
 To the failing arm of flesh.

## PART III.

Ah, weary Priest !—with pale hands  
 pressed

On thy throbbing brow of pain,  
 Baffled in thy life-long quest,  
 Overworn with toiling vain,  
 How ill thy troubled musings fit  
 The holy quiet of a breast  
 With the Dove of Peace at rest,  
 Sweetly brooding over it.  
 Thoughts are thine which have no  
 part

With the meek and pure of heart,  
 Undisturbed by outward things,  
 Resting in the heavenly shade,  
 By the overspreading wings  
 Of the Blessed Spirit made.  
 Thoughts of strife and hate and  
 wrong

Sweep thy heated brain along,  
 Fading hopes for whose success  
 It were sin to breathe a prayer ;—  
 Schemes which Heaven may never  
 bless,—

Fears which darken to despair.  
 Hoary priest ! thy dream is done  
 Of a hundred red tribes won  
 To the pale of Holy Church ;  
 And the heretic o'erthrown,  
 And his name no longer known,  
 And thy weary brethren turning.  
 Joyful from their years of mourning,  
 'Twixt the altar and the porch.  
 Hark ! 'what sudden sound is heard  
 In the wood and in the sky,  
 Shriller than the scream of bird,—  
 Than the trumpet's clang more  
 high !

Every wolf-cave of the hills,—  
 Forest arch and mountain gorge,  
 Rock and dell, and river vale,—  
 With an answering echo thrills.

Well does the Jesuit know that cry,  
 Which summons the Norridgewock  
 to die,

And tells that the foe of his flock is  
 nigh.

He listens, and hears the rangers come,  
 With loud hurrah, and jar of drum,  
 And hurrying feet (for the chase is hot),  
 And the short, sharp sound of rifle shot,  
 And taunt and menace,—answered  
 well

By the Indians' mocking cry and  
 yell,—

The bark of dogs,—the squaw's mad  
 scream,—

The dash of paddles along the stream,—  
 The whistle of shot as it cuts the leaves  
 Of the maples around the church's  
 eaves,—

And the gride of hatchets fiercely  
 thrown,

On wigwam-log and tree and stone.  
 Black with the grime of paint and dust,  
 Spotted and streaked with human  
 gore,

A grim and naked head is thrust  
 Within the chapel door.

"Ha—Bomazeen !—In God's name  
 say,

What mean these sounds of bloody  
 fray?"

Silent, the Indian points his hand  
 To where across the echoing glen  
 Sweep Harmon's dreaded ranger-  
 band,

And Moulton with his men.  
 "Where are thy warriors, Bomazeen ?  
 Where are De Rouville<sup>23</sup> and Castine,  
 And where the braves of Sawga's  
 queen ?"

"Let my father find the winter snow  
 Which the sun drank up long moons  
 ago !

Under the falls of Tacconock,  
 The wolves are eating the Norridge-  
 wock ;

Castine with his wives lies closely hid  
 Like a fox in the woods of Pemaquid !  
 On Sawga's banks the man of war  
 Sits in his wigwam like a squaw,—  
 Squando has fled, and Mogg Megone,  
 Struck by the knife of Sagamore John,  
 Lies stiff and stark and cold as a stone."

Fearfully over the Jesuit's face,  
Of a thousand thoughts, trace after  
trace,  
Like swift cloud-shadows, each other  
chase.

One instant, his fingers grasp his knife,  
For a last vain struggle for cherished  
life,—

The next, he hurls the blade away,  
And kneels at his altar's foot to pray ;  
Over his beads his fingers stray,  
And he kisses the cross, and calls aloud  
On the Virgin and her Son ;  
For terrible thoughts his memory  
crowd

Of evil seen and done,—  
Of scalps brought home by his savage  
flock  
From Casco and Sawga and Sagadahock

In the Church's service won.

No shrift the gloomy savage brooks,  
As scowling on the priest he looks :

"Cowesass—cowesass—tawhich wes-  
saseen ? \*

Let my father look upon Bomazeen,—  
My father's heart is the heart of a  
squaw,

But mine is so hard that it does not  
thaw ;

Let my father ask his God to make  
A dance and a feast for a great  
sagamore,

When he paddles across the western  
lake,

With his dogs and his squaws to  
the spirit's shore.

"Cowesass—cowesass—tawhich wes-  
saseen ?

Let my father die like Bomazeen !"

Through the chapel's narrow doors,  
And through each window in the  
walls,

Round the priest and warrior pours  
The deadly shower of English balls.

Low on his cross the Jesuit falls ;  
While at his side the Norridge-  
wock,

With failing breath, essays to mock

\* *Cowesass ?—tawhich wessaseen ?—Are  
you afraid ?—why fear you ?*

And menace yet the hated foe,—  
Shakes his scalp-trophies to and fro  
Exultingly before their eyes,—  
Till, cleft and torn by shot and blow,  
Defiant still, he dies.

"So fare all eaters of the frog !  
Death to the Babylonish dog !

Down with the beast of Rome !"  
With shouts like these, around the dead  
Unconscious on his bloody bed,  
The rangers crowding come.

Brave men ! the dead priest cannot  
hear

The unfeeling taunt,—the brutal  
jeer ;—

Spurn—for he sees ye not—in wrath,  
The symbol of your Saviour's death ;  
Tear from his death-grasp, in your  
zeal,

And trample, as a thing accursed,  
The cross he cherished in the dust :  
The dead man cannot feel !

Brutal alike in deed and word,  
With callous heart and hand of  
strife,

How like a fiend may man be made,  
Plying the foul and monstrous trade

Whose harvest-field is human life,  
Whose sickle is the reeking sword !  
Quenching, with reckless hand, in  
blood,

Sparks kindled by the breath of God ;  
Urging the deathless soul, unshriven,

Of open guilt or secret sin,  
Before the bar of that pure Heaven  
The holy only enter in !

Oh, by the widow's sore distress,  
The orphan's wailing wretchedness,  
By Virtue struggling in the accursed  
Embraces of polluting Lust,  
By the fell discord of the Pit,  
And the pained souls that people it,  
And by the blessed peace which fills  
The Paradise of God for ever

Resting on all its holy hills,  
And flowing with its crystal river,—

Let Christian hands no longer bear  
In triumph on his crimson car  
The foul and idol god of war,

No more the purple wreaths prepare  
To bind amid his snaky hair ;

Nor Christian bards his glories tell,  
Nor Christian tongues his praises  
swell.

Through the gun-smoke wreathing  
white,  
Glimpses on the soldiers' sight  
A thing of human shape I ween,  
For a moment only seen,  
With its loose hair backward stream-  
ing,

And its eyeballs madly gleaming,  
Shrieking, like a soul in pain,  
From the world of light and breath,  
Hurrying to its place again,  
Spectre-like it vanisheth !

Wretched girl ! one eye alone  
Notes the way which thou hast gone.  
That great Eye, which slumbers never,  
Watching o'er a lost world ever,  
Tracks thee over vale and mountain,  
By the gushing forest-fountain,  
Plucking from the vine its fruit,  
Searching for the ground-nut's root,  
Peering in the she-wolf's den,  
Wading through the marshy fen,  
Where the sluggish water-snake  
Basks beside the sunny brake,  
Coiling in his slimy bed,  
Smooth and cold against thy tread,—  
Purposeless, thy mazy way  
Threading through the lingering day.  
And at night securely sleeping  
Where the dogwood's dewdrops are weep-  
ing !

Still, though earth and man discard  
thee,  
Doth thy Heavenly Father guard  
thee :

He who spared the guilty Cain,  
Even when a brother's blood,  
Crying in the ear of God,  
Gave the earth its primal stain,—  
He whose mercy ever liveth,  
Who repenting guilt forgiveth,  
And the broken heart receiveth,—  
Wanderer of the wilderness,  
Haunted, guilty, crazed, and wild,  
He regardeth thy distress,  
And careth for His sinful child !

\* \* \*

'Tis springtime on the eastern hills !  
Like torrents gush the summer rills ;  
Through winter's moss and dry dead  
leaves

The bladed grass revives and lives,  
Pushes the mouldering waste away,  
And glimpses to the April day.  
In kindly shower and sunshine bud  
The branches of the dull grey wood ;  
Out from its sunned and sheltered  
nooks

The blue eye of the violet looks ;  
The south-west wind is warmly  
blowing,  
And odours from the springing grass,  
The pine-tree and the sassafras,  
Are with it on its errands going.

A band is marching through the  
wood

Where rolls the Kennebec his flood,—  
The warriors of the wilderness,  
Painted, and in their battle dress ;  
And with them one whose bearded  
cheek,  
And white and wrinkled brow, be-  
speak

A wanderer from the shores of  
France.

A few long locks of scattering snow  
Beneath a battered morion flow,  
And from the rivets of the vest  
Which girds in steel his ample breast,  
The slanted sunbeams glance.

In the harsh outlines of his face  
Passion and sin have left their trace ;  
Yet, save worn brow and thin grey  
hair,

No signs of weary age are there.

His step is firm, his eye is keen,  
Nor years in broil and battle spent,  
Nor toil, nor wounds, nor pain have  
bent,

The lordly frame of old Castine.

No purpose now of strife and blood  
Urges the hoary veteran on :  
The fire of conquest and the mood  
Of chivalry have gone.

A mournful task is his,—to lay  
Within the earth the bones of those  
Who perished in that fearful day,  
When Norridgewock became the prey  
Of all unsparing foes.

Sadly and still, dark thoughts between,

Of coming vengeance mused Castine,  
Of the fallen chieftain Bomazeen,  
Who bade for him the Norridgewocks  
Dig up their buried tomahawks

For firm defence or swift attack ;  
And him whose friendship formed the tie

Which held the stern self-exile back  
From lapsing into savagery ;

Whose garb and tone and kindly glance  
Recalled a younger, happier day,  
And prompted memory's fond essay,  
To bridge the mighty waste which lay

Between his wild home and that grey,

Tall chateau of his native France,  
Whose chapel bell, with far-heard din,  
Ushered his birth-hour gaily in,  
And counted with its solemn toll  
The masses for his father's soul.

Hark ! from the foremost of the band  
Suddenly bursts the Indian yell ;

For now on the very spot they stand  
Where the Norridgewocks fighting fell.

No wigwam smoke is curling there ;  
The very earth is scorched and bare :  
And they pause and listen to catch a sound

Of breathing life,—but there comes not one,

Save the fox's bark and the rabbit's bound ;

But here and there, on the blackened ground,

White bones are glistening in the sun.

And where the house of prayer arose,  
And the holy hymn, at daylight's close,

And the aged priest stood up to bless  
The children of the wilderness,  
There is naught save ashes sodden  
and dank ;

And the birchen boats of the Norridgewock,

Tethered to tree and stump and rock,  
Rotting along the river bank !

Blessed Mary ! who is she  
Leaning against that maple-tree ?  
The sun upon her face burns hot,  
But the fixed eyelid moveth not ;  
The squirrel's chirp is shrill and clear

From the dry bough above her ear ;  
Dashing from rock and root its spray  
Close at her feet the river rushes ;  
The blackbird's wing against her brushes,

And sweetly through the hazel-bushes

The robin's mellow music gushes ;—  
God save her ! will she sleep away ?

Castine hath bent him over the sleeper :  
“ Wake, daughter,—wake ! ”—but  
she stirs no limb :

The eye that looks on him is fixed  
and dim ;

And the sleep she is sleeping shall be  
no deeper,

Until the angel's oath is said,  
And the final blast of the trump goes forth

To the graves of the sea and the  
graves of earth.

RUTH BONYTHON IS DEAD !



# LEGENDARY POEMS

[1846]

## THE MERRIMACK

["The Indians speak of a beautiful river,  
far to the south, which they call Merrimack."  
—*Sieur de Monts*: 1604.]

STREAM of my fathers ! sweetly still  
The sunset rays thy valley fill ;  
Poured slantwise down the long defile,  
Wave, wood, and spire beneath them  
smile.

I see the winding Powow fold  
The green hill in its belt of gold,  
And following down its wavy line,  
Its sparkling waters blend with thine.  
There's not a tree upon thy side,  
Nor rock, which thy returning tide  
As yet hath left abrupt and stark  
Above thy evening water-mark ;  
No calm cove with its rocky hem,  
No isle whose emerald swells begem  
Thy broad, smooth current ; not a  
sail

Bowed to the freshening ocean gale ;  
No small boat with its busy oars,  
Nor grey wall sloping to thy shores ;  
Nor farm-house with its maple shade,  
Or rigid poplar colonnade,  
But lies distinct and full in sight,  
Beneath this gush of sunset light.  
Centuries ago, that harbour-bar,  
Stretching its length of foam afar,  
And Salisbury's beach of shining  
sand,  
And yonder island's wave-smoothed  
strand,  
Saw the adventurer's tiny sail,  
Flit, stooping from the eastern gale ;<sup>26</sup>  
And o'er these woods and waters broke  
The cheer from Britain's hearts of  
oak,

As brightly on the voyager's eye,  
Weary of forest, sea, and sky,

Breaking the dull continuous wood,  
The Merrimack rolled down his  
flood ;

Mingling that clear pellucid brook,  
Which channels vast Agiochook  
When spring-time's sun and shower  
unlock

The frozen fountains of the rock,  
And more abundant waters given  
From that pure lake, "The Smile of  
Heaven," \*

Tributes from vale and mountain-  
side,—

With ocean's dark, eternal tide !

On yonder rocky cape, which braves  
The stormy challenge of the waves,  
Midst tangled vine and dwarfish  
wood,

The hardy Anglo-Saxon stood,  
Planting upon the topmost crag  
The staff of England's battle-flag ;  
And, while from out its heavy fold  
Saint George's crimson cross unrolled,  
Midst roll of drum and trumpet  
blare,

And weapons brandishing in air,  
He gave to that lone promontory  
The sweetest name in all his story ;<sup>27</sup>  
Of her, the flower of Islam's daughters,  
Whose harems look on Stamboul's  
waters,—

Who, when the chance of war had  
bound

The Moslem chain his limbs around,  
Wreathed o'er with silk that iron  
chain,

Soothed with her smiles his hours of  
pain,

\* Lake Winnepesaukee,—*The Smile of the  
Great Spirit*,—the source of one of the  
branches of the Merrimack.

And fondly to her youthful slave  
A dearer gift than freedom gave.

But look !—the yellow light no more  
Streams down on wave and verdant  
shore ;

And clearly on the calm air swells  
The twilight voice of distant bells.  
From Ocean's bosom, white and thin,  
The mists come slowly rolling in ;  
Hills, woods, the river's rocky rim,  
Amidst the sea-like vapour swim,  
While yonder lonely coast-light, set  
Within its wave-washed minaret,  
Half quenched, a beamless star and  
pale,  
Shines dimly through its cloudy veil !

Home of my fathers !—I have stood  
Where Hudson rolled his lordly  
flood :

Seen sunrise rest and sunset fade  
Along his frowning Palisade ;  
Looked down the Apalachian peak  
On Juniata's silver streak ;  
Have seen along his valley gleam  
The Mohawk's softly winding stream ;  
The level light of sunset shine  
Through broad Potomac's hem of  
pine ;

And autumn's rainbow-tinted banner  
Hang lightly o'er the Susquehanna ;  
Yet wheresoe'er his step might be,  
Thy wandering child looked back to  
thee !

Heard in his dreams thy river's sound  
Of murmuring on its pebbly bound,  
The unforgotten swell and roar  
Of waves on thy familiar shore ;  
And saw, amidst the curtained gloom  
And quiet of his lonely room,  
Thy sunset scenes before him pass ;  
As, in Agrippa's magic glass,  
The loved and lost arose to view,  
Remembered groves in greenness  
grew,

Bathed still in childhood's morning  
dew,

Along whose bowers of beauty swept  
Whatever Memory's mourners wept,  
Sweet faces, which the charnel kept,  
Young, gentle eyes, which long had  
slept ;

And while the gazer leaned to trace,  
More near, some dear familiar face,  
He wept to find the vision flown,—  
A phantom and a dream alone !

THE NORSEMEN<sup>28</sup>

GIFT from the cold and silent Past !  
A relic to the present cast ;  
Left on the ever-changing strand  
Of shifting and unstable sand,  
Which wastes beneath the steady  
chime

And beating of the waves of Time !  
Who from its bed of primal rock  
First wrenched thy dark, unshapely  
block ?

Whose hand, of curious skill un-  
taught,  
Thy rude and savage outline wrought ?

The waters of my native stream  
Are glancing in the sun's warm beam :  
From sail-urged keel and flashing  
oar

The circles widen to its shore :  
And cultured field and peopled town  
Slope to its willowed margin down.  
Yet, while this morning breeze is  
bringing

The home-life sound of school-bells  
ringing,

And rolling wheel, and rapid jar  
Of the fire-winged and steedless car,  
And voices from the wayside near  
Come quick and blended on my ear,  
A spell is in this old grey stone,—  
My thoughts are with the Past alone !

A change !—The steepled town no  
more  
Stretches along the sail-thronged  
shore :

Like palace-domes in sunset's cloud,  
Fade sun-gilt spire and mansion  
proud :

Spectrally rising where they stood,  
I see the old, primeval wood :  
Dark, shadow-like, on either hand  
I see its solemn waste expand :

It climbs the green and cultured hill,  
It arches o'er the valley's rill ;  
And leans from cliff and crag, to throw  
Its wild arms o'er the stream below.  
Unchanged, alone, the same bright  
river

Flows on, as it will flow for ever !  
I listen, and I hear the low  
Soft ripple where its waters go ;  
I hear behind the panther's cry,  
The wild-bird's scream goes thrilling  
by,  
And shyly on the river's brink  
The deer is stooping down to drink.

But hark !—from wood and rock flung  
back,

What sound comes up the Merrimack ?  
What sea-worn barks are those which  
throw

The light spray from each rushing  
prow ?

Have they not in the North Sea's  
blast

Bowed to the waves the straining  
mast ?

Their frozen sails the low, pale sun  
Of Thulé's night has shone upon ;  
Flapped by the sea-wind's gusty  
sweep

Round icy drift, and headland steep.  
Wild Jutland's wives and Lochlin's  
daughters

Have watched them fading o'er the  
waters,

Lessening through driving mist and  
spray,

Like white-winged sea-birds on their  
way !

Onward they glide,—and now I view  
Their iron-armed and stalwart crew ;  
Joy glistens in each wild blue eye,  
Turned to green earth and summer  
sky :

Each broad, seamed breast has cast  
aside

Its cumbering vest of shaggy hide ;  
Bared to the sun and soft warm air,  
Streams back the Norsemen's yellow  
hair.

I see the gleam of axe and spear,  
The sound of smitten shields I hear,

Keeping a harsh and fitting time  
To Saga's chant, and Runic rhyme ;  
Such lays as Zetland's Scald has sung,  
His grey and naked isles among ;  
Or muttered low at midnight hour  
Round Odin's mossy stone of power.  
The wolf beneath the Arctic moon  
Has answered to that startling rune ;  
The Gael has heard its stormy swell,  
The light Frank knows its summons  
well ;

Iona's sable-stoled Culdee  
Has heard it sounding o'er the sea,  
And swept, with hoary beard and  
hair,  
His altar's foot in trembling prayer !

'Tis past,—the 'wilderer vision dies  
In darkness on my dreaming eyes !

The forest vanishes in air,—  
Hill-slope and vale lie starkly bare ;

I hear the common tread of men,  
And hum of work-day life again :

The mystic relic seems alone  
A broken mass of common stone ;

And if it be the chiselled limb  
Of Berserker or idol grim,—

A fragment of Valhalla's Thor,  
The stormy Viking's god of War,

Or Praga of the Runic lay,  
Or love-awakening Siona,

I know not,—for no graven line,  
Nor Druid mark, nor Runic sign,

Is left me here, by which to trace  
Its name, or origin, or place.

Yet, for this vision of the Past,  
This glance upon its darkness cast

My spirit bows in gratitude  
Before the Giver of all good,

Who fashioned so the human mind,  
That, from the waste of Time behind,

A simple stone, or mound of earth  
Can summon the departed forth ;

Quicken the Past to life again,—  
The Present lose in what hath been,

And in their primal freshness show  
The buried forms of long ago.

As if a portion of that Thought  
By which the Eternal will is wrought,

Whose impulse fills anew with breath  
The frozen solitude of Death,

To mortal mind were sometimes lent,  
To mortal musings sometimes sent,



To whisper—even when it seems  
But Memory's fantasy of dreams—  
Through the mind's waste of woe and  
sin,  
Of an immortal origin?

## CASSANDRA SOUTHWICK

1658.

To the God of all sure mercies let my  
blessing rise to-day,  
From the scoffer and the cruel He  
hath plucked the spoil away,—  
Yea, He who cooled the furnace around  
the faithful three,  
And tamed the Chaldean lions, hath  
set His handmaid free!

Last night I saw the sunset melt  
through my prison bars,  
Last night across my damp earth-floor  
fell the pale gleam of stars;  
In the coldness and the darkness all  
through the long night-time,  
My grated casement whitened with  
autumn's early rime.

Alone, in that dark sorrow, hour after  
hour crept by;  
Star after star looked palely in and  
sank adown the sky;  
No sound amid night's stillness, save  
that which seemed to be  
The dull and heavy beating of the  
pulses of the sea;

All night I sat unsleeping, for I knew  
that on the morrow  
The ruler and the cruel priest would  
mock me in my sorrow,  
Dragged to their place of market, and  
bargained for and sold,  
Like a lamb before the shambles, like  
a heifer from the fold!

Oh, the weakness of the flesh was there,  
—the shrinking and the shame;  
And the low voice of the Tempter like  
whispers to me came:

"Why sit'st thou thus forlornly!"  
the wicked murmur said,  
"Damp walls thy bower of beauty,  
cold earth thy maiden bed?"

"Where be the smiling faces, and  
voices soft and sweet,  
Seen in thy father's dwelling, heard  
in the pleasant street?  
Where be the youths whose glances,  
the summer Sabbath through,  
Turned tenderly and timidly unto thy  
father's pew?"

"Why sit'st thou here, Cassandra?—  
Bethink thee with what mirth  
Thy happy schoolmates gather around  
the warm bright hearth;  
How the crimson shadows tremble on  
foreheads white and fair,  
On eyes of merry girlhood, half hid  
in golden hair.

"Not for thee the hearth-fire brightens,  
not for thee kind words are  
spoken,  
Not for thee the nuts of Wenham  
woods by laughing boys are  
broken,  
No first-fruits of the orchard within  
thy lap are laid,  
For thee no flowers of autumn the  
youthful hunters braid.

"Oh, weak, deluded maiden!—by  
crazy fancies led,  
With wild and raving railers an evil  
path to tread;  
To leave a wholesome worship, and  
teaching pure and sound;  
And mate with maniac women, loose-  
haired and sackcloth bound.

"Mad scoffers of the priesthood, who  
mock at things divine,  
Who rail against the pulpit, and holy  
bread and wine;  
Sore from their cart-tail scourgings,  
and from the pillory lame,  
Rejoicing in their wretchedness, and  
glorying in their shame.

"And what a fate awaits thee?—a  
sadly toiling slave,  
Dragging the slowly lengthening chain  
of bondage to the grave!  
Think of thy woman's nature, subdued  
in hopeless thrall,  
The easy prey of any, the scoff and  
scorn of all!"

Oh, ever as the Tempter spoke, and  
feeble Nature's fears  
Wrung drop by drop the scalding flow  
of unavailing tears,  
I wrestled down the evil thoughts,  
and strove in silent prayer,  
To feel, O Helper of the weak! that  
Thou indeed wert there!

I thought of Paul and Silas, within  
Philippi's cell,  
And how from Peter's sleeping limbs  
the prison-shackles fell,  
Till I seemed to hear the trailing of  
an angel's robe of white,  
And to feel a blessed presence invisible  
to sight.

Bless the Lord for all His mercies!—  
for the peace and love I felt,  
Like dew of Hermon's holy hill, upon  
my spirit melt;  
When "Get behind me, Satan!" was  
the language of my heart,  
And I felt the Evil Tempter with all  
his doubts depart.

Slow broke the grey cold morning;  
again the sunshine fell,  
Flecked with the shade of bar and  
grate within my lonely cell;  
The hoar-frost melted on the wall, and  
upward from the street  
Came careless laugh and idle word,  
and tread of passing feet.

At length the heavy bolts fell back,  
my door was open cast,  
And slowly at the sheriff's side, up  
the long street I passed;  
I heard the murmur round me, and  
felt, but dared not see,  
How, from every door and window,  
the people gazed on me.

And doubt and fear fell on me, shame  
burned upon my cheek,  
Swam earth and sky around me, my  
trembling limbs grew weak:  
"O Lord! support Thy handmaid;  
and from her soul cast out  
The fear of man, which brings a snare.  
—the weakness and the doubt."

Then the dreary shadows scattered,  
like a cloud in morning's breeze,  
And a low deep voice within me seemed  
whispering words like these:  
"Though thy earth be as the iron,  
and thy heaven a brazen wall,  
Trust still His loving-kindness whose  
power is over all."

We paused at length, where at my  
feet the sunlit waters broke  
On glaring reach of shining beach,  
and shingly wall of rock;  
The merchant-ships lay idly there, in  
hard clear lines on high,  
Tracing with rope and slender spar  
their network on the sky.

And there were ancient citizens, cloak-  
wrapped and grave and cold,  
And grim and stout sea-captains with  
faces bronzed and old,  
And on his horse, with Rawson, his  
cruel cleik at hand,  
Sat dark and haughty Endicott, the  
ruler of the land.

And poisoning with his evil words the  
ruler's ready ear,  
The priest leaned o'er his saddle, with  
laugh and scoff and jeer;  
It stirred my soul, and from my lips  
the seal of silence broke,  
As if through woman's weakness a  
warning spirit spoke.

I cried, "The Lord rebuke thee, thou  
smiter of the meek,  
Thou robber of the righteous, thou  
trampler of the weak!  
Go light the dark, cold hearth-stones,  
—go turn the prison lock  
Of the poor hearts thou hast hunted,  
thou wolf amid the flock!"

Dark lowered the brows of Endicott,  
and with a deeper red  
O'er Rawson's wine-empurpled cheek  
the flush of anger spread ;  
"Good people," quoth the white-lipped  
priest, "heed I other words so wild,  
Her master speaks within her,—the  
Devil owns his child !"

But grey heads shook, and young brows  
knit, the while the sheriff read  
That law the wicked rulers against  
the poor have made,  
Who to their house of Rimmon and  
idol priesthood bring  
No bended knee of worship, nor gain-  
ful offering.

Then to the stout sea-captains the  
sheriff, turning, said,—  
"Which of ye, worthy seamen, will  
take this Quaker maid ?  
In the Isle of fair Barbadoes, or on  
Virginia's shore,  
You may hold her at a higher price  
than Indian girl or Moor."

Grim and silent stood the captains ;  
and when again he cried,  
"Speak out, my worthy seamen !" —  
no voice, no sign replied ;  
But I felt a hard hand press my own,  
and kind words met my ear,—  
"God bless thee, and preserve thee,  
my gentle girl and dear !"

A weight seemed lifted from my heart,  
—a pitying friend was nigh,  
I felt it in his hard, rough hand, and  
saw it in his eye ;  
And when again the sheriff spoke, that  
voice, so kind to me,  
Growled back its stormy answer like  
the roaring of the sea,—

"Pile my ship with bars of silver,—  
pack with coins of Spanish gold,  
From keel-piece up to deck-plank, the  
roomage of her hold,  
By the living God who made me !—I  
would sooner in your bay  
Sink ship and crew and cargo, than  
bear this child away !"

"Well answered, worthy captain,  
shame on their cruel laws !"  
Ran through the crowd in murmurs  
loud the people's just applause.  
"Like the herdsman of Tekoa, in  
Israel of old,  
Shall we see the poor and righteous  
again for silver sold ?"

I looked on haughty Endicott ; with  
weapon half-way drawn,  
Swept round the throng his lion glare  
of bitter hate and scorn ;  
Fiercely he drew his bridle-rein, and  
turned in silence back,  
And sneering priest and baffled clerk  
rode murmuring in his track.

Hard after them the sheriff looked, in  
bitterness of soul ;  
Thrice smote his staff upon the  
ground, and crushed his parch-  
ment roll.  
"Good friends," he said, "since both  
have fled, the ruler and the priest,  
Judge ye, if from their further work I  
be not well released."

Loud was the cheer which, full and  
clear, swept round the silent  
bay,  
As, with kind words and kinder looks,  
he bade me go my way ;  
For He who turns the courses of the  
streamlet of the glen,  
And the river of great waters, had  
turned the hearts of men.

Oh, at that hour the very earth seemed  
changed beneath my eye,  
A holier wonder round me rose the  
blue walls of the sky,  
A lovelier light on rock and hill and  
stream and woodland lay,  
And softer lapsed on sunnier sands  
the waters of the bay.

Thanksgiving to the Lord of life !—to  
Him all praises be,  
Who from the hands of evil men hath  
set His handmaid free ;

All praise to Him before whose power  
the mighty are afraid,  
Who takes the crafty in the snare  
which for the poor is laid !

Sing, O my soul, rejoicingly, on even-  
ing's twilight calm  
Uplift the loud thanksgiving,—pour  
forth the grateful psalm ;  
Let all dear hearts with me rejoice, as  
did the saints of old,  
When of the Lord's good angel the  
rescued Peter told.

And weep and howl, ye evil priests  
and mighty men of wrong,  
The Lord shall smite the proud, and  
lay His hand upon the strong.  
Woe to the wicked rulers in His  
avenging hour !  
Woe to the wolves who seek the flocks  
to raven and devour !

But let the humble ones arise,—the  
poor in heart be glad,  
And let the mourning ones again with  
robes of praise be clad,  
For He who cooled the furnace, and  
smoothed the stormy wave,  
And tamed the Chaldean lions, is  
mighty still to save !

### FUNERAL TREE OF THE SOKOKIS

1756.

AROUND Sebago's lonely lake  
There lingers not a breeze to break  
The mirror which its waters make.

The solemn pines along its shore,  
The firs which hang its grey rocks  
o'er,  
Are painted on its glassy floor.

The sun looks o'er, with hazy eye,  
The snowy mountain-tops which lie  
Piled coldly up against the sky,

Dazzling and white ! save where the  
bleak,  
Wild winds have bared some splinter-  
ing peak,  
Or snow-slide left its dusky streak.

Yet green are Saco's banks below,  
And belts of spruce and cedar show  
Dark, fringing round those cones of  
snow.

The earth hath felt the breath of  
spring,  
Though yet on her deliverer's wing  
The lingering frosts of winter cling.

Fresh grasses fringe the meadow-  
brooks  
And mildly from its sunny nooks  
The blue eye of the violet looks.

And odours from the springing grass,  
The sweet birch and the sassafras,  
Upon the scarce-felt breezes pass.

Her tokens of renewing care  
Hath Nature scattered everywhere,  
In bud and flower, and warmer air.

But in their hour of bitterness,  
What reck the broken Sokokis,  
Beside their slaughtered chief, of this ?

The turf's red stain is yet undried,—  
Scarce have the death-shot echoes died  
Along Sebago's wooded side :

And silent now the hunters stand,  
Grouped darkly, where a swell of land  
Slopes upward from the lake's white  
sand.

Fire and the axe have swept it bare,  
Save one lone beech, unclosing there  
Its light leaves in the vernal air.

With grave, cold looks, all sternly mute,  
They break the damp turf at its foot,  
And bare its coiled and twisted root.

They heave the stubborn trunk aside,  
The firm roots from the earth divide,—  
The rent beneath yawns dark and wide.

And there the fallen chief is laid,  
In tasselled garbs of skins arrayed,  
And girded with its wampum-braid.

The silver cross he loved is pressed  
Beneath the heavy arms, which rest  
Upon his scarred and naked breast.

'Tis done : the roots are backward sent,  
The beechen-tree stands up unbent,—  
The Indian's fitting monument !

When of that sleeper's broken race  
Their green and pleasant dwelling-  
place,  
Which knew them once, retains no  
trace ;

Oh, long may sunset's light be shed  
As now upon that beech's head,—  
A green memorial of the dead !

There shall his fitting requiem be,  
In northern winds, that, cold and free,  
Howl nightly in that funeral tree.

To their wild wail the waves which  
break  
For ever round that lonely lake  
A solemn undertone shall make !

And who shall deem the spot unblest,  
Where Nature's younger children  
rest,  
Lulled on their sorrowing mother's  
breast ?

Deem ye that mother loveth less  
These bronzed forms of the wilderness  
She foldeth in her long caress ?

As sweet o'er them her wild-flowers  
blow  
As if with fairer hair and brow  
The blue-eyed Saxon slept below.

What though the places of their rest  
No priestly knee hath ever pressed,—  
No funeral rite nor prayer hath blessed ?

What though the bigot's ban be there,  
And thoughts of wailing and despair,  
And cursing in the place of prayer !

Yet Heaven hath angels watching  
round  
The Indian's lowliest forest-mound,—  
And *they* have made it holy ground.

There ceases man's frail judgment ; all  
His powerless bolts of cursing fall  
Unheeded on that grassy pall.

Oh, peeled, and hunted, and reviled,  
Sleep on, dark tenant of the wild !  
Great Nature owns her simple child :

And Nature's God, to whom alone  
The secret of the heart is known,—  
The hidden language traced thereon ;

Who from its many cumberings  
Of form and creed, and outward things,  
To light the naked spirit brings ;

Not with our partial eye shall scan,  
Not with our pride and scorn shall ban  
The spirit of our brother man !

## ST. JOHN

1647.

"To the winds give our banner !  
Bear homeward again !"  
Cried the Lord of Acadia,  
Cried Charles of Estienne ;  
From the prow of his shallop  
He gazed, as the sun,  
From its bed in the ocean,  
Streamed up the St. John.

O'er the blue western waters  
That shallop had passed,  
Where the mists of Penobscot  
Clung damp on her mast.  
St. Saviour had looked  
On the heretic sail,  
As the songs of the Huguenot  
Rose on the gale.

The pale, ghostly fathers  
Remembered her well,  
And had cursed her while passing,  
With taper and bell,

But the men of Monhegan,  
Of Papists abhorred,  
Had welcomed and feasted  
The heretic Lord.

They had loaded his shallop  
With dun-fish and ball,  
With stores for his larder,  
And steel for his wall.  
Pemequid, from her bastions  
And turrets of stone,  
Had welcomed his coming  
With banner and gun.

And the prayers of the elders  
Had followed his way,  
As homeward he glided,  
Down Pentecost Bay.  
Oh, well sped La Tour !  
For, in peril and pain,  
His lady kept watch,  
For his coming again.

O'er the Isle of the Pheasant  
The morning sun shone,  
On the plane-trees which shaded  
The shores of St. John.  
"Now, why from yon battlements  
Speaks not my love !  
Why waves there no banner  
My fortress above ?"

Dark and wild, from his deck  
St. Estienne gazed about,  
On fire-wasted dwellings,  
And silent redoubt ;  
From the low, shattered walls  
Which the flame had o'errun  
There floated no banner,  
There thundered no gun !

But beneath the low arch  
Of its doorway there stood  
A pale priest of Rome,  
In his cloak and his hood.  
With the bound of a lion  
La Tour sprang to land,  
On the throat of the Papist  
He fastened his hand.

"Speak, son of the Woman  
Of scarlet and sin !  
What wolf has been prowling  
My castle within ?"  
From the grasp of the soldier  
The Jesuit broke,  
Half in scorn, half in sorrow,  
He smiled as he spoke :

"No wolf, Lord of Estienne,  
Has ravaged thy hall,  
But thy red-handed rival,  
With fire, steel, and ball !  
On an errand of mercy  
I hitherward came,  
While the walls of thy castle  
Yet spouted with flame.

"Pentagoet's dark vessels  
Were moored in the bay,  
Grim sea-lions, roaring  
Aloud for their prey."  
"But what of my lady ?"  
Cried Charles of Estienne.  
"On the shot-crumbled turret  
Thy lady was seen :

"Half-veiled in the smoke-cloud,  
Her hand grasped thy pennon,  
While her dark tresses swayed  
In the hot breath of cannon !  
But woe to the heretic,  
Evermore woe !  
When the son of the Church  
And the cross is his foe !

"In the track of the shell,  
In the path of the ball,  
Pentagoet swept over  
The breach of the wall !  
Steel to steel, gun to gun,  
One moment,— and then  
Alone stood the victor,  
Alone with his men !

"Of its sturdy defenders,  
Thy lady alone  
Saw the cross-blazoned banner  
Float over St. John."

"Let the dastard look to it!"

Cried fiery Estienne,  
"Were D'Aulney King Louis,  
I'd free her again!"

"Alas for thy lady!

No service from thee

Is needed by her

Whom the Lord hath set free:

Nine days, in stern silence,

Her thralldom she bore,

But the tenth morning came,

And Death opened her door!"

As if suddenly smitten

La Tour staggered back;

His hand grasped his sword-hilt,

His forehead grew black.

He sprang on the deck

Of his shallop again.

"We cruise now for vengeance!

Give way!" cried Estienne.

"Massachusetts shall hear

Of the Huguenot's wrong,

And from island and creekside

Her fishers shall throng!

Pentagoet shall rue

What his Papists have done,

When his palisades echo

The Puritan's gun!"

Oh, the loveliest of heavens

Hung tenderly o'er him,

There were waves in the sunshine,

And green isles before him:

But a pale hand was beckoning

The Huguenot on;

And in blackness and ashes

Behind was St. John!

Reflected from its waveless breast

The beauty of a cloudless west,

Glorious as if a glimpse were given

Within the western gates of heaven,

Left, by the spirit of the star

Of sunset's holy hour, ajar!

Beside the river's tranquil flood

The dark and low-walled dwellings

stood,

Where many a rood of open land

Stretched up and down on either

hand,

With corn-leaves waving freshly green

The thick and blackened stumps be-

tween.

Behind, unbroken, deep and dread,

The wild, untravelled forest spread,

Back to those mountains, white and

cold,

Of which the Indian trapper told,

Upon whose summits never yet

Was mortal foot in safety set.

Quiet and calm, without a fear

Of danger darkly lurking near,

The weary labourer left his plough,—

The milkmaid carolled by her cow,—

From cottage door and household

hearth

Rose songs of praise, or tones of mirth.

At length the murmur died away,

And silence on that village lay,—

So slept Pompeii, tower and hall,

Ere the quick earthquake swallowed

all,

Undreaming of the fiery fate

Which made its dwellings desolate!

Hours passed away. By moonlight  
sped

The Merrimack along his bed.

Bathed in the pallid lustre, stood

Dark cottage-wall and rock and wood,

Silent, beneath that tranquil beam,

As the hushed grouping of a dream.

Yet on the still air crept a sound,—

No bark of fox, nor rabbit's bound,

Nor stir of wings, nor waters flowing,

Nor leaves in midnight breezes blowing.

Was that the tread of many feet,

Which downward from the hillside

beat?

## PENTUCKET

1708.

How sweetly on the wood-gut town  
The mellow light of sunset shone!  
Each small, bright lake, whose waters  
still  
Mirror the forest and the hill,

What forms were those which darkly  
stood  
Just on the margin of the wood?—  
Charred tree-stumps in the moonlight  
dim,  
Or paling rude, or leafless limb?  
No,—through the trees fierce eyeballs  
glowed,  
Dark human forms in moonshine  
showed,  
Wild from their native wilderness,  
With painted limbs and battle-dress !

A yell the dead might wake to hear  
Swelled on the night air, far and  
clear,—

Then snote the Indian tomahawk  
On crashing door and shattering  
lock,—

Then rang the rifle-shot,—and then  
The shrill death-scream of stricken  
men,—

Sank the red axe in woman's brain,  
And childhood's cry arose in vain,—  
Bursting through roof and window  
came,

Red, fast, and fierce, the kindled  
flame;

And blended fire and moonlight glared  
On still dead men and weapons  
bared.

The morning sun looked brightly  
through

The river willows, wet with dew.  
No sound of combat filled the air,—  
No shout was heard,—nor gunshot  
there :

Yet still the thick and sullen smoke  
From smouldering ruins slowly broke ;  
And on the greensward many a stain,  
And, here and there, the mangled  
slain,

Told how that midnight bolt had  
sped,  
Pentucket, on thy fated head !

Even now the villager can tell  
Where Rolfe beside his hearthstone  
fell,

Still show the door of wasting oak,  
Through which the fatal death-shot  
broke.

And point the curious stranger where  
De Rouville's corse lay grim and  
bare,—

Whose hideous head, in death still  
feared,

Bore not a trace of hair or beard,—  
And still, within the churchyard  
ground,

Heaves darkly up the ancient mound,  
Whose grass-grown surface overlies  
The victims of that sacrifice.

### THE FAMILIST'S HYMN

FATHER ! to Thy suffering poor  
Strength and grace and faith impart,  
And with Thy own love restore  
Comfort to the broken heart !  
Oh, the failing ones confirm  
With a holier strength of zeal !—  
Give Thou not the feeble worm  
Helpless to the spoiler's heel !

Father ! for Thy holy sake  
We are spoiled and hunted thus ;  
Joyful, for Thy truth we take  
Bonds and burthens unto us :  
Poor, and weak, and robbed of all,  
Weary with our daily task,  
That Thy truth may never fall  
Through our weakness, Lord, we  
ask.

Round our fired and wasted homes  
Flits the forest-bird unscared,  
And at noon the wild beast comes  
Where our frugal meal was shared ;  
For the song of praises there  
Shrieks the crow the livelong day ;  
For the sound of evening prayer  
Howls the evil beast of prey !

Sweet the songs we loved to sing  
Underneath Thy holy sky,—  
Words and tones that used to bring  
Tears of joy in every eye,—  
Dear the wrestling hours of prayer  
When we gathered knee to knee,  
Blameless youth and hoary hair,  
Bowed, O God, alone to Thee.



As Thine early children, Lord,  
 Shared their wealth and daily  
 bread,  
 Even so, with one accord,  
 We, in love, each other fed.  
 Not with us the miser's hoard,  
 Not with us his grasping hand ;  
 Equal round a common board,  
 Drew our meek and brother band !

Safe our quiet Eden lay  
 When the war-whoop stirred the  
 land  
 And the Indian turned away  
 From our home his bloody hand.  
 Well that forest-ranger saw  
 That the burthen and the curse  
 Of the white man's cruel law  
 Rested also upon us.

Torn apart, and driven forth  
 To our toiling hard and long,  
 Father ! from the dust of earth  
 Lift we still our grateful song !  
 Grateful,—that in bonds we share  
 In Thy love which maketh free ;  
 Joyful,—that the wrongs we bear,  
 Draw us nearer, Lord, to Thee !

Grateful !—that where'er we toil,—  
 By Wachuset's wooded side,  
 On Nantucket's sea-worn isle,  
 Or by wild Neponset's side,—  
 Still, in spirit, we are near,  
 And our evening hymns, which  
 rise  
 Separate and discordant here,  
 Meet and mingle in the skies.

Let the scoffer scorn and mock,  
 Let the proud and evil priest  
 Rob the needy of his flock,  
 For his wine-cup and his feast,—  
 Redden not Thy bolts in store  
 Through the blackness of Thy  
 skies !  
 For the sighing of the poor  
 Wilt Thou not, at length, arise ?

Worn and wasted, oh ! how long  
 Shall Thy trodden poor complain ?  
 In Thy name they bear the wrong,  
 In Thy cause the bonds of pain !

Melt oppression's heart of steel,  
 Let the haughty priesthood see,  
 And their blinded followers feel,  
 That in us they mock at Thee !

In Thy time, O Lord of hosts,  
 Stretch abroad that hand to save,  
 Which of old, on Egypt's coasts,  
 Smote apart the Red Sea's wave !  
 Lead us from this evil land,  
 From the spoiler set us free,  
 And once more our gathered band,  
 Heart to heart, shall worship Thee !

## THE FOUNTAIN

TRAVELLER ! on thy journey toiling  
 By the swift Powow,  
 With the summer sunshine falling  
 On thy heated brow,  
 Listen, while all else is still,  
 To the brooklet from the hill.

Wild and sweet the flowers are blowing  
 By that streamlet's side,  
 And a greener verdure showing  
 Where its waters glide,—  
 Down the hill-slope murmuring on,  
 Over root and mossy stone.

Where yon oak his broad arms flingeth  
 O'er the sloping hill,  
 Beautiful and freshly springeth  
 That soft-flowing rill,  
 Through its dark roots wreathed and  
 bare,  
 Gushing up to sun and air.

Brighter waters sparkled never  
 In that magic well,  
 Of whose gift of life forever  
 Ancient legends tell,—  
 In the lonely desert wasted,  
 And by mortal lip untasted.

Waters which the proud Castilian<sup>29</sup>  
 Sought with longing eyes,  
 Underneath the bright pavilion  
 Of the Indian skies ;  
 Where his forest pathway lay  
 Through the blooms of Florida.

Years ago a lonely stranger,  
 With the dusky brow  
 Of the outcast forest-ranger,  
 Crossed the swift Powow ;  
 And betook him to the rill  
 And the oak upon the hill.

O'er his face of moody sadness  
 For an instant shone  
 Something like a gleam of glad-  
 ness,  
 As he stooped him down  
 To the fountain's grassy side,  
 And his eager thirst supplied.

With the oak its shadow throwing  
 O'er his mossy seat,  
 And the cool, sweet waters flowing  
 Softly at his feet,  
 Closely by the fountain's rim  
 That lone Indian seated him.

Autumn's earliest frost had given  
 To the woods below  
 Hues of beauty, such as heaven  
 Lendeth to its bow ;  
 And the soft breeze from the west  
 Scarcely broke their dreamy rest.

Far behind was Ocean striving  
 With his chains of sand ;  
 Southward, sunny glimpses giving,  
 'Twixt the swells of land.  
 Of its calm and silvery track,  
 Rolled the tranquil Merrimack.

Over village, wood, and meadow  
 Gazed that stranger man,  
 Sadly, till the twilight shadow  
 Over all things ran,  
 Save where spire and westward pane  
 Flashed the sunset back again.

Gazing thus upon the dwelling  
 Of his warrior sires,  
 Where no lingering trace was tell-  
 ing  
 Of their wigwam fires,  
 Who the gloomy thoughts might  
 know  
 Of that wandering child of woe ?

Naked lay, in sunshine glowing,  
 Hills that once had stood  
 Down their sides the shadows throw-  
 ing  
 Of a mighty wood,  
 Where the deer his covert kept,  
 And the eagle's pinion swept !

Where the birch canoe had glided  
 Down the swift Powow,  
 Dark and gloomy bridges strided  
 Those clear waters now ;  
 And where once the beaver swam,  
 Jarred the wheel and frowned the  
 dam.

For the wood-bird's merry singing,  
 And the hunter's cheer,  
 Iron clang and hammer's ringing  
 Smote upon his ear ;  
 And the thick and sullen smoke  
 From the blackened forges broke.

Could it be his fathers ever  
 Loved to linger here ?  
 These bare hills, this conquered  
 river,—  
 Could they hold them dear,  
 With their native loveliness  
 Tamed and tortured into this ?

Sadly, as the shades of even  
 Gathered o'er the hill,  
 While the western half of heaven  
 Blushed with sunset still,  
 From the fountain's mossy seat  
 Turned the Indian's weary feet.

Year on year hath flown for ever,  
 But he came no more  
 To the hillside or the river  
 Where he came before.  
 But the villager can tell  
 Of that strange man's visit well.

And the merry children, laden  
 With their fruits or flowers.—  
 Roving boy and laughing maiden,  
 In their school-day hours,  
 Love the simple tale to tell  
 Of the Indian and his well.

## THE EXILES

1660.

THE goodman sat beside his door  
 One sultry afternoon,  
 With his young wife singing at his  
 side  
 An old and goodly tune.

A glimmer of heat was in the air ;  
 The dark green woods were still ;  
 And the skirts of a heavy thunder-  
 cloud  
 Hung over the western hill.

Black, thick, and vast arose that  
 cloud  
 Above the wilderness,  
 As some dark world from upper air  
 Were stooping over this.

At times the solemn thunder pealed,  
 And all was still again,  
 Save a low murmur in the air  
 Of coming wind and rain.

Just as the first big rain-drop fell,  
 A weary stranger came,  
 And stood before the farmer's door,  
 With travel soiled and lame.

Sad seemed he, yet sustaining hope  
 Was in his quiet glance,  
 And peace, like autumn's moonlight,  
 clothed  
 His tranquil countenance.

A look, like that his Master wore  
 In Pilate's council hall :  
 It told of wrongs,—but of a love  
 Meekly forgiving all.

“Friend ! wilt thou give me shelter  
 here ?”  
 The stranger meekly said ;  
 And, leaning on his oaken staff,  
 The goodman's features read.

“My life is hunted,—evil men  
 Are following in my track ;  
 The traces of the torturer's whip  
 Are on my aged back.

“And much, I fear, 'twill peril thee  
 Within thy doors to take  
 A hunted seeker of the Truth,  
 Oppressed for conscience' sake.”

Oh, kindly spoke the goodman's  
 wife,—  
 “Come in, old man !” quoth  
 she,—  
 “We will not leave thee to the  
 storm,  
 Whoever thou mayst be.”

Then came the aged wanderer in,  
 And silent sat him down ;  
 While all within grew dark as night  
 Beneath the storm-cloud's frown.

But while the sudden lightning's  
 blaze  
 Filled every cottage nook,  
 And with the jarring thunder-roll  
 The loosened casements shook,

A heavy tramp of horses' feet  
 Came sounding up the lane,  
 And half a score of horse, or more,  
 Came plunging through the rain.

“Now, Goodman Macey, ope thy  
 door,—  
 We would not be house-breakers ;  
 A rueful deed thou'st done this day,  
 In harbouring banished Quakers.”

Out looked the cautious goodman  
 then  
 With much of fear and awe,  
 For there, with broad wig drenched  
 with rain,  
 The parish priest he saw.

“Open thy door, thou wicked man,  
 And let thy pastor in,  
 And give God thanks, if forty stripes  
 Repay thy deadly sin.”

“What seek ye ?” quoth the good-  
 man,—  
 “The stranger is my guest :  
 He is worn with toil and grievous  
 wrong,—  
 Pray let the old man rest.”

"Now, out upon thee, canting knave!"  
 And strong hands shook the door.  
 "Believe me, Macey," quoth the  
 priest,—  
 "Thou'lt rue thy conduct sore."

Then kindled Macey's eye of fire :  
 "No priest who walks the earth  
 Shall pluck away the stranger-guest  
 Made welcome to my hearth."

Down from his cottage wall he caught  
 The matchlock, hotly tried  
 At Prestonpans and Marstonmoor,  
 By fiery Ireton's side ;

Where Puritan, and Cavalier,  
 With shout and psalm contended ;  
 And Rupert's oath, and Cromwell's  
 prayer,  
 With battle-thunder blended.

Up rose the ancient stranger then :  
 "My spirit is not free  
 To bring the wrath and violence  
 Of evil men on thee :

"And for thyself, I pray forbear,—  
 Bethink thee of thy Lord,  
 Who healed again the smitten ear,  
 And sheathed His follower's sword.

"I go, as to the slaughter led :  
 Friends of the poor, farewell !"  
 Beneath his hand the oaken door  
 Back on its hinges fell.

"Come forth, old greybeard yea and  
 nay,"  
 The reckless scoffers cried,  
 As to a horseman's saddle-bow  
 The old man's arms were tied.

And of his bondage hard and long  
 In Boston's crowded jail,  
 Where suffering woman's prayer was  
 heard,  
 With sickening childhood's wail,

It suits not with our tale to tell :  
 Those scenes have passed away,—  
 Let the dim shadows of the past  
 Brood o'er that evil day.

"Ho, sheriff!" quoth the ardent  
 priest,—

"Take Goodman Macey too ;  
 The sin of this day's heresy  
 His back or purse shall rue."

"Now, goodwife, haste thee!" Macey  
 cried,  
 She caught his manly arm :—  
 Behind, the parson urged pursuit,  
 With outcry and alarm.

Ho! speed the Maceys, neck or  
 naught,—  
 The river course was near :—  
 The plashing on its pebbled shore  
 Was music to their ear.

A grey rock, tasselled o'er with birch,  
 Above the waters hung,  
 And at its base, with every wave,  
 A small light wherry swung.

A leap—they gain the boat—and there  
 The Goodman wields his oar :  
 "Ill luck betide them all," he cried,—  
 "The laggards upon the shore."

Down through the crashing under-  
 wood,  
 The burly sheriff came :—  
 "Stand, Goodman Macey, — yield  
 thyself ;  
 Yield in the King's own name."

"Now out upon thy hangman's face!"  
 Bold Macey answered then,—  
 "Whip *women*, on the village green,  
 But meddle not with *men*."

The priest came panting to the  
 shore,—  
 His grave cocked hat was gone ;  
 Behind him, like some owl's nest,  
 hung  
 His wig upon a thorn.

"Come back,—come back!" the  
 parson cried,  
 "The Church's curse beware."  
 "Curse, an' thou wilt," said Macey,  
 "but  
 Thy blessing prithee spare."

"Vile scoffer!" cried the baffled  
priest,—

"Thou'lt yet the gallows see."

"Who's born to be hanged will not  
be drowned,"

Quoth Macey, merrily ;

"And so, sir sheriff and priest, good-  
bye !"

He bent him to his oar,  
And the small boat glided quietly  
From the twain upon the shore.

Now in the west, the heavy clouds  
Scattered and fell asunder,  
While feebler came the rush of  
rain,  
And fainter growled the thunder.

And through the broken clouds, the  
sun  
Looked out serene and warm,  
Painting its holy symbol-light  
Upon the passing storm.

Oh, beautiful ! that rainbow span,  
O'er dim Crane-neck was bended ;—  
One bright foot touched the eastern  
hills,  
And one with ocean blended.

By green Pentucket's southern slope  
The small boat glided fast,—  
The watchers of "the Block-house"  
saw  
The strangers as they passed.

That night a stalwart garrison  
Sat shaking in their shoes,  
To hear the dip of Indian oars,—  
The glide of birch canoes.

The fisher-wives of Salisbury,  
(The men were all away,)  
Looked out to see the stranger oar  
Upon their waters play.

Deer Island's rocks and fir-trees  
threw  
Their sunset-shadows o'er them,  
And Newbury's spire and weather-  
cock  
Peered o'er the pines before them.

Around the Black Rocks, on their  
left,

The marsh lay broad and green ;  
And on their right, with dwarf shrubs  
crowned,  
Plum Island's hills were seen.

With skilful hand and wary eye  
The harbour-bar was crossed ;—  
A plaything of the restless wave,  
The boat on ocean tossed.

The glory of the sunset heaven  
On land and water lay,—  
On the steep hills of Agawam,  
On cape, and bluff, and bay.

They passed the grey rocks of Cape  
Ann,  
And Gloucester's harbour-bar ;  
The watch-fire of the garrison  
Shone like a setting star.

How brightly broke the morning  
On Massachusetts Bay !  
Blue wave, and bright green island,  
Rejoicing in the day.

On passed the bark in safety  
Round isle and headland steep,—  
No tempest broke above them,  
No fog-cloud veiled the deep.

Far round the bleak and stormy  
Cape  
The vent'rous Macey passed,  
And on Nantucket's naked isle  
Drew up his boat at last.

And how, in log-built cabin,  
They braved the rough sea-weather ;  
And there, in peace and quietness,  
Went down life's vale together :

How others drew around them,  
And how their fishing sped,  
Until to every wind of heaven  
Nantucket's sails were spread ;

How pale Want alternated  
With Plenty's golden smile ;  
Behold, is it not written  
In the annals of the isle ?

And yet that isle remaineth  
 A refuge of the free,  
 As when true-hearted Macey  
 Beheld it from the sea.

Free as the winds that winnow  
 Her shrubless hills of sand,—  
 Free as the waves that batter  
 Along her yielding land.

Than hers, at duty's summons,  
 No loftier spirit stirs,—  
 Nor falls o'er human suffering  
 A readier tear than hers.

God bless the sea-beat island !—  
 And grant for evermore,  
 That charity and freedom dwell  
 As now upon her shore !

### THE NEW WIFE AND THE OLD

DARK the halls, and cold the feast,—  
 Gone the bridemaids, gone the priest :  
 All is over,—all is done,  
 Twain of yesterday are one !  
 Blooming girl and manhood grey,  
 Autumn in the arms of May !

Hushed within and hushed without,  
 Dancing feet and wrestlers' shout ;  
 Dies the bonfire on the hill ;  
 All is dark and all is still,  
 Save the starlight, save the breeze  
 Moaning through the graveyard trees ;  
 And the great sea-waves below,  
 Pulse of the midnight beating slow.

From the brief dream of a bride  
 She hath wakened, at his side.  
 With half-uttered shriek and start,—  
 Feels she not his beating heart ?  
 And the pressure of his arm,  
 And his breathing near and warm ?

Lightly from the bridal bed  
 Springs that fair dishevelled head,  
 And a feeling, new, intense,  
 Half of shame, half innocence,

Maiden fear and wonder speaks  
 Through her lips and changing cheeks.

From the oaken mantel glowing  
 Faintest light the lamp is throwing  
 On the mirror's antique mould,  
 High-backed chair, and wainscot old,  
 And, through faded curtains stealing,  
 His dark sleeping face revealing.

Listless lies the strong man there,  
 Silver-streaked his careless hair ;  
 Lips of love have left no trace  
 On that hard and haughty face ;  
 And that forehead's knitted thought  
 Love's soft hand hath not unwrought.

"Yet," she sighs, "he loves me  
 well,  
 More than these calm lips will tell.  
 Stooping to my lowly state,  
 He hath made me rich and great,  
 And I bless him, though he be  
 Hard and stern to all save me !"

While she speaketh, falls the light  
 O'er her fingers small and white ;  
 Gold and gem, and costly ring  
 Back the timid lustre fling,—  
 Love's selectest gifts, and rare,  
 His proud hand had fastened there.

Gratefully she marks the glow  
 From those tapering lines of snow ;  
 Fondly o'er the sleeper bending,  
 His black hair with golden blending,  
 In her soft and light caress,  
 Cheek and lip together press.

Ha !—that start of horror !—Why  
 That wild stare and wilder cry,  
 Full of terror, full of pain ?  
 Is there madness in her brain ?  
 Hark ! that gasping, hoarse and low,  
 "Spare me,—spare me,—let me  
 go !"

God have mercy !—Icy cold  
 Spectral hands her own enfold,  
 Drawing silently from them  
 Love's fair gifts of gold and gem,  
 "Waken ; save me !" still as death  
 At her side he slumbereth.

Ring and bracelet all are gone,  
 And that ice-cold hand withdrawn ;  
 But she hears a murmur low,  
 Full of sweetness, full of woe,  
 Half a sigh and half a moan :  
 " Fear not ! give the dead her own ! "

Ah !—the dead wife's voice she knows !  
 That cold hand, whose pressure froze,  
 Once in warmest life had borne  
 Gem and band her own hath worn.  
 " Wake thee ! wake thee ! " Lo, his  
     eyes  
 Open with a dull surprise.

In his arms the strong man folds her,  
 Closer to his breast he holds her ;  
 Trembling limbs his own are meeting,  
 And he feels her heart's quick beating :  
 " Nay, my dearest, why this fear ? "  
 " Hush ! " she saith, " the dead is  
     here ! "

" Nay, a dream,—an idle dream. "  
 But before the lamp's pale gleam  
 Tremblingly her hand she raises,—  
 There no more the diamond blazes,  
 Clasp of pearl, or ring of gold,—  
 " Ah ! " she sighs, " her hand was  
     cold ! "

Broken words of cheer he saith,  
 But his dark lip quivereth,  
 And as o'er the past he thinketh,  
 From his young wife's arms he  
     shrinketh ;  
 Can those soft arms round him lie,  
 Underneath his dead wife's eye ?

She her fair young head can rest  
 Soothed and childlike on his breast,  
 And in trustful innocence  
 Draw new strength and courage  
     thence ;  
 He, the proud man, feels within  
 But the cowardice of sin !

She can murmur in her thought  
 Simple prayers her mother taught,  
 And His blessed angels call,  
 Whose great love is over all ;  
 He, alone, in prayerless pride,  
 Meets the dark Past at her side !

One, who living shrank with dread  
 From his look, or word, or tread,  
 Unto whom her early grave  
 Was as freedom to the slave,  
 Moves him at this midnight hour,  
 With the dead's unconscious power !

Ah, the dead, the unforgot !  
 From their solemn homes of thought,  
 Where the cypress shadows blend  
 Darkly over foe and friend,  
 Or in love or sad rebuke,  
 Back upon the living look.

And the tenderest ones and weakest,  
 Who their wrongs have borne the  
     meekest,  
 Lifting from those dark, still places  
 Sweet and sad-remembered faces,  
 O'er the guilty hearts behind  
 An unwitting triumph find.



# THE BRIDAL OF PENNACOOK<sup>30</sup>

[1848]

WE had been wandering for many  
days  
Through the rough northern country.  
We had seen  
The sunset, with its bars of purple  
cloud,  
Like a new heaven, shine upward  
from the lake  
Of Winnepiseogee; and had felt  
The sunrise breezes, midst the leafy  
isles  
Which stoop their summer beauty to  
the lips  
Of the bright waters. We had checked  
our steeds,  
Silent with wonder, where the moun-  
tain wall  
Is piled to heaven; and, through the  
narrow rift  
Of the vast rocks, against whose  
rugged feet  
Beats the mad torrent with perpetual  
roar,  
Where noonday is at twilight, and the  
wind  
Comes burdened with the everlasting  
moan  
Of forests and of far-off waterfalls,  
We had looked upward where the  
summer sky,  
Tasselled with clouds light-woven by  
the sun,  
Sprung its blue arch above the abut-  
ting crags  
O'er-roofing the vast portal of the  
land  
Beyond the wall of mountains. We  
had passed  
The high source of the Saco; and  
bewildered  
In the dwarf spruce-belts of the Crystal  
Hills

Had heard above us, like a voice in  
the cloud,  
The horn of Fabyan sounding; and  
atop  
Of old Agiochook had seen the moun-  
tains  
Piled to the northward, shagged with  
wood, and thick  
As meadow mole-hills,—the far sea  
of Casco,  
A white gleam on the horizon of the  
east;  
Fair lakes, embosomed in the woods  
and hills;  
Moosehillock's mountain range, and  
Kearsarge  
Lifting his Titan forehead to the sun!  
  
And we had rested underneath the  
oaks  
Shadowing the bank, whose grassy  
spires are shaken  
By the perpetual beating of the falls  
Of the wild Ammonoosuc. We had  
tracked  
The winding Pemigewasset, over-  
hung  
By beechen shadows, whitening down  
its rocks,  
Or lazily gliding through its intervals,  
From waving rye-fields sending up  
the gleam  
Of sunlit waters. We had seen the  
moon  
Rising behind Umbagog's eastern  
pines,  
Like a great Indian camp-fire; and  
its beams  
At midnight spanning with a bridge  
of silver  
The Merrimack by Uncanoonuc's  
falls.



There were five souls of us whom  
 travel's chance  
 Had thrown together in these wild  
 north hills :—  
 A city lawyer, for a month escaping  
 From his dull office, where the weary  
 eye  
 Saw only hot brick walls and close  
 thronged streets,—  
 Briefless as yet, but with an eye to  
 see  
 Life's sunniest side, and with a heart  
 to take  
 Its chances all as godsend; and his  
 brother,  
 Pale from long pulpit studies, yet  
 retaining  
 The warmth and freshness of a genial  
 heart,  
 Whose mirror of the beautiful and  
 true,  
 In Man and Nature, was as yet un-  
 dimmed  
 By dust ofologic strife, or breath  
 Of sect, or cobwebs of scholastic  
 lore ;  
 Like a clear crystal calm of water,  
 taking  
 The hue and image of o'erleaning  
 flowers,  
 Sweet human faces, white clouds of  
 the noon,  
 Slant starlight glimpses through the  
 dewy leaves,  
 And tenderest moonrise. 'Twas, in  
 truth, a study,  
 To mark his spirit, alternating between  
 A decent and professional gravity  
 And an irreverent mirthfulness, which  
 often  
 Laughed in the face of his divinity,  
 Plucked off the sacred ephod, quite  
 unshrined  
 The oracle, and for the pattern priest  
 Left us the man. A shrewd, saga-  
 cious merchant,  
 To whom the soiled sheet found in  
 Crawford's inn,  
 Giving the latest news of city stocks  
 And sales of cotton, had a deeper  
 meaning  
 Than the great presence of the awful  
 mountains

Glorified by the sunset ;—and his  
 daughter  
 A delicate flower on whom had blown  
 too long  
 Those evil winds, which, sweeping  
 from the ice  
 And winnowing the fogs of Labrador,  
 Shed their cold blight round Massa-  
 chusetts Bay,  
 With the same breath which stirs  
 Spring's opening leaves  
 And lifts her half-formed flower-bell  
 on its stem,  
 Poisoning our seaside atmosphere.

It chanced  
 That as we turned upon our home-  
 ward way,  
 A drear north-eastern storm came  
 howling up  
 The valley of the Saco ; and that  
 girl  
 Who had stood with us upon Mount  
 Washington,  
 Her brown locks ruffled by the wind  
 which whirled  
 In gusts around its sharp cold pin-  
 nacle,  
 Who had joined our gay trout-fishing  
 in the streams  
 Which lave that giant's feet ; whose  
 laugh was heard  
 Like a bird's carol on the sunrise  
 breeze  
 Which swelled our sail amidst the  
 lake's green islands,  
 Shrank from its harsh, chill breath,  
 and visibly drooped  
 Like a flower in the frost. So, in  
 that quiet inn  
 Which looks from Conway on the  
 mountains piled  
 Heavily against the horizon of the  
 north,  
 Like summer thunder-clouds, we made  
 our home :  
 And while the mist hung over dripping  
 hills,  
 And the cold wind-driven rain-drops  
 all day long  
 Beat their sad music upon roof and  
 pane,  
 We strove to cheer our gentle invalid.

The lawyer in the pauses of the storm  
 Went angling down the Saco, and,  
     returning,  
 Recounted his adventures and mis-  
     haps ;  
 Gave us the history of his scaly  
     clients,  
 Mingling with ludicrous yet apt cita-  
     tions  
 Of barbarous law Latin, passages  
 From Isaak Walton's *Angler*, sweet  
     and fresh  
 As the flower-skirted streams of Staf-  
     fordshire,  
 Where, under aged trees, the south-  
     west wind  
 Of soft June mornings fanned the thin,  
     white hair  
 Of the sage fisher. And, if truth be  
     told,  
 Our youthful candidate forsook his  
     sermons,  
 His commentaries, articles and creeds,  
 For the fair page of human loveli-  
     ness,—  
 The missal of young hearts, whose  
     sacred text  
 Is music, its illumining sweet smiles.  
 He sang the songs she loved ; and in  
     his low,  
 Deep, earnest voice, recited many a  
     page  
 Of poetry,—the holiest, tenderest lines  
 Of the sad bard of Olney,—the sweet  
     songs,  
 Simple and beautiful as Truth and  
     Nature,  
 Of him whose whitened locks on  
     Rydal Mount  
 Are lifted yet by morning breezes  
     blowing  
 From the green hills, immortal in his  
     lays.  
 And for myself, obedient to her wish,  
 I searched our landlord's proffered  
     library,—  
 A well-thumbed Bunyan, with its  
     nice wood pictures  
 Of scaly fiends and angels not unlike  
     them,—  
 Watt's unmelodious psalms,—Astro-  
     logy's  
 Last home, a musty pile of almanacs,

And an old chronicle of border  
     wars  
 And Indian history. And, as I read  
 A story of the marriage of the Chief  
 Of Saugus to the dusky Weetamoo,  
 Daughter of Passaconaway, who dwelt  
 In the old time upon the Merrimack,  
 Our fair one, in the playful exercise  
 Of her prerogative,—the right divine  
 Of youth and beauty,—bade us versify  
 The legend, and with ready pencil  
     sketched  
 Its plan and outlines, laughingly as-  
     signing  
 To each his part, and barring our  
     excuses  
 With absolute will. So, like the  
     cavaliers  
 Whose voices still are heard in the  
     Romance  
 Of silver-tongued Boccaccio, on the  
     banks  
 Of Arno, with soft tales of love be-  
     guiling  
 The ear of languid beauty, plague-  
     exiled  
 From stately Florence, we rehearsed  
     our rhymes  
 To their fair auditor, and shared by  
     turns  
 Her kind approval and her playful  
     censure.  
  
 It may be that these fragments owe  
     alone  
 To the fair setting of their circum-  
     stances,—  
 The associations of time, scene, and  
     audience,—  
 Their place amid the pictures which  
     fill up  
 The chambers of my memory. Yet I  
     trust  
 That some, who sigh, while wander-  
     ing in thought,  
 Pilgrims of Romance o'er the olden  
     world,  
 That our broad land,—our sea-like  
     lakes and mountains  
 Piled to the clouds,—our rivers over-  
     hung  
 By forests which have known no other  
     change

For ages, than the budding and the fall  
 Of leaves,—our valleys lovelier than those  
 Which the old poets sang of,—should but figure  
 On the apocryphal chart of speculation  
 As pastures, wood-lots, mill-sites, with the privileges,  
 Rights, and appurtenances, which make up  
 A Yankee Paradise,—unsung, unknown,  
 To beautiful tradition; even their names,  
 Whose melody yet lingers like the last  
 Vibration of the red man's requiem,  
 Exchanged for syllables significant  
 Of cotton-mill and rail-car, will look kindly  
 Upon this effort to call up the ghost  
 Of our dim Past, and listen with pleased ear  
 To the responses of the questioned Shade.

## I. THE MERRIMACK.

O child of that white-crested mountain whose springs  
 Gush forth in the shade of the cliff-eagle's wings,  
 Down whose slopes to the lowlands thy wild waters shine,  
 Leaping grey walls of rock, flashing through the dwarf pine.

From that cloud-curtained cradle so cold and so lone,  
 From the arms of that wintry-locked mother of stone,  
 By hills hung with forests, through vales wide and free,  
 Thymountain-born brightness glanced down to the sea!

No bridge arched thy waters save that where the trees  
 Stretched their long arms above thee and kissed in the breeze;

No sound save the lapse of the waves on thy shores,  
 The plunging of otters, the light dip of oars.

Green-tufted, oak-shaded, by Amoskeag's fall  
 Thy twin Uncanoonucs rose stately and tall,  
 Thy Nashua meadows lay green and unshorn,  
 And the hills of Pentucket were tasselled with corn.

But thy Pennacook valley was fairer than these,  
 And greener its grasses and taller its ties,  
 Ere the sound of an axe in the forest had rung,  
 Or the mower his scythe in the meadows had swung.

In their sheltered repose looking out from the wood  
 The bark-built wigwams of Pennacook stood,  
 There glided the corn-dance, the council-fire shone,  
 And against the red war-post the hatchet was thrown.

There the old smoked in silence their pipes, and the young  
 To the pike and the white-perch their baited lines flung;  
 There the boy shaped his arrows, and there the shy maid  
 Wove her many-hued baskets and bright wampum braid.

O Stream of the Mountains! if answer of thine  
 Could rise from thy waters to question of mine,  
 Methinks through the din of thy thronged banks a moan  
 Of sorrow would swell for the days which have gone.

Not for thee the dull jar of the loom and the wheel,  
 The gliding of shuttles, the ringing of steel;

But that old voice of waters, of bird  
and of breeze,  
The dip of the wild-fowl, the rustling  
of trees !

## II. THE BASHABA.<sup>31</sup>

Lift we the twilight curtains of the  
Past,  
And, turning from familiar sight  
and sound,  
Sadly and full of reverence let us cast  
A glance upon Tradition's shadowy  
ground,  
Led by the few pale lights which,  
glimmering round  
That dim, strange land of Eld, seem  
dying fast ;  
And that which history gives not to  
the eye,  
The faded colouring of Time's tapestry,  
Let Fancy, with her dream-dipped  
brush, supply.

Roof of bark and walls of pine,  
Through whose chinks the sunbeams  
shine,  
Tracing many a golden line  
On the ample floor within ;  
Where, upon that earth-floor stark,  
Lay the gaudy mats of bark,  
With the bear's hide, rough and dark,  
And the red-deer's skin.

Window-tracery, small and slight,  
Woven of the willow white,  
Lent a dimly checkered light,  
And the night-stars glimmered  
down,  
Where the lodge-fire's heavy smoke,  
Slowly through an opening broke,  
In the low roof, ribbed with oak,  
Sheathed with hemlock brown.

Gloomed behind the changeless shade  
By the solemn pine-wood made ;  
Through the rugged palisade,  
In the open foreground planted,  
Glimpses came of rowers rowing,  
Stir of leaves and wild-flowers blowing,  
Steel-like gleams of water flowing,  
In the sunlight slanted.

Here the mighty Bashaba  
Held his long-unquestioned sway,  
From the White Hills, far away,  
To the great sea's sounding shore ;  
Chief of chiefs, his regal word  
All the river Sachems heard,  
At his call the war-dance stirred,  
Or was still once more.

There his spoils of chase and war,  
Jaw of wolf and black bear's paw,  
Panther's skin and eagle's claw,  
Lay beside his axe and bow ;  
And, adown the roof-pole hung,  
Loosely on a snake-skin strung,  
In the smoke his scalp-locks swung  
Grimly to and fro.

Nightly down the river going,  
Swifter was the hunter's rowing,  
When he saw that lodge-fire glow-  
ing  
O'er the waters still and red ;  
And the squaw's dark eye burned  
brighter,  
And she drew her blanket tighter,  
As, with quicker step and lighter,  
From that door she fled.

For that chief had magic skill,  
And a Panisee's dark will,  
Over powers of good and ill,  
Powers which bless and powers  
which ban,—  
Wizard lord of Pennacook,  
Chiefs upon their war-path shook,  
When they met the steady look  
Of that wise dark man.

Tales of him the grey squaw told,  
When the winter night-wind cold  
Pierced her blanket's thickest fold,  
And her fire burned low and  
small.

Till the very child abed,  
Drew his bear-skin over head,  
Shrinking from the pale lights shed  
On the trembling wall.

All the subtle spirits hiding  
Under earth or wave, abiding  
In the caverned rock, or riding  
Misty clouds or morning breeze ;

Every dark intelligence,  
Secret soul, and influence  
Of all things which outward sense  
Feels, or hears, or sees,—

These the wizard's skill confessed,  
At his bidding banned or blessed,  
Stormful woke or lulled to rest  
Wind and cloud, and fire and  
flood;  
Burned for him the drifted snow,  
Bade through ice fresh lilies blow,  
And the leaves of summer grow  
Over winter's wood !

Not untrue that tale of old !  
Now, as then, the wise and bold  
All the powers of Nature hold  
Subject to their kingly will ;  
From the wondering crowds ashore,  
Treading life's wild waters o'er,  
As upon a marble floor,  
Moves the strong man still.

Still, to such, life's elements  
With their sterner laws dispense,  
And the chain of consequence  
Broken in their pathway lies ;  
Time and change their vassals making,  
Flowers from icy pillows waking,  
Tresses of the sunrise shaking  
Over midnight skies.

Still, to th' earnest soul, the sun  
Rests on towered Gibeon,  
And the moon of Ajalon  
Lights the battle-grounds of life ;  
To his aid the strong reverses  
Hidden powers and giant forces,  
And the high stars, in their courses,  
Mingle in his strife !

### III. THE DAUGHTER.

The soot-black brows of men,—the  
yell  
Of women thronging round the  
bed,—  
The tinkling charm of ring and  
shell,—  
The Powah whispering o'er the  
dead !—

All these the Sachem's home had  
known,  
When, on her journey long and  
wild  
To the dim World of Souls, alone,  
In her young beauty passed the mother  
of his child.

Three bow-shots from the Sachem's  
dwelling  
They laid her in the walnut  
shade,  
Where a green hillock gently swell-  
ing  
Her fitting mound of burial made.  
There trailed the vine in summer  
hours,  
The tree-perched squirrel dropped  
his shell,—  
On velvet moss and pale-hued  
flowers,  
Woven with leaf and spray, the soft-  
ened sunshine fell !

The Indian's heart is hard and  
cold,—  
It closes darkly o'er its care,  
And, formed in Nature's sternest  
mould,  
Is slow to feel, and strong to  
bear.  
The war-paint on the Sachem's  
face,  
Unwet with tears, shone fierce  
and red,  
And, still in battle or in chase,  
Dry leaf and snow-rime crisped be-  
neath his foremost tread.

Yet when her name was heard no  
more,  
And when the robe her mother  
gave,  
And small, light moccasin she  
wore,  
Had slowly wasted on her grave,  
Unmarked of him the dark maids  
sped  
Their sunset dance and moonlit  
play ;  
No other shared his lonely bed,  
No other fair young head upon his  
bosom lay.

A lone, stern man. Yet, as some-  
times

The tempest-smitten tree receives  
From one small root the sap which  
climbs

Its topmost spray and crowning  
leaves,

So from his child the Sachem drew  
A life of Love and Hope, and felt  
His cold and rugged nature through  
The softness and the warmth of her  
young being melt.

A laugh which in the woodland  
rang

Beinocking April's gladdest  
bird,—

A light and graceful form which  
sprang

To meet him when his step was  
heard,—

Eyes by his lodge-fire flashing dark,  
Small fingers stringing bead and  
shell

Or weaving mats of bright-hued  
bark,—

With these the household-god\* had  
graced his wigwam well.

Child of the forest!—strong and free,  
Slight-robed, with loosely flow-  
ing hair,

She swam the lake or climbed the  
tree,

Or struck the flying bird in air.  
O'er the heaped drifts of winter's

moon

Her snow-shoes tracked the  
hunter's way;

And dazzling in the summer noon  
The blade of her light oar threw off

its shower of spray!

Unknown to her the rigid rule,  
The dull restraint, the chiding  
frown,

The weary torture of the school,  
The taming of wild nature down.

Her only lore, the legends told  
Around the hunter's fire at night;

\* "The Indians," says Roger Williams,  
"have a god whom they call Wetuomanit,  
who presides over the household."

Stars rose and set, and seasons rolled,  
Flowers bloomed and snow-flakes fell,  
unquestioned in her sight.

Unknown to her the subtle skill

With which the artist-eye can trace  
In rock and tree and lake and hill

The outlines of divinest grace;  
Unknown the fine soul's keen un-  
rest,

Which sees, admires, yet yearns  
always;

Too closely on her mother's breast  
To note her smiles of love the child  
of Nature lay!

It is enough for such to be

Of common, natural things a part,  
To feel, with bird and stream and  
tree,

The pulses of the same great heart;  
But we, from Nature long exiled

In our cold homes of Art and  
Thought,

Grieve like the stranger-tended  
child,

Which seeks its mother's arms, and  
sees but feels them not.

The garden rose may richly bloom  
In cultured soil and genial air

To cloud the light of Fashion's room  
Or droop in Beauty's midnight  
hair,

In lonelier grace, to sun and dew  
The sweetbrier on the hillside  
shows

Its single leaf and fainter hue,  
Untrained and wildly free, yet still a  
sister rose!

Thus o'er the heart of Weetamoo  
Their mingling shades of joy and  
ill

The instincts of her nature threw,—  
The savage was a woman still.

Midst outlines dim of maiden  
schemes,

Heart-coloured prophecies of life,  
Rose on the ground of her young  
dreams

The light of a new home,—the lover  
and the wife.

## IV. THE WEDDING.

Cool and dark fell the autumn night,  
But the Bashaba's wigwam glowed  
with light,  
For down from its roof by green  
wishes hung  
Flaring and smoking the pine-knot  
swung.

And along the river great wood-fires  
Shot into the night their long red  
spires,  
Showing behind the tall, dark wood,  
Flashing before on the sweeping flood.

In the changeful wind, with shimmer  
and shade,  
Now high, now low, that firelight  
played,  
On tree-leaves wet with evening dew,  
On gliding water and still canoes.

The trapper that night on Turee's  
brook,  
And the weary fisher on Contoocook,  
Saw over the marshes and through  
the pine,  
And down on the river the dance-  
lights shine.

For the Saugus Sachem had come to  
woo  
The Bashaba's daughter Weetamoo,  
And laid at her father's feet that night  
His softest furs and wampum white.

From the Crystal Hills to the far  
south-east  
The river Sagamores came to the  
feast;  
And chiefs whose homes the sea-winds  
shook,  
Sat down on the mats of Pennacook.

They came from Sunapee's shore of  
rock,  
From the snowy sources of Snooga-  
nock,  
And from rough Coös whose thick  
woods shake  
Their pine-cones in Umbagog Lake.

From Ammonoosuc's mountain pass,  
Wild as his home, came Chepewass;  
And the Keenoms of the hills which  
throw  
Their shade on the Smile of Manito.

With pipes of peace and bows un-  
strung,  
Glowing with paint came old and  
young,  
In wampum and furs and feathers  
arrayed,  
To the dance and feast the Bashaba  
made.

Bird of the air and beast of the field,  
All which the woods and waters yield,  
On dishes of birch and hemlock piled,  
Garnished and graced that banquet  
wild.

Steaks of the brown bear fat and large  
From the rocky slopes of the Kear-  
sarge;  
Delicate trout from Babboosuck  
brook,  
And salmon speared in the Contoo-  
cook;

Squirrels which fed where nuts fell  
thick  
In the gravelly bed of the Otternic;  
And small wild-hens in reed-snares  
caught  
From the banks of Sondagardee  
brought;

Pike and perch from the Suncook taken,  
Nuts from the trees of the Black Hills  
shaken,  
Cranberries picked in the Squamscot  
bog,  
And grapes from the vines of Piscata-  
quog:

And, drawn from that great stone  
vase which stands  
In the river scooped by a spirit's  
hands,<sup>32</sup>  
Garnished with spoons of shell and  
horn,  
Stood the birchen dishes of smoking  
corn.

Thus bird of the air and beast of the  
field,  
All which the woods and the waters  
yield,  
Furnished in that olden day  
The bridal feast of the Bashaba.

And merrily when that feast was  
done  
On the fire-lit green the dance begun,  
With squaw's shrill stave, and deeper  
hum  
Of old men beating the Indian drum.

Painted and plumed, with scalp-locks  
flowing,  
And red arms tossing and black eyes  
glowing,  
Now in the light and now in the shade  
Around the fires the dancers played.

The step was quicker, the song more  
shrill,  
And the beat of the small drums  
louder still  
Whenever within the circle drew  
The Saugus Sachem and Weetamoo.

The moons of forty winters had shed  
Their snow upon that chieftain's  
head,  
And toil and care, and battle's chance  
Had seamed his hard dark counte-  
nance.

A fawn beside the bison grim,—  
Why turns the bride's fond eye on  
him,  
In whose cold look is naught beside  
The triumph of a sullen pride?

Ask why the graceful grape entwines  
The rough oak with her arm of vines;  
And why the grey rock's rugged  
cheek  
The soft lips of the mosses seek:

Why, with wise instinct, Nature  
seems  
To harmonise her wide extremes,  
Linking the stronger with the weak,  
The haughty with the soft and  
meek!

#### V. THE NEW HOME.

A wild and broken landscape, spiked  
with firs,  
Roughening the bleak horizon's  
northern edge,  
Steep, cavernous hillsides, where black  
hemlock spurs  
And sharp, grey splinters of the  
wind-swept ledge  
Pierced the thin-glazed ice, or bristling  
rose,  
Where the cold rim of the sky sunk  
down upon the snows.

And eastward cold, wide marshes  
stretched away,  
Dull, dicary flats without a bush or  
tree,  
O'er-crossed by icy creeks, where twice  
a day  
Gurgled the waters of the moon-  
struck sea;  
And faint with distance came the  
stifled roar,  
The melancholy lapse of waves on  
that low shore.

No cheerful village with its mingling  
smokes,  
No laugh of children wrestling in  
the snow,  
No camp-fire blazing through the hill-  
side oaks,  
No fishers kneeling on the ice be-  
low;  
Yet midst all desolate things of sound  
and view,  
Through the long winter moons smiled  
dark-eyed Weetamoo.

Her heart had found a home; and  
freshly all  
Its beautiful affections overgrew  
Their rugged prop. As o'er some  
granite wall  
Soft vine-leaves open to the mois-  
tening dew  
And warm bright sun, the love of that  
young wife  
Found on a hard cold breast the dew  
and warmth of life,



The steep bleak hills, the melancholy shore,  
The long dead level of the marsh between,

A colouring of unreal beauty wore  
Through the soft golden mist of young love seen.

For o'er those hills and from that dreary plain,  
Nightly she welcomed home her hunter chief again.

No warmth of heart, no passionate burst of feeling,

Repaid her welcoming smile and parting kiss,  
No fond and playful dalliance half concealing,

Under the guise of mirth, its tenderness ;

But, in their stead, the warrior's settled pride,

And vanity's pleased smile with homage satisfied.

Enough for Weetamoo, that she alone  
Sat on his mat and slumbered at his side ;

That he whose fame to her young ear had flown

Now looked upon her proudly as his bride ;

That he whose name the Mohawk trembling heard

Vouchsafed to her at times a kindly look or word.

For she had learned the maxims of her race,

Which teach the woman to become a slave

And feel herself the pardonless disgrace

Of love's fond weakness in the wise and brave,—

The scandal and the shame which they incur,

Who give to woman all which man requires of her.

So passed the winter moons. The sun at last

Broke link by link the frost chain of the rills,

And the warm breathings of the south-west passed

Over the hoar rimc of the Saugus hills,

The grey and desolate marsh grew green once more,

And the birch-tree's tremulous shade fell round the Sachem's door.

Then from far Pennacook swift runners came,

With gift and greeting for the Saugus chief ;

Beseeching him in the great Sachem's name,

That, with the coming of the flower and leaf,

The song of birds, the warm breeze and the rain,

Young Weetamoo might greet her lonely sire again.

And Winnepurkit called his chiefs together,

And a grave council in his wigwam met,

Solemn and brief in words, considering whether

The rigid rules of forest etiquette

Permitted Weetamoo once more to look Upon her father's face and green-banked Pennacook.

With interludes of pipe-smoke and strong water,

The forest sages pondered, and at length,

Concluded in a body to escort her Up to her father's home of pride

and strength,

Impressing thus on Pennacook a sense Of Winnepurkit's power and regal consequence.

So through old woods which Aukeeta-mit's\* hand

A soft and many-shaded greenness lent,

Over high breezy hills, and meadow land

Yellow with flowers, the wild procession went,

\* The Spring God.

Till, rolling down its wooded banks  
between,  
A broad, clear, mountain stream, the  
Merrimack was seen.

The hunter leaning on his bow un-  
drawn,  
The fisher lounging on the pebbled  
shores,  
Squaws in the clearing dropping the  
seed-corn,  
Young children peering through  
the wigwam doors,  
Saw with delight, surrounded by her  
train  
Of painted Saugus braves, their Wee-  
tamoo again.

#### VI. AT PENNACOOK.

The hills are dearest which our childish  
feet  
Have climbed the earliest ; and the  
streams most sweet  
Are ever those at which our young  
lips drank,  
Stooped to their waters o'er the grassy  
bank :

Midst the cold dreary sea-watch,  
Home's hearth-light  
Shines round the helmsman plunging  
through the night ;  
And still, with inward eye, the  
traveller sees  
In close, dark, stranger streets his  
native trees.

The home-sick dreamer's brow is  
nightly fanned  
By breezes whispering of his native  
land,  
And on the stranger's dim and dying  
eye  
The soft, sweet pictures of his child-  
hood lie.

Joy then for Weetamoo, to sit once  
more  
A child upon her father's wigwam  
floor !

Once more with her old fondness to  
beguile  
From his cold eye the strange light of  
a smile.

The long bright days of summer  
swiftly passed,  
The dry leaves whirled in autumn's  
rising blast,  
And evening cloud and whitening  
sunrise rime  
Told of the coming of the winter-time.

But vainly looked, the while, young  
Weetamoo,  
Down the dark river for her chief's  
canoe ;  
No dusky messenger from Saugus  
brought  
The grateful tidings which the young  
wife sought.

At length a runner from her father sent,  
To Winnepurkit's sea-cooled wigwam  
went :  
" Eagle of Saugus,—in the woods the  
dove  
Mourns for the shelter of thy wings  
of love."

But the dark chief of Saugus turned  
aside  
In the grim anger of hard-hearted  
pride ;  
" I bore her as became a chieftain's  
daughter,  
Up to her home beside the gliding  
water.

" If now no more a mat for her is  
found  
Of all which line her father's wigwam  
round,  
Let Pennacook call out his warrior  
train,  
And send her back with wampum  
gifts again."

The baffled runner turned upon his  
track,  
Bearing the words of Winnepurkit  
back.

"Dog of the Marsh," cried Pennacook,  
 "no more  
 Shall child of mine sit on his wigwam  
 floor.

"Go,—let him seek some meaner  
 squaw to spread  
 The stolen bear-skin of his beggar's  
 bed :  
 Son of a fish-hawk !—let him dig his  
 clams  
 For some vile daughter of the Aga-  
 wams,

"Or coward Nipmucks !—may his  
 scalp dry black  
 In Mohawk smoke, before I send her  
 back."  
 He shook his clenched hand towards  
 the ocean wave,  
 While hoarse assent his listening  
 council gave.

Alas, poor bride !—can thy grim sire  
 impart  
 His iron hardness to thy woman's  
 heart ?  
 Or cold self-torturing pride like his  
 atone  
 For love denied and life's warm beauty  
 flown ?

On Autumn's grey and mournful  
 grave the snow  
 Hung its white wreaths ; with stifled  
 voice and low  
 The river crept, by one vast bridge  
 o'er-crossed,  
 Built by the hoar-locked artisan of  
 Frost.

And many a Moon in beauty newly  
 born  
 Pierced the red sunset with her silver  
 horn,  
 Or, from the east, across her azure field  
 Rolled the wide brightness of her full-  
 orb'd shield.

Yet Winnepurkit came not,—on the  
 mat  
 Of the scorned wife her dusky rival sat ;

And he, the while, in Western woods  
 afar,  
 Urged the long chase, or trod the path  
 of war.

Dry up thy tears, young daughter of  
 a chief !  
 Waste not on him the sacredness of  
 grief ;  
 Be the fierce spirit of thy sire thine  
 own,  
 His lips of scorning, and his heart of  
 stone.

What heeds the warrior of a hundred  
 fights,  
 The storm-worn watcher through  
 long hunting nights,  
 Cold, crafty, proud of woman's weak  
 distress,  
 Her home-bound grief and pining  
 loneliness ?

#### VII. THE DEPARTURE.

The wild March rains had fallen fast  
 and long  
 The snowy mountains of the North  
 among,  
 Making each vale a watercourse,—  
 each hill  
 Bright with the cascade of some new-  
 made rill.

Gnawed by the sunbeams, softened  
 by the rain,  
 Heaved underneath by the swollen  
 current's strain,  
 The ice-bridge yielded, and the Merri-  
 mack  
 Bore the huge ruin crashing down its  
 track.

On that strong turbid water, a small  
 boat  
 Guided by one weak hand was seen  
 to float ;  
 Evil the fate which loosed it from the  
 shore,  
 Too early voyager with too frail an  
 oar !

Down the vexed centre of that rushing tide,  
The thick huge ice-blocks threatening either side,  
The foam-white rocks of Amoskeag in view,  
With arrowy swiftness sped that light canoe.

The trapper, moistening his moose's meat  
On the wet bank by Uncanoonuc's feet,  
Saw the swift boat flash down the troubled stream—  
Slept he, or waked he?—was it truth or dream?

The straining eye bent fearfully before,  
The small hand clenching on the useless oar,  
The bead-wrought blanket trailing o'er the water—  
He knew them all—woe for the Sachem's daughter!

Sick and aweary of her lonely life,  
Heedless of peril the still faithful wife  
Had left her mother's grave, her father's door,  
To seek the wigwam of her chief once more.

Down the white rapids like a sear leaf whirled,  
On the sharp rocks and piled-up ices hurled,  
Empty and broken, circled the canoe  
In the vexed pool below—but, where was Weetamoo?

#### VIII. SONG OF INDIAN WOMEN.

The Dark eye has left us,  
The Spring-bird has flown;  
On the pathway of spirits  
She wanders alone.  
The song of the wood-dove has died on our shore,—  
*Mat wonck kunna-monee!*\*—We hear it no more!

\* *Mat wonck kunna-monee*, "We shall see thee (or her) no more."

O dark water Spirit!  
We cast on thy wave  
These furs which may never  
Hang over her grave;  
Bear down to the lost one the robes  
that she wore,—  
*Mat wonck kunna-monee!*—We see her no more!

Of the strange land she walks in  
No Powah has told:  
It may burn with the sunshine,  
Or freeze with the cold.  
Let us give to our lost one the robes  
that she wore,  
*Mat wonck kunna-monee!*—We see her no more!

The path she is treading  
Shall soon be our own;  
Each gliding in shadow  
Unseen and alone!—  
In vain shall we call on the souls  
gone before,—  
*Mat wonck kunna-monee!*—They hear us no more!

O mighty Sowanna! \*  
Thy gateways unfold,  
From thy wigwam of sunset  
Lift curtains of gold!  
Take home the poor Spirit whose  
journey is o'er,—  
*Mat wonck kunna-monee!*—We see her no more!

So sang the Children of the Leaves beside  
The broad, dark river's coldly flowing tide,  
Now low, now harsh, with sob-like pause and swell,  
On the high wind their voices rose and fell.  
Nature's wild music,—sounds of wind-swept trees,  
The scream of birds, the wailing of the breeze,  
The roar of waters, steady, deep, and strong,—  
Mingled and murmured in that farewell song.

\* The Great South-West God.

# SONGS OF LABOUR

## AND OTHER POEMS

[1850]

### DEDICATION

I WOULD the gift I offer here  
Might grace from thy favour  
take,  
And, seen through Friendship's at-  
mosphere,  
On softened lines and colouring,  
wear  
The unaccustomed light of beauty,  
for thy sake.

Few leaves of Fancy's spring re-  
main:  
But what I have I give to thee,—  
The o'er-sunned bloom of summer's  
plain,  
And paler flowers, the latter rain  
Calls from the westering slope of life's  
autumnal lea.

Above the fallen groves of green,  
Where youth's enchanted forest  
stood,  
Dry root and mossèd trunk between,  
A sober after-growth is seen,  
As springs the pine where falls the  
gay-leaved maple wood !

Yet birds will sing, and breezes  
play  
Their leaf-harps in the sombre  
tree ;  
And through the bleak and wintry  
day  
It keeps its steady green alway,  
So, even my after-thoughts may have  
a charm for thee.

Art's perfect forms no moral need,—  
And beauty is its own excuse ;  
But for the dull and flowerless weed  
Some healing virtue still must plead,  
And the rough ore must find its hon-  
ours in its use.

So haply these, my simple lays  
Of homely toil, may serve to show  
The orchard bloom and tasselled  
maize  
That skirt and gladden duty's ways,  
The unsung beauty hid life's common  
things below.

Haply from them the toiler, bent  
Above his forge or plough, may  
gain  
A manlier spirit of content,  
And feel that life is wisest spent  
Where the strong working hand makes  
strong the working brain.

The doom which to the guilty pair  
Without the walls of Eden came,  
Transforming sinless ease to care  
And rugged toil, no more shall  
bear  
The burden of old crime, or mark of  
primal shame.

A blessing now,—a curse no more ;  
Since He, whose name we breathe  
with awe,  
The coarse mechanic's vesture wore,—  
A poor man toiling with the poor,  
In labour, as in prayer, fulfilling the  
same law.

*THE SHIPBUILDERS*

THE sky is ruddy in the east,  
 The earth is grey below,  
 And, spectral in the river-mist,  
 The ship's white timbers show.  
 Then let the sounds of measured stroke  
 And grating saw begin ;  
 The broad axe to the gnarled oak,  
 The mallet to the pin !

Hark !—roars the bellows, blast on blast,  
 The sooty smithy jars,  
 And fire-sparks, rising far and fast,  
 Are fading with the stars.  
 All day for us the smith shall stand  
 Beside that flashing forge ;  
 All day for us his heavy hand  
 The groaning anvil scourge.

From far-off hills the panting team  
 For us is toiling near ;  
 For us the raftsmen down the stream  
 Their island barges steer.  
 Rings out for us the axe-man's stroke  
 In forests old and still,—  
 For us the century-cicled oak  
 Falls crashing down his hill.

Up !—up !—in nobler toil than ours  
 No craftsmen bear a part :  
 We make of Nature's giant powers  
 The slaves of human Art.  
 Lay rib to rib and beam to beam,  
 And drive the treenails free ;  
 Nor faithless joint nor yawning seam  
 Shall tempt the searching sea !

Where'er the keel of our good ship  
 The sea's rough field shall plough,—  
 Where'er her tossing spars shall drip  
 With salt-spray caught below,—  
 That ship must heed her master's beck,  
 Her helm obey his hand,  
 And seamen tread her reeling deck  
 As if they trod the land.

Her oaken ribs the vulture-beak  
 Of Northern ice may peel ;  
 The sunken rock and coral peak  
 May grate along her keel ;

And know we well the painted shell  
 We give to wind and wave,  
 Must float, the sailor's citadel,  
 Or sink, the sailor's grave !

Ho !—strike away the bars and blocks,  
 And set the good ship free !  
 Why lingers on these dusty rocks  
 The young bride of the sea ?  
 Look ! how she moves adown the grooves,  
 In graceful beauty now !  
 How lowly on the breast she loves  
 Sinks down her virgin prow !

God bless her ! wheresoe'er the breeze  
 Her snowy wing shall fan,  
 Aside the frozen Hebrides,  
 Or sultry Hindostan !  
 Where'er, in mart or on the main,  
 With peaceful flag unfurled,  
 She helps to wind the silken chain  
 Of commerce round the world !

Speed on the ship !—But let her bear  
 No merchandise of sin,  
 No groaning cargo of despair  
 Her roomy hold within ;  
 No Lethean drug for Eastern lands,  
 Nor poison-draught for ours ;  
 But honest fruits of toiling hands  
 And Nature's sun and showers.

Be hers the Prairie's golden grain,  
 The Desert's golden sand,  
 The clustered fruits of sunny Spain,  
 The spice of Morning-land !  
 Her pathway on the open main  
 May blessings follow free,  
 And glad hearts welcome back again  
 Her white sails from the sea !

*THE SHOEMAKERS*

HO ! workers of the old time styled  
 The Gentle Craft of Leather !  
 Young brothers of the ancient guild,  
 Stand forth once more together !

Call out again your long array,  
In the olden merry manner !  
Once more, on gay St. Crispin's day,  
Fling out your blazoned banner !

Rap, rap ! upon the well-worn stone  
How falls the polished hammer !  
Rap, rap ! the measured sound has  
grown

A quick and merry clamour.  
Now shape the sole ! now deftly  
curl

The glossy vamp around it,  
And bless the while the bright-eyed  
girl

Whose gentle fingers bound it !

For you, along the Spanish main

A hundred keels are ploughing ;

For you, the Indian on the plain

His lasso-coil is throwing ;

For you, deep glens with hemlock  
dark

The woodman's fire is lighting ;

For you, upon the oak's grey bark,

The woodman's axe is sniting.

For you, from Carolina's pine

The rosin-gum is stealing ;

For you, the dark-eyed Florentine

Her silken skein is reeling ;

For you, the dizzy goatherd roams

His rugged Alpine ledges ;

For you, round all her shepherd  
homes,

Bloom England's thorny hedges.

The foremost still, by day or night,

On moated mound or heather,

Where'er the need of trampled right

Brought toiling men together ;

Where the free burghers from the  
wall

Defied the mail-clad master,

Than yours, at Freedom's trumpet-  
call,

No craftsman rallied faster.

Let foplings sneer, let fools deride,—

Ye heed no idle scorner ;

Free hands and hearts are still your  
pride,

And duty done, your honour.

Ye dare to trust, for honest fame,  
The jury Time empanels,  
And leave to truth each noble name  
Which glorifies your annals.

Thy songs, Han Sachs, are living yet,  
In strong and hearty German ;  
And Bloomfield's lay, and Gifford's wit,  
And patriot fame of Sherman ;  
Still from his book, a mystic seer,  
The soul of Behmen teaches,  
And England's priestcraft shakes to  
hear

(Of Fox's leathern breeches.

The foot is yours ; where'er it falls,  
It treads your well-wrought leather,  
On earthen floor, in marble halls,  
On carpet, or on heather.

Still there the sweetest charm is found

(Of matron grace or vestal's,

As Hebe's foot bore nectar round

Among the old celestials !

Rap, rap !—your stout and bluff  
brogan,

With footsteps slow and weary,

May wander where the sky's blue span

Shuts down upon the prairie.

On Beauty's foot your slippers glance,

By Saratoga's fountains,

Or twinkle down the summer dance

Beneath the Crystal Mountains !

The red brick to the mason's hand,

The brown earth to the tiller's,

The shoe in yours shall wealth com-  
mand,

Like fairy Cinderella's !

As they who shunned the household  
maid

Beheld the crown upon her,

So all shall see your toil repaid

With hearth and home and honour.

Then let the toast be freely quaffed,

In water cool and brimming,—

" All honour to the good old Craft,

Its merry men and women ! "

Call out again your long array,

In the old time's pleasant manner :

Once more, on gay St. Crispin's day,

Fling out his blazoned banner !

## THE DROVERS

THROUGH heat and cold, and shower  
and sun,  
Still onward cheerly driving !  
There's life alone in duty done,  
And rest alone in striving.  
But see ! the day is closing cool,  
The woods are dim before us ;  
The white fog of the wayside pool  
Is creeping slowly o'er us.

The night is falling, comrades mine,  
Our footsore beasts are weary,  
And through yon elms the tavern sign  
Looks out upon us cheery.  
The landlord beckons from his door,  
His beechen fire is glowing ;  
These ample barns, with feed in store,  
Are filled to overflowing.

From many a valley frowned across  
By brows of rugged mountains ;  
From hillides where, through spongy  
moss,  
Gush out the river fountains ;  
From quiet farm-fields, green and low,  
And bright with blooming clover ;  
From vales of corn the wandering  
crow  
No richer hovers over ;

Day after day our way has been,  
O'er many a hill and hollow ;  
By lake and stream, by wood and glen,  
Our stately drove we follow.  
Through dust-clouds rising thick and  
dun,  
As smoke of battle o'er us,  
Their white horns glisten in the sun,  
Like plumes and crests before us.

We see them slowly climb the hill,  
As slow behind it sinking ;  
Or, thronging close, from roadside  
rill,  
Or sunny lakelet, drinking.  
Now crowding in the narrow road,  
In thick and struggling masses,  
They glare upon the teamster's load,  
Or rattling coach that passes.

Anon, with toss of horn and tail,  
And paw of hoof, and bellow,  
They leap some farmer's broken pale,  
O'er meadow-close or fallow.  
Forth comes the startled goodman ;  
forth  
Wife, children, house-dog, sally ;  
Till once more on their dusty path  
The baffled truants rally.

We drive no starvelings, scraggy  
grown,  
Loose-legged, and ribbed and bony.  
Like those who grind their noses  
down  
On pastures bare and stony,—  
Lank oxen, rough as Indian dogs,  
And cows too lean for shadows,  
Disputing feebly with the frogs  
The crop of saw-grass meadows !

In our good drove, so sleek and  
fair,  
No bones of leanness rattle ;  
No tottering hide-bound ghosts are  
there,  
Or Pharaoh's evil cattle.  
Each stately beeve bespeaks the hand  
That fed him unrepining ;  
The fatness of a goodly land  
In each dun hide is shining.

We've sought them where, in warmest  
nooks,  
The freshest feed is growing,  
By sweetest springs and clearest  
brooks  
Through honeysuckle flowing ;  
Wherever hillsides, sloping south,  
Are bright with early grasses,  
Or, tracking green the lowland's  
drouth,  
The mountain streamlet passes.

But now the day is closing cool,  
The woods are dim before us,  
The white fog of the wayside pool  
Is creeping slowly o'er us.  
The cricket to the frog's bassoon  
His shrillest time is keeping ;  
The sickle of yon setting moon  
The meadow-mist is reaping.



The night is falling, comrades mine,  
 Our footsore beasts are weary,  
 And through yon elms the tavern sign  
 Looks out upon us cheery.  
 To-morrow, eastward with our charge  
 We'll go to meet the dawning,  
 Ere yet the pines of Kéarsarge  
 Have seen the sun of morning.

When snow-flakes o'er the frozen  
 earth,  
 Instead of birds, are flitting ;  
 When children throng the glowing  
 hearth,  
 And quiet wives are knitting ;  
 While in the fire-light strong and  
 clear  
 Young eyes of pleasure glisten,  
 To tales of all we see and hear  
 The ears of home shall listen.

By many a Northern lake and hill,  
 From many a mountain pasture,  
 Shall Fancy play the Drover still,  
 And speed the long night faster.  
 Then let us on, through shower and  
 sun,  
 And heat and cold, be driving ;  
 There's life alone in duty done,  
 And rest alone in striving.

### THE FISHERMEN

HURRAH ! the seaward breezes  
 Sweep down the bay amain ;  
 Heave up, my lads, the anchor !  
 Run up the sail again !  
 Leave to the lubber landmen  
 The rail-car and the steed ;  
 The stars of heaven shall guide us,  
 The breath of heaven shall speed.

From the hill-top looks the steeple,  
 And the lighthouse from the sand ;  
 And the scattered pines are waving  
 Their farewell from the land.  
 One glance, my lads, behind us,  
 For the homes we leave one sigh,  
 Ere we take the change and chances  
 Of the ocean and the sky

Now, brothers, for the icebergs  
 Of frozen Labrador,  
 Floating spectral in the moonshine,  
 Along the low, black shore !  
 Where like snow the gannet's feathers  
 On Brador's rocks are shed,  
 And the noisy murr are flying,  
 Like black scuds, overhead ;

Where in mist the rock is hiding,  
 And the sharp reef lurks below,  
 And the white squall smites in  
 summer,  
 And the autumn tempests blow ;  
 Where, through grey and rolling  
 vapour,  
 From evening unto morn,  
 A thousand boats are hailing,  
 Horn answering unto horn.

Hurrah ! for the Red Island,  
 With the white cross on its crown !  
 Hurrah ! for Meccatina,  
 And its mountains bare and brown !  
 Where the Caribou's tall antlers  
 O'er the dwarf-wood freely toss,  
 And the footstep of the Mickmack  
 Has no sound upon the moss.

There we'll drop our lines, and  
 gather  
 Old Ocean's treasures in,  
 Where'er the mottled mackerel  
 Turns up a steel-dark fin.  
 The sea's our field of harvest,  
 Its scaly tribes our grain ;  
 We'll reap the teeming waters  
 As at home they reap the plain !

Our wet hands spread the carpet,  
 And light the hearth of home ;  
 From our fish, as in the old time,  
 The silver coin shall come.  
 As the demon fled the chamber  
 Where the fish of Tobit lay,  
 So ours from all our dwellings  
 Shall frighten Want away.

Though the mist upon our jackets  
 In the bitter air congeals,  
 And our lines wind stiff and slowly  
 From off the frozen reels ;

Though the fog be dark around us,  
And the storm blow high and loud,  
We will whistle down the wild wind,  
And laugh beneath the cloud !

In the darkness as in daylight,  
On the water as on land,  
God's eye is looking on us,  
And beneath us is His hand !  
Death will find us soon or later,  
On the deck or in the cot ;  
And we cannot meet him better  
Than in working out our lot.

Hurrah !—hurrah !—the west-wind  
Comes freshening down the bay,  
The rising sails are filling,—  
Give way, my lads, give way !  
Leave the coward landsman clinging  
To the dull earth, like a weed,—  
The stars of heaven shall guide us,  
The breath of heaven shall speed !

### THE HUSKERS

It was late in mild October, and the  
long autumnal rain  
Had left the summer harvest-fields all  
green with grass again ;  
The first sharp frosts had fallen, leav-  
ing all the woodlands gay  
With the hues of summer's rainbow,  
or the meadow-flowers of May.

Through a thin, dry mist, that morn-  
ing, the sun rose broad and red,  
At first a rayless disk of fire he bright-  
ened as he sped ;  
Yet, even his noontide glory fell chas-  
tened and subdued,  
On the cornfields and the orchards,  
and softly pictured wood.

And all that quiet afternoon, slow  
sloping to the night,  
He wove with golden shuttle the haze  
with yellow light ;  
Slanting through the painted beeches,  
he glorified the hill ;  
And, beneath it, pond and meadow  
lay brighter, greener still.

And shouting boys in woodland haunts  
caught glimpses of that sky,  
Flecked by the many-tinted leaves, and  
laughed, they knew not why ;  
And school-girls, gay with aster-  
flowers, beside the meadow  
brooks,  
Mingled the glow of autumn with the  
sunshine of sweet looks.

From spire and barn looked westerly  
the patient weathercocks ;  
But even the birches on the hill stood  
motionless as rocks.  
No sound was in the woodlands, save  
the squirrel's dropping shell,  
And the yellow leaves among the  
boughs, low rustling as they fell.

The summer grains were harvested ;  
the stubble-fields lay dry,  
Where June winds rolled, in light and  
shade, the pale green waves of  
rye ;  
But still, on gentle hill-slopes, in  
valleys fringed with wood,  
Ungathered, bleaching in the sun,  
the heavy corn crop stood.

Bent low, by autumn's wind and rain,  
through husks that, dry and  
sere,  
Unfolded from their ripened charge,  
shone out the yellow ear ;  
Beneath, the turnip lay concealed, in  
many a verdant fold,  
And glistened in the slanting light the  
pumpkin's sphere of gold.

There wrought the busy harvesters ;  
and many a creaking wain  
Bore slowly to the long barn-floor its  
load of husk and grain ;  
Till broad and red, as when he rose,  
the sun sank down, at last,  
And like a merry guest's farewell, the  
day in brightness passed.

And lo ! as through the western  
pines, on meadow, stream, and  
pond,  
Flamed the red radiance of a sky, set  
all afire beyond,

Slowly o'er the eastern sea-bluffs a  
milder glory shone,  
And the sunset and the moonrise were  
mingled into one !

As thus into the quiet night the  
twilight lapsed away,  
And deeper in the brightening moon  
the tranquil shadows lay ;  
From many a brown old farm-house,  
and hamlet without name,  
Their milking and their home-tasks  
done, the merry huskers came.

Swung o'er the heaped-up harvest,  
from pitchforks in the mow,  
Shone dimly down the lanterns on the  
pleasant scene below ;  
The growing pile of husks behind, the  
golden ears before,  
And laughing eyes and busy hands  
and brown cheeks glimmering  
o'er.

Half hidden in a quiet nook, serene  
of look and heart,  
Talking their old times over, the old  
men sat apart ;  
While, up and down the unhusked  
pile, or nestling in its shade,  
At hide-and-seek, with laugh and  
shout, the happy children played.

Urged by the good host's daughter, a  
maiden young and fair,  
Lifting to light her sweet blue eyes  
and pride of soft brown hair,  
The master of the village school,  
sleek of hair and smooth of  
tongue,  
To the quaint tune of some old psalm,  
a husking-ballad sung.

## THE CORN-SONG

HEAP high the farmer's wintry hoard !  
Heap high the golden corn !  
No richer gift has Autumn poured  
From out her lavish horn !

Let other lands, exulting, glean  
The apple from the pine,  
The orange from its glossy green,  
The cluster from the vine ;

We better love the hardy gift  
Our rugged vales bestow,  
To cheer us when the storm shall drift  
Our harvest-fields with snow.

Through vales of grass and meads of  
flowers,  
Our ploughs their furrows made,  
While on the hills the sun and showers  
Of changeful April played.

We dropped the seed o'er hill and  
plain,  
Beneath the sun of May,  
And frightened from our sprouting  
grain  
The robber crows away.

All through the long, bright days of  
June  
Its leaves grew green and fair,  
And waved in hot midsummer's noon  
Its soft and yellow hair.

And now, with autumn's moonlit eves,  
Its harvest-time has come,  
We pluck away the frosted leaves,  
And bear the treasure home.

There, richer than the fabled gift  
Apollo showered of old,  
Fair hands the broken grain shall sift,  
And knead its meal of gold.

Let vapid idlers loll in silk  
Around their costly board ;  
Give us the bowl of samp and milk,  
By homespun beauty poured !

Where'er the wide old kitchen hearth  
Sends up its smoky curls,  
Who will not thank the kindly earth,  
And bless our farmer girls ?

Then shame on all the proud and vain,  
Whose folly laughs to scorn  
The blessing of our hardy grain,  
Our wealth of golden corn !

Let earth withhold her goodly root,  
 Let mildew blight the rye,  
 Give to the worm the orchard's fruit,  
 The wheat-field to the fly :

But let the good old crop adorn  
 The hills our fathers trod ;  
 Still let us, for His golden corn,  
 Send up our thanks to God !

### THE LUMBERMEN

WILDLY round our woodland quarters,  
 Sad-voiced Autumn grieves ;  
 Thickly down these swelling waters  
 Float his fallen leaves.  
 Through the tall and naked timber,  
 Column-like and old,  
 Gleam the sunsets of November,  
 From their skies of gold.

O'er us, to the southland heading,  
 Screams the grey wild-geese ;  
 On the night-frost sounds the treading  
 Of the brindled moose.  
 Noiseless creeping, while we're sleeping  
 Frost his task-work plies ;  
 Soon, his icy bridges heaping,  
 Shall our log-piles rise.

When, with sounds of smothered  
 thunder,  
 On some night of rain,  
 Lake and river break asunder  
 Winter's weakened chain,  
 Down the wild March flood shall bear  
 them  
 To the saw-mill's wheel,  
 Or where Steam, the slave, shall tear  
 them  
 With his teeth of steel.

Be it starlight, be it moonlight,  
 In these vales below,  
 When the earliest beams of sunlight  
 Streak the mountain's snow,  
 Crisps the hoar-frost, keen and early,  
 To our hurrying feet,  
 And the forest echoes clearly  
 All our blows repeat.

Where the crystal Ambijejis  
 Stretches broad and clear,  
 And Millnocket's pine-black ridges  
 Hide the browsing deer :  
 Where, through lakes and wide mo-  
 rasses,  
 Or through rocky walls,  
 Swift and strong, Penobscot passes  
 White with foamy falls ;

Where, through clouds, are glimpses  
 given  
 Of Katahdin's sides,—  
 Rock and forest piled to heaven,  
 Torn and ploughed by slides !  
 Far below, the Indian trapping,  
 In the sunshine warm ;  
 Far above, the snow-cloud wrapping  
 Half the peak in storm !

Where are mossy carpets better  
 Than the Persian weaves,  
 And than Eastern perfumes sweeter  
 Seem the fading leaves ;  
 And a music wild and solemn,  
 From the pine-tree's height,  
 Rolls its vast and sea-like volume  
 On the wind of night ;

Make we here our camp of winter ;  
 And, through sleet and snow,  
 Pitchy knot and beechen splinter  
 On our hearth shall glow.  
 Here, with mirth to lighten duty,  
 We shall lack alone  
 Woman's smile and girlhood's beauty,  
 Childhood's lisping tone.

But their hearth is brighter burning  
 For our toil to-day ;  
 And the welcome of returning  
 Shall our loss repay,  
 When, like seamen from the waters,  
 From the woods we come,  
 Greeting sisters, wives, and daugh-  
 ters,  
 Angels of our home !

Not for us the measured ringing  
 From the village spire,  
 Not for us the Sabbath singing  
 Of the sweet-voiced choir :

Ours the old, majestic temple,  
Where God's brightness shines  
Down the dome so grand and ample,  
Propped by lofty pines !

Through each branch-enwoven sky-  
light  
Speaks He in the breeze,  
As of old beneath the twilight  
Of lost Eden's trees !  
For His ear, the inward feeling  
Needs no outward tongue ;  
He can see the spirit kneeling  
While the axe is swung.

Heeding truth alone, and turning  
From the false and dim,  
Lamp of toil or altar burning  
Are alike to Him.  
Strike, then, comrades !—Trade is  
waiting  
On our rugged toil ;  
Far ships waiting for the freighting  
Of our woodland spoil !

Ships, whose traffic links these high-  
lands,  
Bleak and cold, of ours,  
With the citron-planted islands  
Of a clime of flowers ;  
To our frosts the tribute bringing  
Of eternal heats ;  
In our lap of winter slinging  
Tropic fruits and sweets.

Cheerly, on the axe of labour,  
Let the sunbeams dance,  
Better than the flash of sabre  
Or the gleam of lance !

Strike !—With every blow is given  
Freer sun and sky,  
And the long-hid earth to heaven  
Looks, with wondering eye !

Loud behind us grow the murmurs  
Of the age to come ;  
Clang of smiths, and tread of farmers,  
Bearing harvest home !  
Here her virgin lap with treasures  
Shall the green earth fill ;  
Waving wheat and golden maize-ears  
Crown each beechen hill.

Keep who will the city's alleys,  
Take the smooth-shorn plain,—  
Give to us the cedar valleys,  
Rocks and hills of Maine !  
In our North-land, wild and woody,  
Let us still have part :  
Rugged nurse and mother sturdy,  
Hold us to thy heart !

Oh, our free hearts beat the warmer  
For thy breath of snow ;  
And our tread is all the firmer  
For thy rocks below.  
Freedom, hand in hand with Labour,  
Walketh strong and brave ;  
On the forehead of his neighbour  
No man writeth Slave !

Lo, the day breaks ! old Katahdin's  
Pine-trees show its fires,  
While from these dim forest gardens  
Rise their blackened spires.  
Up, my comrades ! up and doing !  
Manhood's rugged play  
Still renewing, bravely hewing  
Through the world our way !

## THE ANGELS OF BUENA VISTA

SPEAK and tell us, our Ximena, look-  
ing northward far away,  
O'er the camp of the invaders, o'er the  
Mexican array,  
Who is losing ? who is winning ? are  
they far or come they near ?  
Lookabroad, and tell us, sister, whither  
rolls the storm we hear.

"Down the hills of Angostura still the  
storm of battle rolls ;  
Blood is flowing, men are dying ; God  
have mercy on their souls !"  
Who is losing ? who is winning ?—  
"Over hill and over plain,  
I see but smoke of cannon clouding  
through the mountain rain."

Holy Mother ! keep our brothers !  
 Look, Ximena, look once more.  
 "Still I see the fearful whirlwind  
 rolling darkly as before,  
 Bearing on, in strange confusion,  
 friend and foeman, foot and  
 horse,  
 Like some wild and troubled torrent  
 sweeping down its mountain  
 course."

Look forth once more, Ximena ! "Ah !  
 the smoke has rolled away ;  
 And I see the Northern rifles gleam-  
 ing down the ranks of grey.  
 Hark ! that sudden blast of bugles !  
 there the troop of Minon wheels ;  
 There the Northern horses thunder,  
 with the cannon at their heels.

"Jesu, pity ! how it thickens ! now  
 retreat and now advance !  
 Right against the blazing cannon  
 shivers Puebla's charging lance !  
 Down they go, the brave young riders ;  
 horse and foot together fall ;  
 Like a ploughshare in the fallow,  
 through them ploughs the Nor-  
 thern ball."

Nearer came the storm and nearer,  
 rolling fast and frightful on !  
 Speak, Ximena, speak and tell us,  
 who has lost, and who has won ?  
 "Alas ! alas ! I know not ; friend  
 and foe together fall,  
 O'er the dying rush the living : pray,  
 my sisters, for them all !

"Lo ! the wind the smoke is lifting :  
 Blessed Mother, save my brain !  
 I can see the wounded crawling slowly  
 out from heaps of slain.  
 Now they stagger, blind and bleeding ;  
 now they fall, and strive to rise ;  
 Hasten, sisters, haste and save them,  
 lest they die before our eyes !

"O my heart's love ! O my dear one !  
 lay thy poor head on my knee :  
 Dost thou know the lips that kiss  
 thee ? Canst thou hear me ?  
 canst thou see ?

O my husband, brave and gentle !  
 O my Bernal, look once more  
 On the blessed cross before thee !  
 Mercy ! mercy ! all is o'er !"

Dry thy tears, my poor Ximena ; lay  
 thy dear one down to rest ;  
 Let his hands be meekly folded, lay  
 the cross upon his breast ;  
 Let his dirge be sung hereafter, and  
 his funeral masses said :  
 To-day, thou poor bereaved one, the  
 living ask thy aid.

Close beside her, faintly moaning,  
 fair and young, a soldier lay,  
 Torn with shot and pierced with  
 lances, bleeding slow his life  
 away ;  
 But, as tenderly before him the lorn  
 Ximena knelt,  
 She saw the Northern eagle shining  
 on his pistol-belt.

With a stifled cry of horror straight  
 she turned away her head ;  
 With a sad and bitter feeling looked  
 she back upon her dead ;  
 But she heard the youth's low moan-  
 ing, and his struggling breath of  
 pain,  
 And she raised the cooling water to  
 his parching lips again.

Whispered low the dying soldier,  
 pressed her hand and faintly  
 smiled :  
 Was that pitying face his mother's ?  
 did she watch beside her child ?  
 All his stranger words with meaning  
 her woman's heart supplied ;  
 With her kiss upon his forehead,  
 "Mother !" murmured he, and  
 died !

"A bitter curse upon them, poor boy,  
 who led thee forth,  
 From some gentle, sad-eyed mother,  
 weeping, lonely, in the North !"  
 Spake the mournful Mexican woman, as  
 she laid him with her dead,  
 And turned to soothe the living, and  
 bind the wounds which bled,

Look forth once more, Ximena ! "Like  
a cloud before the wind  
Rolls the battle down the moun-  
tains, leaving blood and death  
behind ;  
Ah ! they plead in vain for mercy ; in  
the dust the wounded strive ;  
Hide your faces, holy angels ! O Thou  
Christ of God, forgive ! "

Sink, O Night, among thy moun-  
tains ! let the cool, grey shadows  
fall ;  
Dying brothers, fighting demons, drop  
thy curtain over all !  
Through the thickening winter twi-  
light, wide apart the battle  
rolled,  
In its sheath the sabre rested, and the  
cannon's lips grew cold.

But the noble Mexic women still their  
holy task pursued,  
Through that long, dark night of  
sorrow, worn and faint and lack-  
ing food.  
Over weak and suffering brothers,  
with a tender care they hung,  
And the dying foeman blessed them in  
a strange and Northern tongue.

Not wholly lost, O Father, is this  
evil world of ours ;  
Upward, through its blood and ashes,  
spring afresh the Eden flowers ;  
From its smoking hell of battle, Love  
and Pity send their prayer,  
And still Thy white-winged angels  
hover dimly in our air !

### FORGIVENESS

My heart was heavy, for its trust had  
been  
Abused, its kindness answered with  
foul wrong ;  
So, turning gloomily from my fellow-  
men,  
One summer Sabbath day I strolled  
among

The green mounds of the village  
burial-place ;  
Where, pondering how all human  
love and hate  
Find one sad level ; and how, soon  
or late,  
Wronged and wrongdoer, each with  
meekened face,  
And cold hands folded over a still  
heart,  
Pass the green threshold of our  
common grave,  
Whither all footsteps tend, whence  
none depart,  
Awed for myself, and pitying my race,  
Our common sorrow, like a mighty  
wave,  
Swept all my pride away, and trem-  
bling I forgave !

### BARCLAY OF URY<sup>33</sup>

Up the streets of Aberdeen,  
By the kirk and college green,  
Rode the Laird of Ury ;  
Close behind him, close beside,  
Foul of mouth and evil-eyed,  
Pressed the mob in fury.

Flouted him the drunken churl,  
Jeered at him the serving-girl,  
Prompt to please her master ;  
And the begging carlin, late  
Fed and clothed at Ury's gate,  
Cursed him as he passed her.

Yet, with calm and stately mien,  
Up the streets of Aberdeen  
Came he slowly riding :  
And, to all he saw and heard,  
Answering not with bitter word,  
Turning not for chiding.

Came a troop with broadswords swing-  
ing,  
Bits and bridles sharply ringing,  
Loose and free and froward ;  
Quoth the foremost, " Ride him down !  
Push him ! prick him ! through the town  
Drive the Quaker coward ! "

But from out the thickening crowd  
Cried a sudden voice and loud :

“Barclay ! Ho ! a Barclay !”  
And the old man at his side  
Saw a comrade, battle-tried,  
Scarred and sunburned darkly ;

Who with ready weapon bare,  
Fronting to the troopers there,  
Cried aloud : “ God save us,  
Call ye coward him who stood  
Ankle-deep in Lutzen’s blood,  
With the brave Gustavus ? ”

“ Nay, I do not need thy sword,  
Comrade mine,” said Ury’s lord ;

“ Put it up, I pray thee :  
Passive to His holy will,  
Trust I in my Master still,  
Even though He slay me.

“ Pledges of thy love and faith,  
Proved on many a field of death,  
Not by me are needed.”  
Marvelled much that henchman bold,  
That his laird, so stout of old,  
Now so meekly pleaded.

“ Woe’s the day ! ” he sadly said,  
With a slowly shaking head,  
And a look of pity ;  
“ Ury’s honest lord reviled,  
Mock of knave and sport of child,  
In his own good city !

“ Speak the word, and, master  
mine,  
As we charged on Tilly’s line,  
And his Walloon lancers,  
Smiting through their midst we’ll  
teach  
Civil look and decent speech  
To these boyish prancers ! ”

“ Marvel not, mine ancient friend ;  
Like beginning, like the end,”  
Quoth the Laird of Ury ;  
“ Is the sinful servant more  
Than his gracious Lord who bore  
Bonds and stripes in Jewry ?

“ Give me joy that in His name  
I can bear, with patient frame,  
All these vain ones offer ;  
While for them He suffereth long,  
Shall I answer wrong with wrong,  
Scoffing with the scoffer ?

“ Happier I, with loss of all,  
Hunted, outlawed, held in thrall,  
With few friends to greet me,  
Than when reeve and squire were seen,  
Riding out from Aberdeen,  
With bared heads to meet me.

“ When each goodwife, o’er and  
o’er,  
Blessed me as I passed her door ;  
And the snooded daughter,  
Through her casement glancing down,  
Smiled on him who bore renown  
From red fields of slaughter.

“ Hard to feel the stranger’s scoff,  
Hard the old friend’s falling off,  
Hard to learn forgiving :  
But the Lord His own rewards,  
And His love with theirs accords,  
Warm and fresh and living.

“ Through this dark and stormy  
night  
Faith beholds a feeble light  
Up the blackness streaking ;  
Knowing God’s own time is best,  
In a patient hope I rest  
For the full day-breaking ! ”

So the Laird of Ury said,  
Turning slow his horse’s head  
Towards the Tolbooth prison,  
Where, through iron gates, he heard  
Poor disciples of the Word  
Preach of Christ arisen !

Not in vain, Confessor old,  
Unto us the tale is told  
Of thy day of trial ;  
Every age on him, who strays  
From its broad and beaten ways  
Pours its sevenfold vial,



Happy he whose inward ear  
 Angel comfortings can hear,  
 O'er the rabble's laughter ;  
 And while Hatred's fagots burn,  
 Glimpses through the smoke discern  
 Of the good hereafter.

Knowing this, that never yet  
 Share of Truth was vainly set  
 In the world's wide fallow ;  
 After hands shall sow the seed,  
 After hands from hill and mead  
 Reap the harvests yellow.

Thus, with somewhat of the Seer,  
 Must the moral pioneer  
 From the Future borrow ;  
 Clothe the waste with dreams of grain,  
 And, on midnight's sky of rain,  
 Paint the golden morrow !

### WHAT THE VOICE SAID

MADDENED by Earth's wrong and  
 evil,

"Lord !" I cried in sudden ire,  
 "From Thy right hand, clothed with  
 thunder,  
 Shake the bolted fire !

"Love is lost, and Faith is dying ;  
 With the brute the man is sold ;  
 And the dropping blood of Labour  
 Hardens into gold.

"Here the dying wail of Famine,  
 There the battle's groan of pain ;  
 And, in silence, smooth-faced Mammon  
 Reaping men like grain.

"Where is God, that we should fear  
 Him ?"  
 Thus the earth-born Titans say ;  
 "God, if Thou art living, hear us !"  
 Thus the weak ones pray."

"Thou, the patient Heaven upbraid-  
 ing,"  
 Spake a solemn Voice within ;  
 "Weary of our Lord's forbearance,  
 Art thou free from sin ?

Fearless brow to Him uplifting,  
 Canst thou for His thunders call,  
 Knowing that to guilt's attraction  
 Evermore they fall ?

"Know'st thou not all germs of evil  
 In thy heart await their time ?  
 Not thyself, but God's restraining,  
 Stays their growth of crime.

"Couldst thou boast, O child of  
 weakness !  
 O'er the sons of wrong and strife,  
 Were their strong temptations planted  
 In thy path of life ?

"Thou hast seen two streamlets gush-  
 ing  
 From one fountain, clear and free,  
 But by widely varying channels  
 Searching for the sea.

"Glideth one through greenest valleys,  
 Kissing them with lips still sweet ;  
 One, mad roaring down the moun-  
 tains,  
 Stagnates at their feet.

"Is it choice whereby the Parsee  
 Kneels before his mother's fire ?  
 In his black tent did the Tartar  
 Choose his wandering sire ?

"He alone, whose hand is bounding  
 Human power and human will,  
 Looking through each soul's surround-  
 ing,  
 Knows its good or ill.

"For thyself, while wrong and sorrow  
 Make to thee their strong appeal,  
 Coward wert thou not to utter  
 What the heart must feel.

"Earnest words must needs be spoken  
 When the warm heart bleeds or  
 burns  
 With its scorn of wrong, or pity  
 For the wronged, by turns.

"But, by all thy nature's weakness,  
 Hidden faults and follies known,  
 Be thou, in rebuking evil,  
 Conscious of thine own.

"Not the less shall stern-eyed Duty  
To thy lips her trumpet set,  
But with harsher blasts shall mingle  
Wailings of regret."

Cease not, Voice of holy speaking,  
Teacher sent of God, be near,  
Whispering through the day's cool  
silence,  
Let my spirit hear !

So, when thoughts of evil-doers,  
Waken scorn, or hatred move,  
Shall a mournful fellow-feeling  
Temper all with love.

And, smiling on thee through her  
mountain rains,  
Vermont shall bless thee ; and the  
granite peaks,  
And vast Katahdin o'er his woods  
shall wear  
Their snow-crowns brighter in the  
cold, keen air ;  
And Massachusetts, with her rugged  
cheeks  
O'errun with grateful tears, shall turn  
to thee,  
When, at thy bidding, the electric  
wire  
Shall tremble northward with its  
words of fire :  
Glory and praise to God ! another  
State is free !

### TO DELAWARE

[Written during the discussion in the  
Legislature of that State, in the winter of  
1846-47, of a bill for the abolition of slavery.]

THRICE welcome to thy sisters of the  
East,  
To the strong tillers of a rugged  
home,  
With spray-wet locks to Northern  
winds released,  
And hardy feet o'erswept by ocean's  
foam ;  
And to the young nymphs of the  
golden West,  
Whose harvest mantles, fringed with  
prairie bloom,  
Trail in the sunset,—O redeemed and  
blest,  
To the warm welcome of thy sisters  
come !  
Broad Pennsylvania, down her sail-  
white bay  
Shall give thee joy, and Jersey  
from her plains,  
And the great lakes, where echo, free  
always,  
Moaned never shoreward with the  
clank of chains,  
Shall weave new sun-bows in their  
tossing spray,  
And all their waves keep grateful  
holiday.

### WORSHIP

"Pure religion, and undefiled, before God  
and the Father is this : To visit the widows  
and the fatherless in their affliction, and to  
keep himself unspotted from the world."—  
*James i. 27.*

THE Pagan's myths through marble  
lips are spoken,  
And ghosts of old Beliefs still flit  
and moan  
Round fane and altar overthrown and  
broken,  
O'er tree-grown barrow and grey  
ring of stone.

Blind Faith had martyrs in those old  
high places,  
The Syrian hill grove and the  
Druid's wood,  
With mother's offering, to the Fiend's  
embraces,  
Bone of their bone, and blood of  
their own blood.

Red altars, kindling through that  
night of error,  
Smoked with warm blood beneath  
the cruel eye  
Of lawless Power and sanguinary  
Terror,  
Throned on the circle of a pitiless  
sky ;

Beneath whose baleful shadow, over-  
 casting  
 All heaven above, and blighting  
 earth below,  
 The scourge grew red, the lip grew  
 pale with fasting,  
 And man's oblation was his fear  
 and woe !

Then through great temples swelled  
 the dismal moaning  
 Of dirge-like music and sepulchral  
 prayer ;  
 Pale wizard priests, o'er occult symbols  
 droning,  
 Swung their white censers in the  
 burdened air :

As if the pomp of rituals, and the  
 savour  
 Of gums and spices could the Un-  
 seen One please ;  
 As if His ear could bend, with childish  
 favour,  
 To the poor flattery of the organ  
 keys !

Feet red from war-fields trod the  
 church aisles holy,  
 With trembling reverence : and the  
 oppressor there,  
 Kneeling before his priest, abased and  
 lowly,  
 Crushed human hearts beneath his  
 knee of prayer.

Not such the service the benignant  
 Father  
 Requireth at His earthly children's  
 hands :  
 Not the poor offering of vain rites,  
 but rather  
 The simple duty man from man  
 demands.

For Earth He asks it : the full joy of  
 Heaven  
 Knoweth no change of waning or  
 increase ;  
 The great heart of the Infinite beats  
 even,  
 Untroubled flows the river of His  
 peace.

He asks no taper lights, on high sur-  
 rounding  
 The priestly altar and the saintly  
 grave,  
 No dolorous chant nor organ music  
 sounding,  
 Nor incense clouding up the twilight  
 nave.

For he whom Jesus loved hath truly  
 spoken :  
 The holier worship which He deigns  
 to bless  
 Restores the lost, and binds the spirit  
 broken,  
 And feeds the widow and the  
 fatherless !

Types of our human weakness and our  
 sorrow !  
 Who lives undaunted by his loved  
 ones dead ?  
 Who, with vain longing, seeketh not  
 to borrow  
 From stranger eyes the home lights  
 which have fled ?

O brother man ! fold to thy heart  
 thy brother ;  
 Where pity dwells, the peace of God  
 is there ;  
 To worship rightly is to love each  
 other,  
 Each smile a hymn, each kindly  
 deed a prayer.

Follow with reverent steps the great  
 example  
 Of Him whose holy work was  
 " doing good ;"  
 So shall the wide earth seem our  
 Father's temple,  
 Each loving life a psalm of grati-  
 tude.

Then shall all shackles fall ; the  
 stormy clangour  
 Of wild-war music o'er the earth  
 shall cease ;  
 Love shall tread out the baleful fire  
 of anger,  
 And in its ashes plant the tree of  
 peace !

## THE DEMON OF THE STUDY

THE Brownie sits in the Scotchman's  
room,  
And eats his meat and drinks his  
ale,  
And beats the maid with her unused  
broom,  
And the lazy lout with his idle flail ;  
But he sweeps the floor and threshes  
the corn,  
And hies him away ere the break of  
dawn.

The shade of Denmark fled from the  
sun,  
And the Cock-lane ghost from the  
barn-loft cheer,  
The fiend of Faust was a faithful one,  
Agrippa's demon wrought in fear,  
And the devil of Martin Luther sat  
By the stout monk's side in social chat.

The Old Man of the Sea, on the neck  
of him  
Who seven times crossed the deep,  
Twined closely each lean and withered  
limb,  
Like the nightmare in one's sleep  
But he drank of the wine, and Sindbad  
cast  
The evil weight from his back at last.

But the demon that cometh day by day  
To my quiet room and fireside nook,  
Where the casement light falls dim  
and grey  
On faded painting and ancient book,  
Is a sorrier one than any whose names  
Are chronicled well by good King  
James.

No bearer of burdens like Caliban,  
No runner of errands like Ariel,  
He comes in the shape of a fat old  
man,  
Without rap of knuckle or pull of  
bell ;  
And whence he comes, or whither he  
goes,  
I know as I do of the wind which  
blows.

A stout old man with a greasy hat  
Slouched heavily down to his dark,  
red nose,  
And two grey eyes enveloped in fat,  
Looking through glasses with iron  
bows.  
Read ye, and heed ye, and ye who can,  
Guard well your doors from that old  
man !

He comes with a careless "How d'ye  
do?"  
And seats himself in my elbow-  
chair ;  
And my morning paper and pamphlet  
new  
Fall forthwith under his special  
care,  
And he wipes his glasses and clears  
his throat,  
And, button by button, unfolds his  
coat.

And then he reads from paper and  
book,  
In a low and husky asthmatic tone,  
With the stolid sameness of posture  
and look  
Of one who reads to himself alone ;  
And hour after hour on my senses  
come  
That husky wheeze and that dolorous  
hum.

The price of stocks, the auction sales,  
The poet's song and the lover's  
glee,  
The horrible murders, the seaboard  
gales,  
The marriage list, and the *jeu  
d'esprit*,  
All reach my ear in the self-same  
tone,—  
I shudder at each, but the fiend reads  
on !

Oh, sweet as the lapse of water at noon  
O'er the mossy roots of some forest  
tree,  
The sigh of the wind in the woods of  
June,  
Or sound of flutes o'er a moonlit  
sea,

Or the low soft music, perchance,  
which seems  
To float through the slumbering  
singer's dreams,

So sweet, so dear is the silvery tone  
Of her in whose features I some-  
times look,  
As I sit at eve by her side alone,  
And we read by turns from the self-  
same book,—  
Some tale perhaps of the olden time,  
Some lover's romance or quaint old  
rhyme.

Then when the story is one of woe,—  
Some prisoner's plaint through his  
dungeon-bar,  
Her blue eye glistens with tears, and  
low  
Her voice sinks down like a moan  
afar;  
And I seem to hear that prisoner's  
wail,  
And his face looks on me worn and  
pale.

And when she reads some merry song  
Her voice is glad as an April bird's,  
And when the tale is of war and wrong,  
A trumpet's summons is in her  
words,  
And the rush of the hosts I seem to  
hear,  
And see the tossing of plume and  
spear!—

Oh, pity me then, when, day by day,  
The stout fiend darkens my parlour  
door;  
And reads me perchance the self-same  
lay  
Which melted in music, the night  
before,  
From lips as the lips of Hylas sweet,  
And moved like twin roses which  
zephyrs meet!

I cross my floor with a nervous tread,  
I whistle and laugh and sing and  
shout,  
I flourish my cane above his head,  
And stir up the fire to roast him out;

I topple the chairs, and drum on the  
pane,  
And press my hands on my ears, in  
vain!

I've studied Glanville and James the  
wise,  
And wizard black-letter tomes  
which treat  
Of demons of every name and size,  
Which a Christian man is presumed  
to meet,  
But never a hint and never a line  
Can I find of a reading fiend like mine.

I've crossed the Psalter with Brady  
and Tate,  
And laid the Primer above them all,  
I've nailed a horseshoe over the grate,  
And hung a wig to my parlour wall  
Once worn by a learned Judge, they  
say,  
At Salem court in the witchcraft day!

"*Conjuro te, sceleratissime,  
Abire ad tuum locum!*"—still  
Like a visible nightmare he sits by  
me,—

The exorcism has lost its skill;  
And I hear again in my haunted room  
The husky wheeze and the dolorous  
hum!

Ah!—commend me to Mary Magdalen  
With her sevenfold plagues,—to the  
wandering Jew,  
To the terrors which haunted Orestes  
when  
The furies his midnight curtains  
drew,  
But charm him off, ye who charm him  
can,  
That reading demon, that fat old man!

## THE PUMPKIN

Oh, greenly and fair in the lands of  
the sun,  
The vines of the gourd and the rich  
melon run,

And the rock and the tree and the  
cottage enfold,  
With broad leaves all greenness and  
blossoms all gold,  
Like that which o'er Nineveh's prophet  
once grew,  
While he waited to know that his  
warning was true,  
And longed for the storm-cloud, and  
listened in vain  
For the rush of the whirlwind and  
red fire-rain.

On the banks of the Xenil the dark  
Spanish maiden  
Comes up with the fruit of the tangled  
vine laden ;  
And the Creole of Cuba laughs out to  
behold  
Through orange-leaves shining the  
broad spheres of gold ;  
Yet with dearer delight from his home  
in the North,  
On the fields of his harvest the Yankee  
looks forth,  
Where crook-necks are coiling and  
yellow fruit shines,  
And the sun of September melts down  
on his vines.

Ah ! on Thanksgiving day, when from  
East and from West,  
From North and from South come the  
pilgrim and guest,  
When the grey-haired New-Englander  
sees round his board  
The old broken links of affection re-  
stored,  
When the care-wearied man seeks his  
mother once more,  
And the worn matron smiles where  
the girl smiled before,  
What moistens the lip and what  
brightens the eye ?  
What calls back the past, like the  
rich Pumpkin pie ?

Oh,—fruit loved of boyhood !—the  
old days recalling,  
When wood-grapes were purpling and  
brown nuts were falling !

When wild, ugly faces we carved in  
its skin,  
Glaring out through the dark with a  
candle within !  
When we laughed round the corn-  
heap, with hearts all in tune,  
Our chair a broad pumpkin,—our  
lantern the moon,  
Telling tales of the fairy who travelled  
like steam,  
In a pumpkin-shell coach, with two  
rats for her team !

Then thanks for thy present !—none  
sweeter or better  
E'er smoked from an oven or circled  
a platter !  
Fairer hands never wrought at a pastry  
more fine,  
Brighter eyes never watched o'er its  
baking, than thine !  
And the prayer, which my mouth is  
too full to express,  
Swells my heart that thy shadow may  
never be less,  
That the days of thy lot may be  
lengthened below,  
And the fame of thy worth like a  
pumpkin-vine grow,  
And thy life be as sweet, and its last  
sunset sky  
Golden-tinted and fair as thy own.  
Pumpkin pie !

#### EXTRACT FROM "A NEW ENGLAND LEGEND"

How has New England's romance  
fled,  
Even as a vision of the morning !  
Its rites foredone,—its guardians  
dead,—  
Its priestesses, bereft of dread,  
Waking the veriest urchin's scorn-  
ing !  
Gone like the Indian wizard's yell  
And fire-dancer round the magic rock,  
Forgotten like the Druid's spell  
At moonrise by his holy oak !

No more along the shadowy glen,  
Glide the dim ghosts of murdered  
men;

No more the unquiet churchyard dead  
Glimpse upward from their turfy bed,  
Startling the traveller, late and  
lone;

As, on some night of starless weather,  
They silently commune together,

Each sitting on his own head-stone!  
The roofless house, decayed, deserted,  
Its living tenants all departed,  
No longer rings with midnight revel  
Of witch, or ghost, or goblin evil;  
No pale blue flame sends out its flashes  
Through creviced roof and shattered  
sashes!—

The witch-grass round the hazel spring  
May sharply to the night-air sing,  
But there no more shall withered hags  
Refresh at ease their broomstick nags,  
Or taste those hazel-shadowed waters  
As beverage meet for Satan's daugh-  
ters;

No more their mimic tones be heard,—  
The mew of cat,—the chirp of bird,—  
Shrill blending with the hoarser  
laughter

Of the fell demon, following after!  
The cautious Goodman nails no more  
A horseshoe on his outer door,  
Lest some unseemly hag should fit  
To his own mouth her bridle-bit,—  
The goodwife's churn no more refuses  
Its wonted culinary uses  
Until, with heated needle burned,  
The witch has to her place returned!  
Our witches are no longer old  
And wrinkled beldames, Satan-sold,  
But young and gay and laughing  
creatures,  
With the heart's sunshine on their  
features,—

Their sorcery—the light which dances  
Where the raised lid unveils its  
glances;

Or that low-breathed and gentle tone,  
The music of Love's twilight hours,  
Soft, dream-like, as a fairy's moan

Above her nightly closing flowers,  
Sweeter than that which sighed of  
yore

Along the charmed Ausonian shore!

Even she, our own weird heroine,  
Sole Pythoness of ancient Lynn,  
Sleeps calmly where the living laid  
her.

And the wide realm of sorcery,  
Left by its latest mistress free,  
Hath found no grey and skilled  
invader:

So perished Albion's "glammaree,"  
With him in Melrose Abbey sleep-  
ing,

His charmed torch beside his knee,  
That even the dead himself might see  
The magic scroll within his keeping.

And now our modern Yankee sees  
Nor omens, spells, nor mysteries;  
And naught above, below, around,  
Of life or death, of sight or sound,

Whate'er its nature, form, or look,  
Excites his terror or surprise,—  
All seeming to his knowing eyes  
Familiar as his "catechise,"  
Or "Webster's Spelling-Book."

### HAMPTON BEACH

THE sunlight glitters keen and  
bright,

Where, miles away,  
Lies stretching to my dazzled sight  
A luminous belt, a misty light,  
Beyond the dark pine bluffs and  
wastes of sandy grey.

The tremulous shadow of the Sea!  
Against its ground  
Of silvery light, rock, hill, and tree,  
Still as a picture, clear and free,  
With varying outline mark the coast  
for miles around.

On—on—we tread with loose-flung  
rein

Our seaward way,  
Through dark-green fields and  
blossoming grain,  
Where the wild brier-rose skirts the  
lane,  
And bends above our heads the  
flowering locust spray.

Ha ! like a kind hand on my brow  
 Comes this fresh breeze,  
 Cooling its dull and feverish glow,  
 While through my being seems to  
 flow  
 The breath of a new life,—the healing  
 of the seas !

Now rest we, where this grassy  
 mound  
 His feet hath set  
 In the great waters, which have  
 bound  
 His granite ankles greenly round  
 With long and tangled moss, and  
 weeds with cool spray wet.

Good-bye to pain and care ! I take  
 Mine ease to-day :  
 Here where these sunny waters  
 break,  
 And ripples this keen breeze, I  
 shake  
 All burdens from the heart, all weary  
 thoughts away.

I draw a freer breath—I seem  
 Like all I see—  
 Waves in the sun—the white-  
 winged gleam  
 Of sea-birds in the slanting beam—  
 And far-off sails which flit before the  
 south-wind free.

So when Time's veil shall fall  
 asunder,  
 The soul may know  
 No fearful change, nor sudden  
 wonder,  
 Nor sink the weight of mystery  
 under,  
 But with the upward rise, and with  
 the vastness grow.

And all we shrink from now may  
 seem  
 No new revealing ;  
 Familiar as our childhood's stream,  
 Or pleasant memory of a dream  
 The loved and cherished Past upon  
 the new life stealing.

Serene and mild the untried light  
 May have its dawning ;  
 And, as in summer's northern  
 night  
 The evening and the dawn unite,  
 The sunset hues of Time blend with  
 the soul's new morning.

I sit alone ; in foam and spray  
 Wave after wave  
 Breaks on the rocks which, stern  
 and grey,  
 Shoulder the broken tide away,  
 Or murmurs hoarse and strong through  
 mossy cleft and cave.

What heed I of the dusty land  
 And noisy town ?  
 I see the mighty deep expand  
 From its white line of glimmering  
 sand  
 To where the blue of heaven on bluer  
 waves shuts down !

In listless quietude of mind,  
 I yield to all  
 The change of cloud and wave and  
 wind,  
 And passive on the flood reclined,  
 I wander with the waves, and with  
 them rise and fall.

But look, thou dreamer !—wave  
 and shore  
 In shadow lie ;  
 The night-wind warns me back  
 once more  
 To where, my native hill-tops  
 o'er,  
 Bends like an arch of fire the glowing  
 sunset sky.

So then, beach, bluff, and wave,  
 farewell !  
 I bear with me  
 No token stone nor glittering  
 shell,  
 But long and oft shall Memory  
 tell  
 Of this brief thoughtful hour of  
 musing by the Sea.



LINES

WRITTEN ON HEARING OF THE  
DEATH OF SILAS WRIGHT OF  
NEW YORK.

As they who, tossing midst the storm  
at night,  
While turning shoreward, where a  
beacon shone,  
Meet the walled blackness of the  
heaven alone,  
So, on the turbulent waves of party  
tossed,  
In gloom and tempest, men have  
seen thy light  
Quenched in the darkness. At thy  
hour of noon,  
While life was pleasant to thy un-  
dimmed sight,  
And, day by day, within thy spirit  
grew  
A holier hope than young Ambition  
knew,  
As through thy rural quiet, not in  
vain,  
Pierced the sharp thrill of Freedom's  
cry of pain,  
Man of the millions, thou art lost  
too soon !  
Portents at which the bravest stand  
aghast,—  
The birth-throes of a Future, strange  
and vast,  
Alarm the land ; yet thou, so wise  
and strong,  
Suddenly summoned to the burial  
bed,  
Lapped in its slumbers deep and  
ever long,  
Hear'st not the tumult surging over-  
head.  
Who now shall rally Freedom's scat-  
tering host ?  
Who wear the mantle of the leader  
lost ?  
Who stay the march of slavery ? He  
whose voice  
Hath called thee from thy task-  
field shall not lack  
Yet bolder champions, to beat  
bravely back

The wrong which, through His poor  
ones, reaches Him :  
Yet firmer hands shall Freedom's  
torch-lights trim,  
And wave them high across the  
abysmal black,  
Till bound, dumb millions there shall  
see them and rejoice.  
10th mo., 1847.

LINES

ACCOMPANYING MANUSCRIPTS PRE-  
SENTED TO A FRIEND.

'TIS said that in the Holy Land  
The angels of the place have blessed  
The pilgrim's bed of desert sand,  
Like Jacob's stone of rest.

That down the hush of Syrian skies  
Some sweet-voiced saint at twilight  
sings  
The song whose holy symphonies  
Are beat by unseen wings ;

Till starting from his sandy bed,  
The wayworn wanderer looks to see  
The halo of an angel's head  
Shine through the tamarisk-tree.

So through the shadows of my way  
Thy smile hath fallen soft and clear,  
So at the weary close of day  
Hath seemed thy voice of cheer.

That pilgrim pressing to his goal  
May pause not for the vision's sake,  
Yet all fair things within his soul  
The thought of it shall wake :

The graceful palm-tree by the well,  
Seen on the far horizon's rim ;  
The dark eyes of the fleet gazelle,  
Bent timidly on him ;

Each pictured saint, whose golden hair  
Streams sunlike through the con-  
vent's gloom ;  
Pale shrines of martyrs young and fair,  
And loving Mary's tomb ;

And thus each tint or shade which  
falls,  
From sunset cloud or waving tree,  
Along my pilgrim path, recalls  
The pleasant thought of thee.

Of one in sun and shade the same,  
In weal and woe my steady friend,  
Whatever by that holy name  
The angels comprehend.

Not blind to faults and follies, thou  
Hast never failed the good to see,  
Nor judged by one unseemly bough  
The upward-struggling tree.

These light leaves at thy feet I lay,  
Poor common thoughts on common  
things,  
Which time is shaking, day by day,  
Like feathers from his wings,—

Chance shootings from a frail life-  
tree,  
To nurturing care but little known,  
Their good was partly learned of thee,  
Their folly is my own.

That tree still clasps the kindly  
mould,  
Its leaves still drink the twilight  
dew,  
And weaving its pale green with gold,  
Still shines the sunlight through.

There still the morning zephyrs play,  
And there at times the spring bird  
sings,  
And mossy trunk and fading spray  
Are flowered with glossy wings.

Yet, even in genial sun and rain,  
Root, branch, and leaflet fail and  
fade ;  
The wanderer on its lonely plain  
Erelong shall miss its shade.

O friend beloved, whose curious skill  
Keeps bright the last year's leaves  
and flowers,  
With warm, glad summer thoughts  
to fill  
The cold, dark, winter hours !

Pressed on thy heart, the leaves I  
bring  
May well defy the wintry cold,  
Until, in Heaven's eternal spring,  
Life's fairer ones unfold.

### THE REWARD

WHO, looking backward from his  
manhood's prime,  
Sees not the spectre of his misspent  
time ?

And, through the shade  
Of funeral cypress planted thick  
behind,  
Hears no reproachful whisper on the  
wind  
From his loved dead ?

Who bears no trace of passion's evil  
force ?

Who shuns thy sting, O terrible Re-  
morse ?—

Who does not cast  
On the thronged pages of his memory's  
book,  
At times, a sad and half-reluctant  
look,  
Regretful of the past ?

Alas !—the evil which we fain would  
shun

We do, and leave the wished-for good  
undone :

Our strength to-day  
Is but to-morrow's weakness, prone to  
fall

Poor, blind, unprofitable servants all  
Are we alway.

Yet who, thus looking backward o'er  
his years,  
Feels not his eyelids wet with grateful  
tears,

If he hath been  
Permitted, weak and sinful as he  
was,  
To cheer and aid, in some ennobling  
cause,  
His fellow-men ?

If he hath hidden the outcast, or let in  
A ray of sunshine to the cell of  
sin,—

If he hath lent  
Strength to the weak, and, in an  
hour of need,  
Over the suffering, mindless of his  
creed  
Or home, hath bent,

He has not lived in vain, and while  
he gives

The praise to Him, in whom he moves  
and lives,

With thankful heart ;  
He gazes backward, and with hope  
before,

Knowing that from his works he  
nevermore  
Can henceforth part.

RAPHAEL

I SHALL not soon forget that sight :  
The glow of autumn's westerling  
day,

A hazy warmth, a dreamy light,  
On Raphael's picture lay.

It was a simple print I saw,  
The fair face of a musing boy ;  
Yet, while I gazed, a sense of awe  
Seemed blending with my joy.

A simple print :—the graceful flow  
Of boyhood's soft and wavy hair,  
And fresh young lip and cheek, and  
brow  
Unmarked and clear, were there.

Yet through its sweet and calm re-  
pose  
I saw the inward spirit shine ;  
It was as if before me rose  
The white veil of a shrine.

As if, as Gothland's sage has told,  
The hidden life, the man within,  
Dissevered from its frame and mould,  
By mortal eye were seen.

Was it the lifting of that eye,  
The waving of that pictured hand ?  
Loose as a cloud-wreath on the sky,  
I saw the walls expand.

The narrow room had vanished,—  
space,  
Broad, luminous, remained alone,  
Through which all hues and shapes  
of grace  
And beauty looked or shone.

Around the mighty master came  
The marvels which his pencil  
wrought,  
Those miracles of power whose fame  
Is wide as human thought.

There drooped thy more than mortal  
face,  
O Mother, beautiful and mild !  
Enfolding in one dear embrace  
Thy Saviour and thy Child !

The rapt brow of the Desert John ;  
The awful glory of that day  
When all the Father's brightness  
shone  
Through manhood's veil of clay.

And, midst grey prophet forms, and  
wild  
Dark visions of the days of old,  
How sweetly woman's beauty smiled  
Through locks of brown and gold !

There Fornarina's fair young face  
Once more upon her lover shone,  
Whose model of an angel's grace  
He borrowed from her own.

Slow passed that vision from my  
view,  
But not the lesson which it taught ;  
The soft, calm shadows which it threw  
Still rested on my thought :

The truth, that painter, bard, and  
sage,  
Even in Earth's cold and changeful  
clime,  
Plant for their deathless heritage  
The fruits and flowers of time.

We shape ourselves the joy or fear  
Of which the coming life is made,  
And fill our Future's atmosphere  
With sunshine or with shade.

The tissue of the Life to be  
We weave with colours all our  
own,  
And in the field of Destiny  
We reap as we have sown.

Still shall the soul around it call  
The shadows which it gathered  
here,  
And, painted on the eternal wall,  
The Past shall reappear.

Think ye the notes of holy song  
On Milton's tuneful ear have died?  
Think ye that Raphael's angel throng  
Has vanished from his side?

Oh no!—We live our life again;  
Or warmly touched, or coldly dim,  
The pictures of the Past remain,—  
Man's work shall follow him!

### LUCY HOOPER \*

THEY tell me, Lucy, thou art dead,—  
That all of thee we loved and  
cherished

Has with thy summer roses per-  
ished;

And left, as its young beauty fled,  
An ashen memory in its stead,—

The twilight of a parted day  
Whose fading light is cold and vain,

The heart's faint echo of a strain  
Of low, sweet music passed away.

That true and loving heart,—that  
gift

Of a mind, earnest, clear, profound,  
Bestowing, with a glad unthrift,

Its sunny light on all around,  
Affinities which only could

Cleave to the pure, the true, and good;

\* Lucy Hooper died at Brooklyn, L. I.,  
on the 1st August 1841, aged 24 years.

And sympathies which found no  
rest,

Save with the loveliest and best.  
Of them—of thee—remains there  
naught

But sorrow in the mourner's  
breast?—

A shadow in the land of thought?—  
No!—Even *my* weak and trembling  
faith

Can lift for thee the veil which  
doubt

And human fear have drawn about  
The all-awaiting scene of death.

Even as thou wast I see thee still;  
And, save the absence of all ill  
And pain and weariness, which here  
Summoned the sigh or wrung the  
tear,

The same as when, two summers  
back,

Beside our childhood's Merrimack,  
I saw thy dark eye wander o'er  
Stream, sunny upland, rocky shore,  
And heard thy low, soft voice alone  
Midst lapse of waters, and the tone  
Of pine-leaves by the west-wind  
blown,

There's not a charm of soul or brow,—  
Of all we knew and loved in thee,—

But lives in holier beauty now,  
Baptized in immortality!

Not mine the sad and freezing dream  
Of souls that, with their earthly

mould,  
Cast off the loves and joys of  
old,—

Unbodied,—like a pale moonbeam,  
As pure, as passionless, and cold;

Nor mine the hope of Indra's son,  
Of slumbering in oblivion's rest,

Life's myriads blending into one,—  
In blank annihilation blest;

Dust-atoms of the infinite,—  
Sparks scattered from the central  
light,

And winning back through mortal  
pain

Their old unconsciousness again.  
No!—I have FRIENDS in Spirit

Land,—  
Not shadows in a shadowy band,

Not *others*, but *themselves* are they.  
 And still I think of them the same  
 As when the Master's summons came ;  
 Their change,—the holy morn-light  
     breaking  
 Upon the dream-worn sleeper, wak-  
     ing,—  
 A change from twilight into day.

They've laid thee midst the household  
     graves,  
 Where father, brother, sister lie ;  
 Below thee sweep the dark blue  
     waves,

Above thee bends the summer sky.  
 Thy own loved Church in sadness read  
 Her solemn ritual o'er thy head,  
 And blessed and hallowed with her  
     prayer

The turf laid lightly o'er thee there.  
 That Church, whose rites and liturgy  
 Sublime and old, were truth to thee,  
 Undoubted to thy bosom taken,  
 As symbols of a faith unshaken.  
 Even I, of simpler views, could feel  
 The beauty of thy trust and zeal ;  
 And, owning not thy creed, could see  
 How deep a truth it seemed to thee,  
 And how thy fervent heart had thrown  
 O'er all, a colouring of its own,  
 And kindled up, intense and warm,  
 A life in every rite and form,  
 As, when on Chebar's banks of old,  
 The Hebrew's gorgeous vision rolled,  
 A spirit filled the vast machine,—  
 A life "within the wheels" was seen.

Farewell ! A little time, and we  
     Who knew thee well, and loved  
     thee here,

One after one shall follow thee  
     As pilgrims through the gate of  
     fear,

Which opens on eternity.  
 Yet shall we cherish not the less  
     All that is left our hearts mean-  
     while ;

The memory of thy loveliness  
     Shall round our weary pathway  
     smile,  
 Like moonlight when the sun has  
     set,—  
 A sweet and tender radiance yet.

Thoughts of thy clear-eyed sense of  
     duty,

Thy generous scorn of all things  
     wrong,—

The truth, the strength, the graceful  
     beauty  
 Which blended in thy song.

All lovely things, by thee beloved,  
     Shall whisper to our hearts of thee ;  
 These green hills, where thy child-  
     hood roved,—

Yon river winding to the sea,—  
 The sunset light of autumn eves  
     Reflecting on the deep, still floods,  
 Cloud, crimson sky, and trembling  
     leaves

Of rainbow-tinted woods,—  
 These, in our view, shall henceforth  
     take

A tenderer meaning for thy sake ;  
 And all thou lovedst of earth and sky,  
 Seem sacred to thy memory.

### CHANNING<sup>34</sup>

NOT vainly did old poets tell,  
 Nor vainly did old genius paint  
 God's great and crowning miracle,—  
     The hero and the saint !

For even in a faithless day  
     Can we our sainted ones discern ;  
 And feel, while with them on the way,  
     Our hearts within us burn.

And thus the common tongue and pen  
     Which, world-wide, echo CHAN-  
     NING'S fame,  
 As one of Heaven's anointed men,  
     Have sanctified his name.

In vain shall Rome her portals bar,  
     And shut from him her saintly prize,  
 Whom, in the world's great calendar,  
     All men shall canonise.

By Narragansett's sunny bay,  
     Beneath his green embowering  
     wood,  
 To me it seems but yesterday  
     Since at his side I stood.

The slopes lay green with summer  
rains,  
The western wind blew fresh and  
free,  
And glimmered down the orchard  
lanes  
The white surf of the sea.

With us was one, who, calm and true,  
Life's highest purpose understood,  
And, like his blessed Master, knew  
The joy of doing good.

Unlearned, unknown to lettered fame,  
Yet on the lips of England's poor  
And toiling millions dwelt his name,  
With blessings evermore.

Unknown to power or place, yet where  
The sun looks o'er the Carib sea,  
It blended with the freeman's prayer  
And song of jubilee.

He told of England's sin and wrong,—  
The ills her suffering children  
know,—  
The squalor of the city's throng,—  
The green field's want and woe.

O'er Channing's face the tenderness  
Of sympathetic sorrow stole,  
Like a still shadow, passionless,—  
The sorrow of the soul.

But when the generous Briton told  
How hearts were answering to his  
own,  
And Freedom's rising murmur rolled  
Up to the dull-eared throne,

I saw, methought, a glad surprise  
Thrill through that frail and pain-  
worn frame,  
And, kindling in those deep, calm  
eyes,  
A still and earnest flame.

His few, brief words were such as  
move  
The human heart,—the Faith-sown  
seeds  
Which ripen in the soil of love  
To high heroic deeds.

No bars of sect or clime were felt,—  
The Babel strife of tongues had  
ceased,—  
And at one common altar knelt  
The Quaker and the priest.

And not in vain : with strength re-  
newed,  
And zeal refreshed, and hope less  
dim,  
For that brief meeting, each pursued  
The path allotted him.

How echoes yet each Western hill  
And vale with Channing's dying  
word !  
How are the hearts of freemen still  
By that great warning stirred !

The stranger treads his native soil,  
And pleads, with zeal unfelt before,  
The honest right of British toil,  
The claim of England's poor.

Before him time-wrought barriers  
fall,  
Old fears subside, old hatreds melt,  
And, stretching o'er the sea's blue  
wall,  
The Saxon greets the Celt.

The yeoman on the Scottish lines,  
The Sheffield grinder, worn and  
grim,  
The delver in the Cornwall mines,  
Look up with hope to him.

Swart smiters of the glowing steel,  
Dark feeders of the forge's flame,  
Pale watchers at the loom and wheel,  
Repeat his honoured name.

And thus the influence of that hour  
Of converse on Rhode Island's  
strand  
Lives in the calm, resistless power  
Which moves our fatherland.

God blesses still the generous thought,  
And still the fitting word He  
speeds,  
And Truth, at His requiring taught,  
He quickens into deeds.

Where is the victory of the grave?  
 What dust upon the spirit lies?  
 God keeps the sacred life He gave,—  
 The prophet never dies!

TO THE MEMORY OF  
 CHARLES B. STORRS,

LATE PRESIDENT OF WESTERN  
 RESERVE COLLEGE.

THOU hast fallen in thine armour,  
 Thou martyr of the Lord!  
 With thy last breath crying,—“On-  
 ward!”  
 And thy hand upon the sword.  
 The haughty heart derideth,  
 And the sinful lip reviles,  
 But the blessing of the perishing  
 Around thy pillow smiles!

When to our cup of trembling  
 The added drop is given,  
 And the long-suspended thunder  
 Falls terribly from Heaven,—  
 When a new and fearful freedom  
 Is proffered of the Lord  
 To the slow-consuming Famine,—  
 The Pestilence and Sword!

When the refuges of Falsehood  
 Shall be swept away in wrath,  
 And the temple shall be shaken,  
 With its idol, to the earth,—  
 Shall not thy words of warning  
 Be all remembered then?  
 And thy now unheeded message  
 Burn in the hearts of men?

Oppression's hand may scatter  
 Its nettles on thy tomb,  
 And even Christian bosoms  
 Deny thy memory room;  
 For lying lips shall torture  
 Thy mercy into crime,  
 And the slanderer shall flourish  
 As the bay-tree for a time.

But where the south-wind lingers  
 On Carolina's pines,  
 Or falls the careless sunbeam  
 Down Georgia's golden mines,—

Where now beneath his burthen  
 The toiling slave is driven,—  
 Where now a tyrant's mockery  
 Is offered unto Heaven,—

Where Mammon hath its altars  
 Wet o'er with human blood,  
 And pride and lust debases  
 The workmanship of God,—  
 These shall thy praise be spoken,  
 Redeemed from Falsehood's ban,  
 When the fetters shall be broken,  
 And the *slave* shall be a *man*!

Joy to thy spirit, brother!  
 A thousand hearts are warm,—  
 A thousand kindred bosoms  
 Are baring to the storm.  
 What though red-handed Violence  
 With secret Fraud combine?  
 The wall of fire is round us,—  
 Our Present Help was thine.

Lo,—the waking up of nations,  
 From Slavery's fatal sleep,—  
 The murmur of a Universe,—  
 Deep calling unto Deep!  
 Joy to thy spirit, brother!  
 On every wind of heaven  
 The onward cheer and summons  
 Of FREEDOM'S VOICE is given!

Glory to God for ever!  
 Beyond the despot's will  
 The soul of Freedom liveth  
 Imperishable still.  
 The words which thou hast uttered  
 Are of that soul a part,  
 And the good seed thou hast scat-  
 tered  
 Is springing from the heart.

In the evil days before us,  
 And the trials yet to come,—  
 In the shadow of the prison,  
 Or the cruel martyrdom,—  
 We will think of thee, O brother!  
 And thy sainted name shall be  
 In the blessing of the captive,  
 And the anthem of the free.

## LINES

ON THE DEATH OF S. O. TORREY.

GONE before us, oh our brother,  
 To the spirit-land !  
 Vainly look we for another  
 In thy place to stand  
 Who shall offer youth and beauty  
 On the wasting shrine  
 Of a stern and lofty duty,  
 With a faith like thine ?

Oh, thy gentle smile of greeting  
 Who again shall see ?  
 Who amidst the solemn meeting  
 Gaze again on thee ?—  
 Who, when peril gathers o'er us,  
 Wear so calm a brow ?  
 Who, with evil men before us,  
 So serene as thou ?

Early hath the spoiler found thee,  
 Brother of our love !  
 Autumn's faded earth around thee,  
 And its storms above !  
 Evermore that turf lie lightly,  
 And, with future showers,  
 O'er thy slumbers fresh and brightly  
 Blow the summer flowers !

In the locks thy forehead gracing,  
 Not a silvery streak ;  
 Nor a line of sorrow's tracing  
 On thy fair young cheek ;  
 Eyes of light and lips of roses  
 Such as Hylas wore,—  
 Over all that curtain closes,  
 Which shall rise no more !

Will the vigil Love is keeping  
 Round that grave of thine,  
 Mournfully, like Jazer weeping  
 Over Sibmah's vine,—<sup>35</sup>  
 Will the pleasant memories, swelling  
 Gentle hearts, of thee,  
 In the spirit's distant dwelling  
 All unheeded be ?

If the spirit ever gazes,  
 From its journeyings, back ;  
 If the immortal ever traces  
 O'er its mortal track ;

Wilt thou not, O brother, meet us  
 Sometimes on our way,  
 And, in hours of sadness, greet us  
 As a spirit may ?

P'ease be with thee, oh our brother,  
 In the spirit-land !  
 Vainly look we for another  
 In thy place to stand.  
 Unto Truth and Freedom giving  
 All thy early powers,  
 Be thy virtues with the living,  
 And thy spirit ours !

## A LAMENT

"The parted spirit,  
 Knoweth it not our sorrow ? Answereth not  
 Its blessing to our tears ?"

THE circle is broken,—one seat is for-  
 saken,—  
 One bud from the tree of our friend-  
 ship is shaken,—  
 One heart from among us no longer  
 shall thrill  
 With joy in our gladness, or grief in  
 our ill.

Weep !—lonely and lowly are slumber-  
 ing now  
 The light of her glances, the pride of  
 her brow ;  
 Weep !—sadly and long shall we listen  
 in vain  
 To hear the soft tones of her welcome  
 again.

Give our tears to the dead ! For  
 humanity's claim  
 From its silence and darkness is ever  
 the same ;  
 The hope of that World whose exist-  
 ence is bliss  
 May not stifle the tears of the mourners  
 of this.

For, oh ! if one glance the freed spirit  
 can throw  
 On the scene of its troubled probation  
 below,



Than the pride of the marble, the  
pomp of the dead,  
To that glance will be dearer the tears  
which we shed.

Oh, who can forget the mild light of  
her smile,  
Over lips moved with music and feel-  
ing the while—  
The eye's deep enchantment, dark,  
dream-like, and clear,  
In the glow of its gladness, the shade  
of its tear.

And the charm of her features, while  
over the whole  
Played the hues of the heart and the  
sunshine of soul,—  
And the tones of her voice, like the  
music which seems  
Murmured low in our ears by the  
Angel of dreams !

But holier and dearer our memories  
hold  
Those treasures of feeling, more pre-  
cious than gold,—  
The love and the kindness and pity  
which gave  
Fresh flowers for the bridal, green  
wreaths for the grave !

The heart ever open to Charity's claim,  
Unmoved from its purpose by censure  
and blame,  
While vainly alike on her eye and  
her ear  
Fell the scorn of the heartless, the  
jesting and jeer.

How true to our hearts was that  
beautiful sleeper !  
With smiles for the joyful, with tears  
for the weeper !—  
Yet, evermore prompt, whether  
mournful or gay,  
With warnings in love to the passing  
astray.

For, though spotless herself, she could  
sorrow for them  
Who sullied with evil the spirit's  
pure gem ;

And a sigh or a tear could the erring  
reprove,  
And the sting of reproof was still  
tempered by love.

As a cloud of the sunset, slow melting  
in heaven,  
As a star that is lost when the day-  
light is given,  
As a glad dream of slumber, which  
wakens in bliss,  
She hath passed to the world of the  
holy from this.

## DANIEL WHEELER

[DANIEL WHEELER, a minister of the  
Society of Friends, and who had laboured  
in the cause of his Divine Master in Great  
Britain, Russia, and the islands of the  
Pacific, died in New York in the spring  
of 1840, while on a religious visit to this  
country.]

O DEARLY loved !  
And worthy of our love !—No more  
Thy aged form shall rise before  
The hushed and waiting worshipper,  
In meek obedience utterance giving  
To words of truth, so fresh and living,  
That, even to the inward sense,  
They bore unquestioned evidence  
Of an anointed Messenger !  
Or, bowing down thy silver hair  
In reverent awfulness of prayer,—  
The world, its time and sense, shut  
out,—  
The brightness of Faith's holy trance  
Gathered upon thy countenance,  
As if each lingering cloud of  
doubt,—  
The cold, dark shadows resting here  
In Time's unluminous atmosphere,—  
Were lifted by an angel's hand,  
And through them on thy spiritual  
eye  
Shone down the blessedness on high,  
The glory of the Better Land !

- The oak has fallen !  
While, meet for no good work, the vine  
May yet its worthless branches twine,

Who knoweth not that with thee fell  
A great man in our Israel?

Fallen, while thy loins were girded  
still,

Thy feet with Zion's dews still  
wet,

And in thy hand retaining yet  
The pilgrim's staff and scallop-shell !  
Unharm'd and safe, where, wild and  
free,

Across the Neva's cold morass  
The breezes from the Frozen Sea

With winter's arrowy keenness  
pass;

Or where the unwarning tropic gale  
Smote to the waves thy tattered sail,  
Or where the noon-hour's fervid heat  
Against Tahiti's mountains beat ;

The same mysterious Hand which  
gave

Deliverance upon land and wave,  
—Temper'd for thee the blasts which  
blew

Ladaga's frozen surface o'er,  
And blessed for thee the baleful dew  
Of evening upon Eimeo's shore,  
Beneath this sunny heaven of ours,  
Midst our soft airs and opening flowers  
Hath given thee a grave !

His will be done,

Who seeth not as man, whose way  
Is not as ours !—'Tis well with thee !

Nor anxious doubt nor dark dismay  
Disquieted thy closing day,

But, evermore, thy soul could say,  
" My Father careth still for me ! "

Called from thy hearth and home,—  
from her,

The last bud on thy household  
tree,

The last dear one to minister

In duty and in love to thee,  
From all which nature holdeth dear,  
Feeble with years and worn with  
pain,

To seek our distant land again,  
Bound in the spirit, yet unknowing  
The things which should befall thee  
here,

Whether for labour or for death.  
In childlike trust serenely going  
To that last trial of thy faith !

Oh, far away,

Where never shines our Northern star  
On that dark waste which Balboa  
saw

From Darien's mountains stretching  
far,

So strange, heaven-broad, and lone,  
that there,

With forehead to its damp wind bare,  
He bent his mail'd knee in awe ;

In many an isle whose coral feet

The surges of that ocean beat,

In thy palm shadows, Oahu,

And Honolulu's silver bay,

Amidst Owyhee's hills of blue,

And taro-plains of Tooboonai,

Are gentle hearts, which long shall be

Sad as our own at thought of thee,—

Worn sowers of Truth's holy seed,

Whose souls in weariness and need

Were strengthened and refreshed  
by thine.

For blessed by our Father's hand

Was thy deep love and tender care,

Thy ministry and fervent prayer,—

Grateful as Eshcol's clustered vine

To Israel in a weary land !

And they who died

By thousands round thee, in the  
hour

Of prayerful waiting, hushed and  
deep,

That He who bade the islands keep  
Silence before Him, might renew

Their strength with His unslumber-  
ing power,

They too shall mourn that thou art  
gone,

That nevermore thy aged lip

Shall soothe the weak, the erring  
warn,

Of those who first, rejoicing, heard  
Through thee the Gospel's glorious

word,—

Seals of thy true apostleship.

And, if the brightest diadem,

Whose gems of glory purely burn

Around the ransomed ones in bliss,

Be evermore reserved for them

Who here, through toil and sorrow,  
turn,

Many to righteousness,—

May we not think of thee as wearing  
That star-like crown of light, and  
bearing,  
Amidst Heaven's white and blissful  
band,  
The fadeless palm-branch in thy hand ;  
And joining with a seraph's tongue  
In that new song the elders sung,  
Ascribing to its blessed Giver  
Thanksgiving, love, and praise for ever !

## Farewell !

And though the ways of Zion mourn  
When her strong ones are called away,  
Who like thyself have calmly borne  
The heat and burden of the day,  
Yet He who slumbereth not nor  
sleepeth

His ancient watch around us keepeth ;  
Still, sent from His creating hand,  
New witnesses for Truth shall stand,—  
New instruments to sound abroad  
The Gospel of a risen Lord,

To gather to the fold once more  
The desolate and gone astray,  
The scattered of a cloudy day,  
And Zion's broken walls restore ;  
And, through the travail and the toil  
Of true obedience, minister  
Beauty for ashes, and the oil

Of joy for mourning, unto her !  
So shall her holy bounds increase  
With walls of praise and gates of peace :  
So shall the Vine, which martyr tears  
And blood sustained in other years,

With fresher life be clothed upon ;  
And to the world in beauty show  
Like the rose-plant of Jericho,  
And glorious as Lebanon !

## DANIEL NEALL

## I.

FRIEND of the Slave, and yet the  
friend of all ;  
Lover of peace, yet ever foremost  
when  
The need of battling Freedom called  
for men  
To plant the banner on the outer wall ;

Gentle and kindly, ever at distress  
Melted to more than woman's tender-  
ness,  
Yet firm and steadfast, at his duty's  
post,  
Fronting the violence of a maddened  
host,  
Like some grey rock from which the  
waves are tossed !  
Knowing his deeds of love, men ques-  
tioned not

The faith of one whose walk and  
word were right,—  
Who tranquilly in Life's great task-  
field wrought,  
And, side by side with evil, scarcely  
caught

A stain upon his pilgrim garb of  
white :  
Prompt to redress another's wrong,  
his own  
Leaving to Time and Truth and Peni-  
tence alone.

## II.

Such was our friend. Formed on the  
good old plan,  
A true and brave and downright  
honest man !—  
He blew no trumpet in the market-  
place,  
Nor in the church with hypocritic  
face  
Supplied with cant the lack of Chris-  
tian grace ;  
Loathing pretence, he did with cheer-  
ful will  
What others talked of while their  
hands were still ;  
And, while " Lord, Lord ! " the pious  
tyrants cried,  
Who, in the poor, their Master cruci-  
fied,  
//is daily prayer, far better understood  
In acts than words, was simply DOING  
GOOD.

So calm, so constant was his rectitude,  
That by his loss alone we know its  
worth,  
And feel how true a man has walked  
with us on earth.

6th, 6th month, 1846.

TO MY FRIEND ON  
THE DEATH OF HIS SISTER <sup>36</sup>

THINE is a grief, the depth of which  
another

May never know ;  
Yet, o'er the waters, O my stricken  
brother !  
To thee I go.

I lean my heart unto thee, sadly  
folding  
Thy hand in mine ;  
With even the weakness of my soul  
upholding  
The strength of thine.

I never knew, like thee, the dear  
departed ;  
I stood not by  
When, in calm trust, the pure and  
tranquil-hearted  
Lay down to die.

And on thy ears my words of weak  
condoling  
Must vainly fall :  
The funeral bell which in thy heart is  
tolling,  
Sounds over all !

I will not mock thee with the poor  
world's common  
And heartless phrase,  
Nor wrong the memory of a sainted  
woman  
With idle praise.

With silence only as their benediction,  
God's angels come  
Where, in the shadow of a great  
affliction,  
The soul sits dumb !

Yet, would I say what thy own heart  
approveth :  
Our Father's will,  
Calling to Him the dear one whom  
He loveth,  
Is mercy still.

Not upon thee or thine the solemn  
angel

Hath evil wrought :  
Her funeral anthem is a glad evangel,—  
The good die not !

God calls our loved ones, but we lose  
not wholly  
What He hath given ;  
They live on earth, in thought and  
deed, as truly  
As in His heaven.

And she is with thee ; in thy path of  
trial  
She walketh yet ;  
Still with the baptism of thy self-denial  
Her locks are wet.

Up, then, my brother ! Lo, the fields  
of harvest  
Lie white in view !  
She lives and loves thee, and the God  
thou servest  
To both is true.

Thrust in thy sickle !—England's toil-  
worn peasants  
Thy call abide ;  
And she thou mourn'st, a pure and  
holy presence,  
Shall glean beside !

GONE

ANOTHER hand is beckoning us,  
Another call is given ;  
And glows once more with Angel-steps  
The path which reaches Heaven.

Our young and gentle friend, whose  
smile  
Made brighter summer hours,  
Amid the frosts of autumn time  
Has left us with the flowers.

No paling of the cheek of bloom  
Forewarned us of decay ;  
No shadow from the Silent Land  
Fell round our sister's way.

The light of her young life went  
down,  
As sinks behind the hill  
The glory of a setting star,—  
Clear, suddenly, and still.

As pure and sweet, her fair brow  
seemed  
Eternal as the sky;  
And like the brook's low song, her  
voice,—  
A sound which could not die.

And half we deemed she needed not  
The changing of her sphere,  
To give to Heaven a Shining One,  
Who walked an Angel here.

The blessing of her quiet life  
Fell on us like the dew;  
And good thoughts, where her foot-  
steps pressed,  
Like fairy blossoms grew.

Sweet promptings unto kindest deeds  
Were in her very look;  
We read her face, as one who reads  
A true and holy book:

The measure of a blessed hymn,  
To which our hearts could move;  
The breathing of an inward psalm;  
A canticle of love.

We miss her in the place of prayer,  
And by the hearth-fire's light;  
We pause beside her door to hear  
Oncemore her sweet "Good-night!"

There seems a shadow on the day  
Her smile no longer cheers;  
A dimness on the stars of night,  
Like eyes that look through tears.

Alone unto our Father's will  
One thought hath reconciled;  
That He whose love exceedeth ours  
Hath taken home His child.

Fold her, O Father! in Thine arms,  
And let her henceforth be  
A messenger of love between  
Our human hearts and Thee.

Still let her mild rebuking stand  
Between us and the wrong,  
And her dear memory serve to make  
Our faith in Goodness strong.

And grant that she who, trembling,  
here  
Distrusted all her powers,  
May welcome to her holier home  
The well-beloved of ours.

## THE LAKE-SIDE

THE shadows round the inland sea  
Are deepening into night;  
Slow up the slopes of Ossipee  
They chase the lessening light.  
Tired of the long day's blinding  
heat,  
I rest my languid eye,  
Lake of the Hills! where, cool and  
sweet,  
Thy sunset waters lie!

Along the sky, in wavy lines,  
O'er isle and reach and bay,  
Green-belted with eternal pines,  
The mountains stretch away.  
Below, the maple masses sleep  
Where shore with water blends,  
While midway on the tranquil deep  
The evening light descends.

So seemed it when yon hill's red  
crown,  
Of old, the Indian trod,  
And, through the sunset air, looked  
down  
Upon the "Smile of God."\*  
To him of light and shade the laws  
No forest sceptic taught;  
Their living and eternal Cause  
His truer instinct sought.

He saw these mountains in the light  
Which now across them shines;  
This lake, in summer sunset bright,  
Walled round with sombering pines.

\* *Winnipegsee*, "Smile of the Great Spirit."

God near him seemed ; from earth  
and skies  
His loving voice he heard,  
As, face to face, in Paradise,  
Man stood before the Lord.

Thanks, O our Father ! that, like  
him,  
Thy tender love I see,  
In radiant hill and woodland dim,  
And tinted sunset sea.  
For not in mockery dost Thou fill  
Our earth with light and grace ;  
Thou hid'st no dark and cruel will  
Behind Thy smiling face !

### THE HILL-TOP

THE burly driver at my side,  
We slowly climbed the hill,  
Whose summit, in the hot noontide,  
Seemed rising, rising still.  
At last, our short noon-shadows hid  
The top-stone, bare and brown,  
From whence, like Gizeh's pyramid,  
The rough mass slanted down.

I felt the cool breath of the North ;  
Between me and the sun,  
O'er deep, still lake, and ridgy  
earth,  
I saw the cloud-shades run.  
Before me, stretched for glistening  
miles,  
Lay mountain-girdled Squam ;  
Like green-winged birds, the leafy  
isles  
Upon its bosom swam.

And, glimmering through the sun-haze  
warm,  
Far as the eye could roam,  
Dark billows of an earthquake storm  
Beflecked with clouds like foam,  
Their vales in misty shadow deep,  
Their rugged peaks in shine,  
I saw the mountain ranges sweep  
The horizon's northern line.

There towered Chocoma's peak ; and  
west,  
Moosehillock's woods were seen,  
With many a nameless slide-scarred  
crest  
And pine-dark gorge between.  
Beyond them, like a sun-rimmed  
cloud,  
The great Notch mountains shone,  
Watched over by the solemn-browed  
And awful face of stone !

"A good look-off !" the driver spake :  
"About this time, last year,  
I drove a party to the Lake,  
And stopped, at evening, here.  
'Twas duskish down below ; but all  
These hills stood in the sun,  
Till, dipped behind yon purple wall,  
He left them, one by one.

"A lady, who, from Thornton hill,  
Had held her place outside,  
And, as a pleasant woman will,  
Had cheered the long, dull ride,  
Besought me, with so sweet a smile,  
That—though I hate delays—  
I could not choose but rest awhile,—  
(These women have such ways !)

"On yonder mossy ledge she sat,  
Her sketch upon her knees,  
A stray brown lock beneath her hat  
Unrolling in the breeze ;  
Her sweet face, in the sunset light  
Upraised and glorified,—  
I never saw a prettier sight  
In all my mountain ride.

"As good as fair ; it seemed her  
joy  
To comfort and to give ;  
My poor, sick wife, and cripple  
boy,  
Will bless her while they live !"  
The tremor in the driver's tone  
His manhood did not shame :  
"I dare say, sir, you may have  
known ——"  
He named a well-known name.

Then sank the pyramidal mounds,  
 The blue lake fled away ;  
 For mountain - scope a parlour's  
   bounds,  
 A lighted hearth for day !  
 From lonely years and weary miles  
 The shadows fell apart ;  
 Kind voices cheered, sweet human  
   smiles  
 Shone warm into my heart.

We journeyed on ; but earth and  
   sky  
 Had power to charm no more ;  
 Still dreamed my inward-turning eye  
   The dream of memory o'er.  
 Ah ! human kindness, human love,—  
 To few who seek denied,—  
 Too late we learn to prize above  
   The whole round world beside !

## ON

*RECEIVING AN EAGLE'S QUILL  
 FROM LAKE SUPERIOR*

ALL day the darkness and the cold  
 Upon my heart have lain,  
 Like shadows on the winter sky,  
 Like frost upon the pane ;

But now my torpid fancy wakes,  
 And, on thy Eagle's plume,  
 Rides forth, like Sindbad on his bird,  
 Or witch upon her broom !

Below me roar the rocking pines,  
 Before me spreads the lake  
 Whose long and solemn-sounding  
   waves  
 Against the sunset break.

I hear the wild Rice-Eater thresh  
 The grain he has not sown ;  
 I see, with flashing scythe of fire,  
 The prairie harvest mown !

I hear the far-off voyager's horn ;  
 I see the Yankee's trail,—  
 His foot on every mountain-pass,  
 On every stream his sail.

By forest, lake, and waterfall,  
 I see his pedlar show ;  
 The mighty mingling with the mean,  
 The lofty with the low.

He's whittling by St. Mary's Falls,  
 Upon his loaded wain ;  
 He's measuring o'er the Pictured  
   Rocks,  
 With eager eyes of gain.

I hear the mattock in the mine,  
 The axe-stroke in the dell,  
 The clamour from the Indian lodge,  
 The Jesuit chapel bell !

I see the swarthy trappers come  
 From Mississippi's springs ;  
 And war-chiefs with their painted  
   brows,  
 And crests of eagle wings.

Behind the scared squaw's birch canoe,  
 The steamer smokes and raves ;  
 And city lots are staked for sale  
 Above old Indian graves.

I hear the tread of pioneers  
 Of nations yet to be ;  
 The first low wash of waves where  
   soon  
 Shall roll a human sea.

The rudiments of empire here  
 Are plastic yet and warm ;  
 The chaos of a mighty world  
 Is rounding into form !

Each rude and jostling fragment soon  
 Its fitting place shall find,—  
 The raw material of a State,  
 Its muscle and its mind !

And, westering still, the star which  
   leads  
 The New World in its train  
 Has tipped with fire the icy spears  
 Of many a mountain chain.

The snowy cones of Oregon  
 Are kindling on its way ;  
 And California's golden sands  
 Gleam brighter in its ray !

Then blessings on thy eagle quill,  
As, wandering far and wide,  
I thank thee for this twilight dream  
And Fancy's airy ride !

Yet welcomer than regal plumes,  
Which Western trappers find,  
Thy free and pleasant thoughts, chance  
sown,  
Like feathers on the wind.

Thy symbol be the mountain-bird,  
Whose glistening quill I hold ;  
Thy home the ample air of hope,  
And memory's sunset gold !

In thee, let joy with duty join,  
And strength unite with love,  
The eagle's pinions folding round  
The warm heart of the dove !

So, when in darkness sleeps the vale  
Where still the blind bird clings,  
The sunshine of the upper sky  
Shall glitter on thy wings !

### MEMORIES

A BEAUTIFUL and happy girl,  
With step as light as summer air,  
Eyes glad with smiles, and brow of  
pearl,

Shadowed by many a careless curl  
Of unconfined and flowing hair ;

A seeming child in everything,  
Save thoughtful brow and ripening  
charms,

As Nature wears the smile of Spring  
When sinking into Summer's arms.

A mind rejoicing in the light  
Which melted through its graceful  
bower,

Leaf after leaf, dew-moist and bright,  
And stainless in its holy white,

Unfolding like a morning flower :  
A heart, which, like a fine-toned lute,  
With every breath of feeling woke,  
And, even when the tongue was mute,  
From eye and lip in music spoke.

How thrills once more the lengthening  
chain

Of memory, at the thought of thee !  
Old hopes, which long in dust have  
lain,

Old dreams, come thronging back  
again,

And boyhood lives again in me ;  
I feel its glow upon my cheek,  
Its fulness of the heart is mine,  
As when I leaned to hear thee speak,  
Or raised my doubtful eye to thine.

I hear again thy low replies,  
I feel thy arm within my own,  
And timidly again arise  
The fringed lids of hazel eyes,  
With soft brown tresses overblown.  
Ah ! memories of sweet summer eves,  
Of moonlit wave and willowy way,  
Of stars and flowers, and dewy leaves,  
And smiles and tones more dear  
than they !

Ere this, thy quiet eye hath smiled  
My picture of thy youth to see,  
When, half a woman, half a child  
Thy very artlessness beguiled,  
And folly's self seemed wise in thee ;  
I too can smile, when o'er that hour  
The lights of memory backward  
stream,  
Yet feel the while that manhood's power  
Is vainer than my boyhood's dream.

Years have passed on, and left their  
trace

Of graver care and deeper thought ;  
And unto me the calm, cold face  
Of manhood, and to thee the grace  
Of woman's pensive beauty brought.  
More wide, perchance, for blame than  
praise,

The school-boy's humble name has  
flown ;

Thine, in the green and quiet ways  
Of unobtrusive goodness known.

And wider yet in thought and deed  
Diverge our pathways, one in youth ;  
Thine the Genevan's sternest creed,  
While answers to my spirit's need  
The Derby dalesman's simple truth.



For thee, the priestly rite and prayer,  
And holy day, and solemn psalm ;  
For me, the silent reverence where  
My brethren gather, slow and  
calm.

Yet hath thy spirit left on me  
An impress Time has worn not  
out,  
And something of myself in thee,  
A shadow from the past, I see,  
Lingering, even yet, thy way about ;  
Not wholly can the heart unlearn  
That lesson of its better hours,  
Nor yet has Time's dull footstep  
worn  
To common dust that path of  
flowers.

Thus, while at times before our eyes  
The shadows melt, and fall apart,  
And, smiling through them, round us  
lies  
The warm light of our morning  
skies,—  
The Indian Summer of the heart !—  
In secret sympathies of mind,  
In founts of feeling which retain  
Their pure, fresh flow, we yet may  
find  
Our early dreams not wholly vain !

### THE LEGEND OF ST. MARK<sup>37</sup>

THE day is closing dark and cold,  
With roaring blast and sleety  
showers ;  
And through the dusk the lilacs wear  
The bloom of snow, instead of  
flowers.

I turn me from the gloom without,  
To ponder o'er a tale of old,  
A legend of the age of Faith,  
By dreaming monk or abbess told.

On Tintoretto's canvas lives  
That fancy of a loving heart,  
In graceful lines and shapes of power,  
And hues immortal as his art.

In Provence (so the story runs)  
There lived a lord, to whom, as  
slave,  
A peasant boy of tender years  
The chance of trade or conquest  
gave.

Forth-looking from the castle tower,  
Beyond the hills with almonds dark,  
The straining eye could scarce discern  
The chapel of the good St. Mark.

And there, when bitter word or fare  
The service of the youth repaid,  
By stealth, before that holy shrine,  
For grace to bear his wrong, he  
prayed.

The steed stamped at the castle gate,  
The boar-hunt sounded on the hill ;  
Why stayed the Baron from the chase,  
With looks so stern, and words so  
ill ?

"Go, bind yon slave ! and let him learn,  
By scath of fire and strain of cord,  
How ill they speed who give dead  
saints  
The homage due their living lord !"

They bound him on the fearful rack,  
When, through the dungeon's  
vaulted dark,  
He saw the light of shining robes,  
And knew the face of good St. Mark.

Then sank the iron rack apart,  
The cords released their cruel clasp,  
The pincers, with their teeth of fire,  
Fell broken from the torturer's  
grasp.

And lo ! before the Youth and Saint,  
Barred door and wall of stone gave  
way ;  
And up from bondage and the night  
They passed to freedom and the day !

O dreaming monk ! thy tale is  
true ;—  
O painter ! true thy pencil's art ;  
In tones of hope and prophecy,  
Ye whisper to my listening heart !

Unheard no burdened heart's appeal  
 Moans up to God's inclining ear ;  
 Unheeded by His tender eye,  
 Falls to the earth no sufferer's  
 tear.

For still the Lord alone is God !  
 The pomp and power of tyrant  
 man  
 Are scattered at His lightest breath,  
 Like chaff before the winnower's  
 fan.

Not always shall the slave uplift  
 His heavy hands to Heaven in  
 vain,  
 God's angel, like the good St. Mark,  
 Comes shining down to break his  
 chain !

O weary ones ! ye may not see  
 Your helpers in their downward  
 flight ;  
 Nor hear the sound of silver wings  
 Slow beating through the hush of  
 night !

But not the less grey Dothan shone,  
 With sunbright watchers bending  
 low,  
 That Fear's dim eye beheld alone  
 The spear-heads of the Syrian  
 foe.

There are, who, like the Seer of old,  
 Can see the helpers God has sent,  
 And how life's rugged mountain-side  
 Is white with many an angel tent !

They hear the heralds whom our  
 Lord  
 Sends down His pathway to pre-  
 pare ;  
 And light, from others hidden, shines  
 On their high place of faith and  
 prayer.

Let such, for earth's despairing ones,  
 Hopeless, yet longing to be free,  
 Breathe once again the Prophet's  
 prayer :  
 " Lord, ope their eyes, that they  
 may see ! "

### THE WELL OF LOCH MAREE<sup>23</sup>

CALM on the breast of Loch Marce  
 A little isle reposes ;  
 A shadow woven of the oak  
 And willow o'er it closes.

Within, a Druid's mound is seen,  
 Set round with stony warders ;  
 A fountain, gushing through the turf,  
 Flows o'er its grassy borders.

And whoso bathes therein his brow,  
 With care or madness burning,  
 Feels once again his healthful thought  
 And sense of peace returning.

O restless heart and fevered brain,  
 Unquiet and unstable,  
 That holy well of Loch Marce  
 Is more than idle fable !

Life's changes vex, its discords stun,  
 Its glaring sunshine blindeth,  
 And blest is he who on his way  
 That fount of healing findeth !

The shadows of a humbled will  
 And contrite heart are o'er it ;  
 Go read its legend—"TRUST IN GOD"  
 On Faith's white stones before it.

### TO MY SISTER

WITH A COPY OF "SUPERNATURAL-  
 ISM OF NEW ENGLAND."

DEAR SISTER !—while the wise and  
 sage  
 Turn coldly from my playful page,  
 And count it strange that ripened  
 age  
 Should stoop to boyhood's folly ;  
 I know that thou wilt judge aright  
 Of all which makes the heart more  
 light,  
 Or lends one star-gleam to the night  
 Of clouded Melancholy.

Away with weary cares and themes !—  
Swing wide the moonlit gate of dreams !  
Leave free once more the land which  
teems

With wonders and romances !  
Where thou, with clear discerning eyes,  
Shalt lightly read the truth which lies  
Beneath the quaintly masking guise  
Of wild and wizard fancies.

Lo ! once again our feet we set  
On still green wood-paths, twilight wet,  
By lonely brooks, whose waters fret  
The roots of spectral beeches ;  
Again the hearth-fire glimmers o'er  
Home's whitewashed wall and painted  
floor,  
And young eyes widening to the lore  
Of faery-folks and witches.

Dear heart !—the legend is not vain  
Which lights that holy hearth again,  
And calling back from care and pain,  
And death's funereal sadness,  
Draws round its old familiar blaze  
The clustering groups of happier days,  
And lends to sober manhood's gaze  
A glimpse of childish gladness.

And, knowing how my life hath been  
A weary work of tongue and pen,  
A long, harsh strife with strong-willed  
men,  
Thou wilt not chide my turning  
To con, at times, an idle rhyme,  
To pluck a flower from childhood's  
clime,  
Or listen, at Life's noonday chime,  
For the sweet bells of Morning !

### AUTUMN THOUGHTS

FROM "MARGARET SMITH'S  
JOURNAL."

GONE hath the Spring, with all its  
flowers,  
And gone the Summer's pomp and  
show,  
And Autumn, in his leafless bowers,  
Is waiting for the Winter's snow.

I said to Earth, so cold and grey,  
"An emblem of myself thou art ;"  
"Not so," the Earth did seem to say,  
"For Spring shall warm my frozen  
heart.

"I soothe my wintry sleep with dreams  
Of warmer sun and softer rain,  
And wait to hear the sound of streams  
And songs of merry birds again.

"But thou, from whom the Spring  
hath gone,  
For whom the flowers no longer  
blow,  
Who standest blighted and forlorn,  
Like Autumn waiting for the snow :

"No hope is thine of sunnier hours,  
Thy Winter shall no more depart ;  
No Spring revive thy wasted flowers,  
Nor Summer warm thy frozen heart."

### CALEF IN BOSTON

1692.

IN the solemn days of old,  
Two men met in Boston town,  
One a tradesman frank and bold,  
One a preacher of renown.

Cried the last, in bitter tone,—  
"Poisoner of the wells of truth !  
Satan's hireling, thou hast sown  
With his tares the heart of youth !"

Spake the simple tradesman then,—  
"God be judge 'twixt thou and I ;  
All thou know'st of truth hath been  
Unto men like thee a lie.

"Falsehoods which we spurn to-day  
Were the truths of long ago ;  
Let the dead boughs fall away,  
Fresher shall the living grow.

"God is good and God is light,  
In this faith I rest secure ;  
Evil can but serve the right,  
Over all shall love endure.

Of your spectral puppet play  
 I have traced the cunning wires ;  
 Come what will, I needs must say,  
 God is true, and ye are liars."

When the thought of man is free,  
 Error fears its lightest tones ;  
 So the priest cried, "Sadducee !"  
 And the people took up stones.

In the ancient burying-ground,  
 Side by side the twain now lie,—  
 One with humble grassy mound,  
 One with marbles pale and high.

But the Lord hath blessed the seed  
 Which that tradesman scattered  
 then,  
 And the preacher's spectral creed  
 Chills no more the blood of men.

Let us trust, to one is known  
 Perfect love which casts out fear,  
 While the other's joys atone  
 For the wrong he suffered here.

### TO PIUS IX<sup>39</sup>

THE cannon's brazen lips are cold ;  
 No red shell blazes down the air ;  
 And street and tower, and temple old,  
 Are silent as despair.

The Lombard stands no more at bay,—  
 Rome's fresh young life has bled in  
 vain ;

The ravens scattered by the day  
 Come back with night again.

Now, while the fratricides of France  
 Are treading on the neck of Rome,  
 Hider at Gaeta,—seize thy chance !  
 Coward and cruel, come !

Creep now from Naples' bloody skirt ;  
 Thy mummer's part was acted well,  
 While Rome, with steel and fire begirt,  
 Before thy crusade fell !

Her death-groans answered to thy  
 prayer ;  
 Thy chant, the drum and bugle-  
 call ;  
 Thy lights, the burning villa's glare ;  
 Thy beads, the shell and ball !

Let Austria clear thy way, with  
 hands  
 Foul from Ancona's cruel sack,  
 And Naples, with his dastard hands  
 Of murderers, lead thee back !

Rome's lips are dumb ; the orphan's  
 wail,  
 The mother's shriek, thou mayst  
 not hear  
 Above the faithless Frenchman's hail,  
 The unsexed shaveling's cheer !

Go, bind on Rome her cast-off weight,  
 The double curse of crook and  
 crown,  
 Though woman's scorn and man-  
 hood's hate  
 From wall and roof flash down !

Nor heed those blood-stains on the  
 wall  
 Not Tiber's flood can wash away,  
 Where, in thy stately Quirinal,  
 Thy mangled victims lay !

Let the world murmur ; let its cry  
 Of horror and disgust be heard ;—  
 Truth stands alone ; thy coward lie  
 Is backed by lance and sword !

The cannon of St. Angelo,  
 And chanting priest and clanging  
 bell,  
 And beat of drum and bugle blow  
 Shall greet thy coming well !

Let lips of iron and tongues of slaves  
 Fit welcome give thee ;—for her  
 part,  
 Rome, frowning o'er her new-made  
 graves,  
 Shall curse thee from her heart !

No wreaths of sad Campagna's flowers  
 Shall childhood in thy pathway  
 fling ;  
 No garlands from their ravaged bowers  
 Shall Terni's maidens bring ;

But, hateful as that tyrant old,  
 The mocking witness of his crime,  
 In thee shall loathing eyes behold  
 The Nero of our time !

Stand where Rome's blood was freest  
 shed,  
 Mock Heaven with impious thanks,  
 and call  
 Its curses on the patriot dead,  
 Its blessings on the Gaul !

Or sit upon thy throne of lies,  
 A poor, mean idol, blood-besmeared,  
 Whom even its worshippers despise,—  
 Unhonoured, unrevered !

Yet, Scandal of the World ! from thee  
 One needful truth mankind shall  
 learn,—  
 That kings and priests to Liberty  
 And God are false in turn.

Earth wearies of them ; and the long  
 Meek sufferance of the Heavens  
 doth fail ;  
 Woe for weak tyrants, when the strong  
 Wake, struggle, and prevail !

Not vainly Roman hearts have bled  
 To feed the Crozier and the Crown,  
 If, roused thereby, the world shall tread  
 The twin-born vampires down !

ELLIOTT<sup>40</sup>

HANDS off ! thou tithe-fat plunderer !  
 play  
 No trick of priestcraft here !  
 Back, puny lordling ! darest thou lay  
 A hand on Elliott's bier ?  
 Alive, your rank and pomp, as dust  
 Beneath his feet he trod :  
 He knew the locust swarm that cursed  
 The harvest-fields of God.

On these pale lips, the smothered  
 thought  
 Which England's millions feel,  
 A fierce and fearful splendour caught,  
 As from his forge the steel.  
 Strong-armed as Thor,—a shower of  
 fire  
 His smitten anvil flung ;  
 God's curse, Earth's wrong, dumb  
 Hunger's ire,—  
 He gave them all a tongue !

Then let the poor man's horny hands  
 Bear up the mighty dead,  
 And labour's swart and stalwart  
 bands  
 Behind as mourners tread.  
 Leave cant and craft their baptized  
 bounds,  
 Leave rank its minster floor ;  
 Give England's green and daisied  
 grounds  
 The poet of the poor !

Lay down upon his Sheaf's green  
 verge  
 That brave old heart of oak,  
 With fitting dirge from sounding  
 forge,  
 And pall of furnace smoke !  
 Where whirls the stone its dizzy  
 rounds,  
 And axe and sledge are swung,  
 And, timing to their stormy sounds,  
 His stormy lays are sung.

There let the peasant's step be heard,  
 The grinder chant his rhyme ;  
 Nor patron's praise nor dainty word  
 Befits the man or time.  
 No soft lament nor dreamer's sigh  
 For him whose words were bread,—  
 The Runic rhyme and spell whereby  
 The foodless poor were fed !

Pile up thy tombs of rank and pride,  
 O England, as thou wilt !  
 With pomp to nameless worth denied,  
 Emblazon titled guilt !  
 No part or lot in these we claim ;  
 But, o'er the sounding wave,  
 A common right to Elliott's name,  
 A freehold in his grave !

## ICHABOD !

So fallen ! so lost ! the light withdrawn  
Which once he wore !

The glory from his grey hairs gone  
For evermore !

Revile him not,—the Tempter hath  
A snare for all ;  
And pitying tears, not scorn and  
wrath,  
Befit his fall !

Oh, dumb be passion's stormy rage,  
When he who might  
Have lighted up and led his age  
Falls back in night.

Scorn ! would the angels laugh, to  
mark  
A bright soul driven,  
Fiend-goaded, down the endless  
dark,  
From hope and heaven !

Let not the land once proud of him  
Insult him now,  
Nor brand with deeper shame his  
dim,  
Dishonoured brow.

But let its humbled sons, instead,  
From sea to lake,  
A long lament, as for the dead,  
In sadness make.

Of all we loved and honoured, naught  
Save power remains,—  
A fallen angel's pride of thought,  
Still strong in chains.

All else is gone ; from those great  
eyes  
The soul has fled :  
When faith is lost, when honour  
dies,  
The man is dead !

Then, pay the reverence of old days  
To his dead fame ;  
Walk backward, with averted gaze,  
And hide the shame !

THE CHRISTIAN TOURISTS<sup>41</sup>

No aimless wanderers, by the fiend  
Unrest

Goaded from shore to shore ;  
No schoolmen, turning, in their classic  
quest,

The leaves of empire o'er.  
Simple of faith, and bearing in their  
hearts

The love of man and God,  
Isles of old song, the Moslem's ancient  
marts,  
And Scythia's steppes, they trod.

Where the long shadows of the fir  
and pine

In the night sun are cast,  
And the deep heart of many a Nor-  
land mine

Quakes at each living blast ;  
Where, in barbaric grandeur, Moskwa  
stands,

A baptized Scythian queen,  
With Europe's arts and Asia's jewelled  
hands,  
The North and East between !

Where still, through vales of Grecian  
fable, stray

The classic forms of yore,  
And beauty smiles, new risen from the  
spray,

And Dian weeps once more ;  
Where every tongue in Smyrna's mart  
resounds ;

And Stamboul from the sea  
Lifts her tall minarets over burial-  
grounds

Black with the cypress-tree !

From Malta's temples to the gates of  
Rome,

Following the track of Paul,  
And where the Alps gird round the  
Switzer's home

Their vast, eternal wall ;  
They paused not by the ruins of old  
time,

They scanned no pictures rare,  
Nor lingered where the snow-locked  
mountains climb

The cold abyss of air !

But unto prisons, where men lay in  
chains,

To haunts where Hunger pined,  
To kings and courts forgetful of the  
pains

And wants of human-kind,  
Scattering sweet words, and quiet  
deeds of good,

Along their way, like flowers,  
Or pleading, as Christ's freemen only  
could,

With princes and with powers ;

Their single aim the purpose to  
fulfil

Of Truth, from day to day,  
Simply obedient to its guiding will,  
They held their pilgrim way.

Yet dream not, hence, the beautiful  
and old

Were wasted on their sight,  
Who in the school of Christ had  
learned to hold  
All outward things aright.

Not less to them the breath of vine-  
yards blown

From off the Cyprian shore,  
Not less for them the Alps in sunset  
shone,

That man they valued more.  
A life of beauty lends to all it sees  
The beauty of its thought ;  
And fairest forms and sweetest har-  
monies

Make glad its way, unsought.

In sweet accordancy of praise and love  
The singing waters run ;  
And sunset mountains wear in light  
above

The smile of duty done ;  
Sure stands the promise,—ever to the  
meek

A heritage is given ;  
Nor lose they earth who, single-  
hearted, seek

The righteousness of Heaven !

### THE MEN OF OLD

WELL speed thy mission, bold Icono-  
clast !

Yet all unworthy of its trust thou  
art,

If, with dry eye, and cold, unloving  
heart,

Thou tread'st the solemn Pantheon of  
the Past,

By the great Future's dazzling hope  
made blind

To all the beauty, power, and  
truth behind,

Not without reverent awe shouldst  
thou put by

The cypress branches and the ama-  
ranth blooms,

Where, with clasped hands of  
prayer, upon their tombs

The effigies of old confessors lie,  
God's witnesses; the voices of His  
will,

Heard in the slow march of the cen-  
turies still !

Such were the men at whose rebuking  
frown,

Dark with God's wrath, the tyrant's  
knee went down ;

Such from the terrors of the guilty  
drew

The vassal's freedom and the poor  
man's due.

St. Anselm (may he rest for evermore  
In Heaven's sweet peace !) forbade,  
of old, the sale

Of men as slaves, and from the  
sacred dale

Hurled the Northumbrian buyers of  
the poor.

To ransom souls from bonds and evil  
fate

St. Ambrose melted down the sacred  
plate,—

Image of saint, the chalice, and the  
pix,

Crosses of gold, and silver candlesticks,  
"MAN IS WORTH MORE THAN TEM-  
PLES !" he replied

To such as came his holy work to  
chide.



And brave Cesarius, stripping altars  
 bare,  
 And coining from the Abbey's  
 golden hoard  
 The captive's freedom, answered to  
 the prayer  
 Or threat of those whose fierce zeal  
 for the Lord  
 Stifled their love of man,—“An  
 earthen dish  
 The last sad supper of the Master  
 bore :  
 Most miserable sinners ! do ye wish  
 More than your Lord, and grudge  
 His dying poor  
 What your own pride and not His  
 need requires ?  
 Souls, than these shining gauds,  
 He values more ;  
 Mercy, not sacrifice His heart desires !”  
 O faithful worthies ! resting far behind  
 In your dark ages, since ye fell asleep,  
 Much has been done for truth and  
 human-kind,—  
 Shadows are scattered wherein ye  
 groped blind ;  
 Man claims his birthright, freer pulses  
 leap  
 Through peoples driven in your day  
 like sheep ;  
 Yet, like your own, our age's sphere  
 of light,  
 Though widening still, is walled  
 around by night ;  
 With slow, reluctant eye, the Church  
 has read,  
 Sceptic at heart, the lessons of its  
 Head ;  
 Counting, too oft, its living members  
 less  
 Than the wall's garnish and the  
 pulpit's dress ;  
 World-moving zeal, with power to  
 bless and feed  
 Life's fainting pilgrims, to their utter  
 need,  
 Instead of bread, holds out the stone  
 of creed ;  
 Sect builds and worships where its  
 wealth and pride  
 And vanity stand shrined and deified,  
 Careless that in the shadow of its walls  
 God's living temple into ruin falls.

We need, methinks, the prophet-hero  
 still,  
 Saints true of life, and martyrs strong  
 of will,  
 To tread the land, even now, as  
 Xavier trod  
 The streets of Goa, barefoot, with  
 his bell,  
 Proclaiming freedom in the name of  
 God,  
 And startling tyrants with the fear  
 of hell !  
 Soft words, smooth prophecies, are  
 doubtless well ;  
 But to rebuke the age's popular crime,  
 We need the souls of fire, the hearts  
 of that old time !

### THE PEACE CONVENTION AT BRUSSELS

STILL in thy streets, O Paris ! doth  
 the stain  
 Of blood defy the cleansing autumn  
 rain ;  
 Still breaks the smoke Messina's ruins  
 through,  
 And Naples mourns that new Bartho-  
 lomew,  
 When squalid beggary, for a dole of  
 bread,  
 At a crowned murderer's beck of  
 licence, fed  
 The yawning trenches with her noble  
 dead ;  
 Still, doomed Vienna, through thy  
 stately halls  
 The shell goes crashing and the red  
 shot falls,  
 And, leagued to crush thee, on the  
 Danube's side,  
 The bearded Croat and Bosniak spear-  
 men ride ;  
 Still in that vale where Himalaya's  
 snow  
 Melts round the cornfields and the  
 vines below,  
 The Sikh's hot cannon, answering ball  
 for ball,  
 Flames in the breach of Moulton's  
 shattered wall ;



On Chenab's side the vulture seeks the slain,  
 And Sullej paints with blood its banks again.  
 "What folly, then," the faithless critic cries,  
 With sneering lip, and wise world-knowing eyes,  
 "While fort to fort, and post to post, repeat  
 The ceaseless challenge of the war-drum's beat,  
 And round the green earth, to the church-bell's chime,  
 The morning drum-roll of the camp keeps time,  
 To dream of peace amidst a world in arms,  
 Of swords to ploughshares changed by Scriptural charms,  
 Of nations, drunken with the wine of blood,  
 Staggering to take the Pledge of Brotherhood,  
 Like tipplers answering Father Mathew's call,—  
 The sullen Spaniard, and the mad-cap Gaul,  
 The bull-dog Briton, yielding but with life,  
 The Yankee swaggering with his bowie-knife,  
 The Russ, from banquets with the vulture shared,  
 The blood still dripping from his amber beard,  
 Quitting their mad Berserker dance to hear  
 The dull, meek droning of a drab-coat seer ;  
 Leaving the sport of Presidents and Kings,  
 Where men for dice each titled gambler flings,  
 To meel alternate on the Seine and Thames,  
 For tea and gossip, like old country dames !  
 No ! let the cravens plead the weakling's cant,  
 Let Cobden cipher, and let Vincent rant,  
 Let Sturge preach peace to democratic throngs,

And Burritt, stammering through his hundred tongues,  
 Repeat, in all, his ghostly lessons o'er,  
 Timed to the pauses of the battery's roar ;  
 Check Ban or Kaiser with the barricade  
 Of 'Olive-leaves' and Resolutions made,  
 Spike guns with pointed Scripture-texts, and hope  
 To capsize navies with a windy trope ;  
 Still shall the glory and the pomp of War  
 Along their train the shouting millions draw ;  
 Still dusty Labour to the passing Brave  
 His cap shall doff, and Beauty's kerchief wave ;  
 Still shall the bard to Valour tune his song,  
 Still Hero-worship kneel before the Strong ;  
 Rosy and sleek, the sable-gowned divine,  
 O'er his third bottle of suggestive wine,  
 To plumed and sworded auditors, shall prove  
 Their trade accordant with the Law of Love ;  
 And Church for State, and State for Church, shall fight,  
 And both agree, that Might alone is Right !  
 Despite of sneers like these, O faithful few,  
 Who dare to hold God's word and witness true,  
 Whose clear-eyed faith transcends our evil time,  
 And o'er the present wilderness of crime  
 Sees the calm future, with its robes of green,  
 Its fleece-flecked mountains, and soft streams between,—  
 Still keep the path which duty bids ye tread,  
 Though worldly wisdom shake the cautious head ;  
 No truth from Heaven descends upon our sphere,  
 Without the greeting of the sceptic's sneer ;

Denied and mocked at, till its blessings fall,  
Common as dew and sunshine, over all.

Then, o'er Earth's war-field, till the strife shall cease,  
Like Morven's harpers, sing your song of peace ;  
As in old fable rang the Thracian's lyre,  
Midst howl of fiends and roar of penal fire,  
Till the fierce din to pleasing murmurs fell,  
And love subdued the maddened heart of hell.  
Lend, once again, that holy song a tongue.

Which the glad angels of the Advent sung.

Their cradle-anthem for the Saviour's birth,

Glory to God, and peace unto the earth !

Through the mad discord send that calming word

Which wind and wave on wild Genesaret heard,

Lift in Christ's name His Cross against the Sword !

Not vain the vision which the prophets saw,

Skirting with green the fiery waste of war,

Through the hot sand-gleam, looming soft and calm

On the sky's rim, the fountain-shading palm.

Still lives for Earth, which fiends so long have trod,

The great hope resting on the truth of God,—

Evil shall cease and Violence pass away,

And the tired world breathe free through a long Sabbath day.

1112, 1116, 1243.

### THE WISH OF TO-DAY

I ASK not now for gold to gild  
With mocking shine a weary frame ;  
The yearning of the mind is stilled,—  
I ask not now for Fame.

A rose-cloud, dimly seen above,  
Melting in heaven's blue depths away,—

Oh, sweet, fond dream of human Love !

For thee I may not pray.

But, bowed in lowliness of mind,  
I make my humble wishes known,—  
I only ask a will resigned,  
O Father, to Thine own !

To-day, beneath Thy chastening eye  
I crave alone for peace and rest,  
Submissive in Thy hand to lie,  
And feel that it is best.

A marvel seems the Universe,  
A miracle our Life and Death ;  
A mystery which I cannot pierce,  
Around, above, beneath.

In vain I task my aching brain,  
In vain the sage's thought I scan,  
I only feel how weak and vain,  
How poor and blind, is man.

And now my spirit sighs for home,  
And longs for light whereby to see,  
And, like a weary child, would come,  
O Father, unto Thee !

Though oft, like letters traced on sand,  
My weak resolves have passed away,  
In mercy lend Thy helping hand  
Unto my prayer to-day !

### OUR STATE

The South-land boasts its teeming cane,

The prairied West its heavy grain,  
And sunset's radiant gates unfold  
On rising marts and sands of gold !

Rough, bleak, and hard, our little  
State  
Is scant of soil, of limits strait ;  
Her yellow sands are sands alone,  
Her only mines are ice and stone.

From Autumn frost to April rain,  
Too long her winter woods complain ;  
From budding flower to falling leaf,  
Her summer time is all too brief.

Yet, on her rocks, and on her sands,  
And wintry hills, the school-house  
stands,  
And what her rugged soil denies,  
The harvest of the mind supplies.

The riches of the Commonwealth  
Are free, strong minds, and hearts of  
health ;  
And more to her than gold or grain,  
The cunning hand and cultured  
brain.

For well she keeps her ancient  
stock,  
The stubborn strength of Pilgrim  
Rock ;  
And still maintains, with milder  
laws,  
And clearer light, the Good Old  
Cause !

Nor heeds the sceptic's puny hands,  
While near her school the church-  
spire stands ;  
Nor fears the blinded bigot's rule,  
While near her church-spire stands  
the school.

ALL'S WELL

THE clouds, which rise with thunder,  
slake  
Our thirsty souls with rain ;  
The blow most dreaded falls to break  
From off our limbs a chain ;  
And wrongs of man to man but make  
The love of God more plain.

As through the shadowy lens of  
even  
The eyes look farthest into heaven  
On gleams of star and depths of  
blue  
The glaring sunshine never knew !

SEED-TIME AND HARVEST

As o'er his furrowed fields which lie  
Beneath a coldly-dropping sky,  
Yet chill with winter's melted snow,  
The husbandman goes forth to sow.

Thus, Freedom, on the bitter blast  
The ventures of thy seed we cast,  
And trust to warmer sun and rain  
To swell the germs and fill the  
grain.

Who calls the glorious service hard ?  
Who deems it not its own reward ?  
Who, for its trials, counts it less  
A cause of praise and thankful-  
ness ?

It may not be our lot to wield  
The sickle in the ripened field ;  
Nor ours to hear, on summer eves,  
The reaper's song among the sheaves.

Yet where our duty's task is wrought  
In unison with God's great thought,  
The near and future blend in one,  
And whatsoever is willed, is done !

And ours the grateful service whence  
Comes, day by day, the recom-  
pense ;  
The hope, the trust, the purpose  
stayed,  
The fountain and the noonday shade.

And were this life the utmost span,  
The only end and aim of man,  
Better the toil of fields like these  
Than waking dream and slothful  
ease.

But life, though falling like our  
grain,  
Like that revives and springs again ;  
And, early called, how blest are they  
Who wait in heaven their harvest-  
day!

TO A. K.

ON RECEIVING A BASKET OF SEA-  
MOSS' S.

THANKS for thy gift  
Of ocean flowers,  
Born where the golden drift  
Of the slant sunshine falls  
Down the green tremulous walls  
Of water, to the cool still coral  
bowers,  
Where, under rainbows of perpetual  
showers,  
God's gardens of the deep  
His patient angels keep ;  
Gladdening the dim, strange soli-  
tude  
With fairest forms and hues, and  
thus  
For ever teaching us  
The lesson which the many-coloured  
skies,  
The flowers, and leaves, and painted  
butterflies,  
The deer's branched antlers, the gay  
bird that flings  
The tropic sunshine from its golden  
wings,  
The brightness of the human counte-  
nance,  
Its play of smiles, the magic of a  
glance,  
For evermore repeat,  
In varied tones and sweet,  
That beauty, in and of itself, is good.  
O kind and generous friend, o'er  
whom  
The sunset hues of Time are cast,  
Painting, upon the overpast  
And scattered clouds of noonday  
sorrow  
The promise of a fairer morrow,

An earnest of the better life to come ;  
The binding of the spirit broken,  
The warning to the erring spoken,  
The comfort of the sad,  
The eye to see, the hand to cull  
Of common things the beautiful,  
The absent heart made glad  
By simple gift or graceful token  
Of love it needs as daily food,  
All own one Source, and all are  
good !  
Hence, tracking sunny cove and  
reach,  
Where spent waves glimmer up the  
beach,  
And toss their gifts of weed and  
shell  
From foamy curve and combing  
swell,  
No unbecfitting task was thine  
To weave these flowers so soft  
and fair  
In unison with His design  
Who loveth beauty everywhere ;  
And makes in every zone and clime,  
In ocean and in upper air,  
" All things beautiful in their time "  
For not alone in tones of awe and  
power  
He speaks to man ;  
The cloudy horror of the thunder-  
shower  
His rainbows span ;  
And where the caravan  
Winds o'er the desert, leaving, as in air  
The crane-flock leaves, no trace of  
passage there,  
He gives the weary eye  
The palm-leaf shadow for the hot noon  
hours,  
And on its branches dry  
Calls out the acacia's flowers ;  
And where the dark shaft pierces  
down  
Beneath the mountain roots,  
Seen by the miner's lamp alone,  
The star-like crystal shoots ;  
So, where, the winds and waves  
below,  
The coral-branched gardens grow,  
His climbing weeds and mosses  
show,

Like foliage, on each stony bough,  
Of varied hues more strangely  
    gay

Than forest leaves in autumn's  
    day ;—

    Thus evermore,  
    On sky, and wave, and shore,  
An all-pervading beauty seems  
to say :

God's love and power are one ;  
    and they,

Who, like the thunder of a sultry  
    day,

    Smite to restore,  
And they, who, like the gentle wind,  
    uplift

The petals of the dew-wet flowers,  
    and drift

    Their perfume on the air,  
Alike may serve Him, each, with  
    their own gift,  
    Making their lives a prayer !



# THE CHAPEL OF THE HERMITS

## AND OTHER POEMS

[1852]

"I DO believe, and yet, in grief,  
I pray for help to unbelief;  
For needful strength aside to lay  
The daily cumberings of my way.

"I'm sick at heart of craft and  
cant,  
Sick of the crazed enthusiast's rant,  
Profession's smooth hypocrisies,  
And creeds of iron, and lives of ease.

"I ponder o'er the sacred word,  
I read the record of our Lord;  
And, weak and troubled, envy them  
Who touched His seamless garment's  
hem;—

"Who saw the tears of love He wept  
Above the grave where Lazarus  
slept;  
And heard, amidst the shadows dim  
Of Olivet, His evening hymn.

"How blessed the swineherd's low  
estate,  
The beggar crouching at the gate,  
The leper loathly and abhorred,  
Whose eyes of flesh beheld the Lord!

"O sacred soil His sandals pressed!  
Sweet fountains of His noonday rest!  
O light and air of Palestine,  
Impregnate with His life divine!

"Oh, bear me thither! Let me look  
On Siloa's pool, and Kedron's brook,—  
Kneel at Gethsemane, and by  
Gennesaret walk, before I die!

"Methinks this cold and northern  
night  
Would melt before that Orient light;  
And, wet by Hermon's dew and rain,  
My childhood's faith revive again!"

So spake my friend, one autumn day,  
Where the still river slid away  
Beneath us, and above the brown  
Red curtains of the woods shut down.

Then said I,—for I could not brook  
The mute appealing of his look,—  
"I, too, am weak, and faith is small,  
And blindness happeneth unto all,

"Yet, sometimes glimpses on my sight,  
Through present wrong, the eternal  
right;  
And, step by step, since time began,  
I see the steady gain of man;

"That all of good the past hath had  
Remains to make our own time  
glad,—  
Our common daily life divine,  
And every land a Palestine.

"Thou weariest of thy present state;  
What gain to thee time's holiest date?  
The doubter now perchance had been  
As High Priest or as Pilate then!

"What thought Chorazin's scribes?  
What faith  
In Him had Nain and Nazareth?  
Of the few followers whom He led  
One sold Him,—all forsook and fled.

"O friend! we need not rock nor sand,  
Nor storied stream of Morning-Land;  
The heavens are glassed in Merri-  
mack,—  
What more could Jordan render back?

"We lack but open eye and ear  
To find the Orient's marvels here;—  
The still small voice in autumn's hush,  
Yon maple wood the burning bush.

"For still the new transcends the old,  
In signs and tokens manifold;—  
Slaves rise up men; the olive waves  
With roots deep set in battle graves!

"Through the harsh noises of our day  
A low, sweet prelude finds its way;  
Through clouds of doubt, and creeds  
of fear,  
A light is breaking, calm and clear.

"That song of Love, now low and far,  
Erelong shall swell from star to star!  
That light, the breaking day, which tips  
The golden-spined Apocalypse!"

Then, when my good friend shook  
his head,  
And, sighing, sadly smiled, I said:  
"Thou mind'st me of a story told  
In rare Bernardin's leaves of gold."<sup>43</sup>

And while the slanted sunbeams wove  
The shadows of the frost-stained grove,  
And, picturing all, the river ran  
O'er cloud and wood, I thus began:

\* \* \*

In Mount Valerien's chestnut wood  
The Chapel of the Hermits stood;  
And thither, at the close of day,  
Came two old pilgrims, worn and grey.

One, whose impetuous youth defied  
The storms of Baikal's wintry side,  
And mused and dreamed where tropic  
day  
Flamed o'er his lost Virginia's bay.

His simple tale of love and woe  
All hearts had melted, high or low;—  
A blissful pain, a sweet distress,  
Immortal in its tenderness.

Yet, while above his charmed page  
Beat quick the young heart of his age,  
He walked amidst the crowd un-  
known,  
A sorrowing old man, strange and lone.

A homeless, troubled age,—the grey  
Pale setting of a weary day;  
Too dull his ear for voice of praise,  
Too sadly worn his brow for bays.

Pride, lust of power and glory, slept:  
Yet still his heart its young dream  
kept,  
And, wandering like the deluge-dove,  
Still sought the resting-place of love.

And, mateless, childless, envied more  
The peasant's welcome from his door  
By smiling eyes at eventide,  
Than kingly gifts or lettered pride.

Until, in place of wife and child,  
All-pitying Nature on him smiled,  
And gave to him the golden keys  
To all her inmost sanctities.

Mild Druid of her wood-paths dim!  
She laid her great heart bare to him,  
Its loves and sweet accords;—he saw  
The beauty of her perfect law.

The language of her signs he knew,  
What notes her cloudy clarion blew;  
The rhythm of autumn's forest dyes,  
The hymn of sunset's painted skies.

And thus he seemed to hear the song  
Which swept, of old, the stars along;  
And to his eyes the earth once more  
Its fresh and primal beauty wore.

Who sought with him, from summer  
air,  
And field and wood, a balm for care;  
And bathed in light of sunset skies  
His tortured nerves and weary eyes?

His fame on all the winds had flown ;  
His words had shaken crypt and  
throne ;

Like fire, on camp and court and cell  
They dropped, and kindled as they fell.

Beneath the pomps of state, below  
The mitred juggler's masque and show,  
A prophecy—a vague hope—ran  
His burning thought from man to man.

For peace or rest too well he saw  
The fraud of priests, the wrong of law,  
And felt how hard, between the two,  
Their breath of pain the millions drew.

A prophet-utterance, strong and wild,  
The weakness of an unweaned child,  
A sun-bright hope for human-kind,  
And self-despair, in him combined.

He loathed the false, yet lived not true  
To half the glorious truths he knew ;  
The doubt, the discord, and the sin,  
He mourned without, he felt within.

Untrod by him the path he showed,  
Sweet pictures on his easel glowed  
Of simple faith, and loves of home,  
And virtue's golden days to come.

But weakness, shame, and folly made  
The foil to all his pen portrayed ;  
Still, where his dreamy splendours  
shone  
The shadow of himself was thrown.

Lord, what is man, whose thought, at  
times,  
Up to Thy sevenfold brightness climbs,  
While still his grosser instinct clings  
To earth, like other creeping things !

So rich in words, in acts so mean ;  
So high, so low ; chance-swung be-  
tween  
The foulness of the penal pit  
And Truth's clear sky, millennium-lit !

Vain pride of star-lent genius !—vain  
Quick fancy and creative brain,  
Unblest by prayerful sacrifice,  
Absurdly great, or weakly wise !

Midst yearnings for a truer life,  
Without were fears, within was strife ;  
And still his wayward act denied  
The perfect good for which he sighed.

The love he sent forth void returned ;  
The fame that crowned him scorched  
and burned,  
Burning, yet cold and drear and lone,—  
A fire-mount in a frozen zone !

Like that the grey-haired sea-king  
passed,<sup>43</sup>  
Seen southward from his sleety mast,  
About whose brows of changeless frost  
A wreath of flame the wild winds  
tossed.

Far round the mournful beauty played  
Of lambent light and purple shade,  
Lost on the fixed and dumb despair  
Of frozen earth and sea and air !

A man apart, unknown, unloved  
By those whose wrongs his soul had  
moved,  
He bore the ban of Church and State,  
The good man's fear, the bigot's hate !

Forth from the city's noise and throng,  
Its pomp and shame, its sin and  
wrong,  
The twain that summer day had  
strayed  
To Mount Valerien's chestnut shade.

To them the green fields and the  
wood  
Lent something of their quietude,  
And golden-tinted sunset seemed  
Prophetical of all they dreamed.

The hermits from their simple cares  
The bell was calling home to prayers,  
And, listening to its sound, the twain  
Seemed lapped in childhood's trust  
again.

Wide open stood the chapel door ;  
A sweet old music, swelling o'er  
Low prayerful murmurs, issued  
thence,—  
The Litanies of Providence !



Then Rousseau spake : "Where two  
or three  
In His name meet, He there will be!"  
And then, in silence, on their knees  
They sank beneath the chestnut trees.

As to the blind returning light,  
As daybreak to the Arctic night,  
Old faith revived : the doubts of years  
Dissolved in reverential tears.

That gush of feeling overpast,  
"Ah me!" Bernardin sighed at last,  
"I would thy bitterest foes could see  
Thy heart as it is seen of me!

"No church of God hast thou denied;  
Thou hast but spurned in scorn aside  
A base and hollow counterfeit,  
Profaning the pure name of it!

"With dry dead moss and marish  
weeds  
His fire the western herdsman feeds,  
And greener from the ashen plain  
The sweet spring grasses rise again.

"Nor thunder-peal nor mighty wind  
Disturb the solid sky behind;  
And through the cloud the red bolt  
rends  
The calm, still smile of Heaven de-  
scends!

"Thus through the world, like bolt  
and blast,  
And scourging fire, thy words have  
passed.  
Clouds break,—the steadfast heavens  
remain;  
Weeds burn,—the ashes feed the grain!

"But whoso strives with wrong may  
find  
Its touch pollute, its darkness blind;  
And learn, as latent fraud is shown  
In others' faith, to doubt his own.

"With dream and falsehood, simple  
trust  
And pious hope we tread in dust;  
Lost the calm faith in goodness,—lost  
The baptism of the Pentecost!

"Alas!—the blows for error meant  
Too oft on truth itself are spent,  
As through the false and vile and base  
Looks forth her sad, rebuking face.

"Not ours the Theban's charmed life;  
We come not scatheless from the strife!  
The Python's coil about us clings,  
The trampled Hydra bites and stings!

"Meanwhile, the sport of seeming  
chance,  
The plastic shapes of circumstance,  
What might have been we fondly  
guess,  
If earlier born, or tempted less.

"And thou, in these wild, troubled  
days,  
Misjudged alike in blame and praise,  
Unsought and undeserved the same  
The sceptic's praise, the bigot's  
blame;—

"I cannot doubt, if thou hadst been  
Among the highly-favoured men  
Who walked on earth with Fénelon,  
He would have owned thee as his  
son;

"And, bright with wings of cherubim  
Visibly waving over him,  
Seen through his life, the Church had  
seemed  
All that its old confessors dreamed."

"I would have been," Jean Jacques  
replied,  
"The humblest servant at his side,  
Obscure, unknown, content to see  
How beautiful man's life may be!

"Oh, more than thrice-blest relic, more  
Than solemn rite or sacred lore,  
The holy life of one who trod  
The footmarks of the Christ of God!

"Amidst a blinded world he saw  
The oneness of the Dual law;  
That Heaven's sweet peace on Earth  
began  
And God was loved through love of  
man.

"He lived the Truth which reconciled  
The strong man Reason, Faith the  
child :  
In him belief and act were one,  
The homilies of duty done !"

So speaking, through the twilight grey  
The two old pilgrims went their way.  
What seeds of life that day were sown,  
The heavenly watchers knew alone.

Time passed, and Autumn came to fold  
Green summer in her brown and gold ;  
Time passed, and Winter's tears of  
snow  
Dropped on the grave-mound of  
Rousseau.

"The tree remaineth where it fell,  
The pained on earth is pained in  
hell !"  
So priestcraft from its altars cursed  
The mournful doubts its falsehood  
nursed.

Ah ! well of old the Psalmist prayed,  
"Thy hand, not man's, on me be  
laid !"  
Earth frowns below, Heaven weeps  
above,  
And man is hate, but God is love !

No Hermits now the wanderer sees,  
Nor chapel with its chestnut trees ;  
A morning dream, a tale that's told,  
The wave of change o'er all has rolled.

Yet lives the lesson of that day ;  
And from its twilight cool and grey  
Comes up a low, sad whisper, "Make  
The truth thine own, for truth's own  
sake.

"Why wait to see in thy brief span  
Its perfect flower and fruit in man ?  
No saintly touch can save ; no balm  
Of healing hath the martyr's palm.

"Midst soulless forms, and false pre-  
tence  
Of spiritual pride and pampered sense,  
A voice saith, 'What is that to thee ?  
Be true thyself, and follow Me !'

"In days when throne and altar heard  
The wanton's wish, the bigot's word,  
And pomp of State and ritual show  
Scarce hid the loathsome death  
below,—

"Midst fawning priests and courtiers  
foul,  
The losel swarm of crown and cowl,  
White-robed walked François Fénel-  
lon,  
Stainless as Uriel in the sun !

"Yet in his time the stake blazed red,  
The poor were eaten up like bread :  
Men knew him not : his garment's hem  
No healing virtue had for them.

"Alas ! no present saint we find ;  
The white cymar gleams far behind,  
Revealed in outline vague, sublime,  
Through telescopic mists of time !

"Trust not in man with passing breath,  
But in the Lord, old Scripture saith ;  
The truth which saves thou mayst  
not blend  
With false professor, faithless friend.

"Search thine own heart. What  
paineth thee  
In others in thyself may be ;  
All dust is frail, all flesh is weak ;  
Be thou the true man thou dost seek !

"Where now with pain thou treadest,  
trod  
The whitest of the saints of God !  
To show thee where their feet were set,  
The light which led them shineth yet.

"The footprints of the life divine,  
Which marked their path, remain in  
thine ;  
And that great Life, transfused in  
theirs,  
Awaits thy faith, thy love, thy  
prayers !"

A lesson which I well may heed,  
A word of fitness to my need ;  
So from that twilight cool and grey  
Still saith a voice, or seems to say.

We rose, and slowly homeward turned,  
While down the west the sunset  
burned;  
And, in its light, hill, wood, and  
tide,  
And human forms seemed glorified.

The village homes transfigured stood,  
And purple bluffs, whose belting wood  
Across the waters leaned to hold  
The yellow leaves like lamps of gold.

Then spake my friend: "Thy words  
are true;  
For ever old, for ever new,  
These home-seen splendours are the  
same  
Which over Eden's sunsets came.

"To these bowed heavens let wood  
and hill  
Lift voiceless praise and anthem still;  
Fall, warm with blessing, over them,  
Light of the New Jerusalem!

"Flow on, sweet river, like the  
stream  
Of John's Apocalyptic dream!  
This mapled ridge shall Horeb be,  
Yon green-banked lake our Galilee!

"Henceforth my heart shall sigh no  
more  
For olden time and holier shore;  
God's love and blessing, then and  
there  
Are now and here and everywhere."



QUESTIONS OF LIFE

And the angel that was sent unto me,  
whose name was Uriel, gave me an answer,  
and said,

Thy heart hath gone too far in this world,  
and thinkest thou to comprehend the way of  
the Most High?

Then said I, Yea, my Lord.

Then said he unto me, Go thy way, weigh  
me the weight of the fire, or measure me the  
blast of the wind, or call me again the day  
that is past.—2 *Esdras*, chap. iv.

A BENDING staff I would not break,  
A feeble faith I would not shake,  
Nor even rashly pluck away  
The error which some truth may  
stay,  
Whose loss might leave the soul  
without

A shield against the shafts of doubt.  
And yet, at times, when over all  
A darker mystery seems to fall,  
(May God forgive the child of dust,  
Who seeks to *know*, where Faith  
should *trust*!)

I raise the questions, old and dark,  
Of Uzdum's tempted patriarch,  
And, speech-confounded, build again  
The baffled tower of Shinar's plain.

I am: how little more I know!  
Whence came I? Whither do I go?  
A centred self, which feels and is;  
A cry between the silences;  
A shadow-birth of clouds at strife  
With sunshine on the hills of life;  
A shaft from Nature's quiver cast  
Into the Future from the Past;  
Between the cradle and the shroud,  
A meteor's flight from cloud to cloud.

Through the vastness, arching all,  
I see the great stars rise and fall,  
The rounding seasons come and go,  
The tided oceans ebb and flow;  
The tokens of a central force,  
Whose circles, in their widening course,  
O'erlap and move the universe;  
The workings of the law whence springs  
The rhythmic harmony of things,  
Which shapes in earth the darkling  
spar,

And orbs in heaven the morning star.  
Of all I see, in earth and sky,—  
Star, flower, beast, bird,—what part  
have I?

This conscious life,—is it the same  
Which thrills the universal frame,  
Whereby the caverned crystal shoots,  
And mounts the sap from forest  
roots,

Whereby the exiled wood-bird tells  
When Spring makes green her native  
dells?

How feels the stone the pang of birth  
Which brings its sparkling prism  
forth?

The forest-tree the throb which gives  
The life-blood to its new-born leaves?  
Do bird and blossom feel, like me,  
Life's many-folded mystery,—  
The wonder which it is TO BE?  
Or stand I severed and distinct,  
From Nature's chain of life unlinked?  
Allied to all, yet not the less  
Prisoned in separate consciousness,  
Alone o'erburdened with a sense  
Of life, and cause, and consequence?

In vain to me the Sphinx propounds  
The riddle of her sights and sounds;  
Back still the vaulted mystery gives  
The echoed question it receives.  
What sings the brook? What oracle  
Is in the pine-tree's organ swell?  
What may the wind's low burden be?  
The meaning of the moaning sea?  
The hieroglyphics of the stars?  
Or clouded sunset's crimson bars?  
I vainly ask, for mocks my skill  
The trick of Nature's cipher still.

I turn from Nature unto men,  
I ask the stylus and the pen;  
What sang the bards of old? What  
meant

The prophets of the Orient?  
The rolls of buried Egypt, hid  
In painted tomb and pyramid?  
What mean Idumea's arrowy lines,  
Or dusk Elora's monstrous signs?  
How speaks the primal thought of  
man

From the grim carvings of Copan?  
Where rests the secret? Where the  
keys

Of the old death-bolted mysteries?  
Alas! the dead retain their trust;  
Dust hath no answer from the dust.

The great enigma still unguessed,  
Unanswered the eternal quest;  
I gather up the scattered rays  
Of wisdom in the early days,  
Faint gleams and broken, like the  
light

Of meteors in a northern night,  
Betraying to the darkling earth  
The unseen sun which gave them  
birth;

I listen to the sibyl's chant,  
The voice of priest and hierophant;  
I know what Indian Kreeshna saith,  
And what of life and what of death  
The demon taught to Socrates;  
And what, beneath his garden-trees  
Slow-pacing, with a dream-like tread,  
The solemn-thoughted Plato said;  
Nor lack I tokens, great or small,  
Of God's clear light in each and all,  
While holding with more dear regard  
The scroll of Hebrew seer and bard,  
The starry pages promise-lit  
With Christ's Evangel over-writ,  
Thy miracle of life and death,  
O holy One of Nazareth!

On Aztec ruins, grey and lone,  
The circling serpent coils in stone,—  
Type of the endless and unknown;  
Whereof we seek the clue to find,  
With groping fingers of the blind!  
For ever sought, and never found,  
We trace that serpent-symbol round  
Our resting-place, our starting bound!  
O thriftlessness of dream and guess!  
O wisdom which is foolishness!  
Why idly seek from outward things  
The answer inward silence brings;  
Why stretch beyond our proper sphere  
And age, for that which lies so  
near?

Why climb the far-off hills with pain,  
A nearer view of heaven to gain?  
In lowliest depths of bosky dells  
The hermit Contemplation dwells.  
A fountain's pine-hung slope his seat,  
And lotus-twined his silent feet,  
Whence, piercing heaven, with  
screened sight,

He sees at noon the stars, whose  
light  
Shall glorify the coming night.

Here let me pause, my quest forego ;  
 Enough for me to feel and know  
 That He in whom the cause and end,  
 The past and future, meet and blend,—  
 Who, girl with His immensities,  
 Our vast and star-hung system sees,  
 Small as the clustered Pleiades,—  
 Moves not alone the heavenly quires,  
 But waves the spring time's grassy  
     spires,  
 Guards not archangel feet alone,  
 But deigns to guide and keep my own ;  
 Speaks not alone the words of fate  
 Which worlds destroy, and worlds  
     create,  
 But whispers in my spirit's ear,  
 In tones of love, or warning fear,  
 A language none beside may hear.

To Him from wanderings long and  
     wild,  
 I come, an over-wearied child,  
 In cool and shade His peace to find  
 Like dew-fall settling on my mind.  
 Assured that all I know is best,  
 And humbly trusting for the rest,  
 I turn from Fancy's cloud-built scheme,  
 Dark creed, and mournful eastern  
     dream  
 Of power, impersonal and cold,  
 Controlling all, itself controlled,  
 Maker and slave of iron laws,  
 Alike the subject and the cause ;  
 From vain philosophies, that try  
 The sevenfold gates of mystery,  
 And, baffled ever, babble still,  
 Word-prodigal of fate and will ;  
 From Nature, and her mockery, Art,  
 And book and speech of men apart,  
 To the still witness in my heart ;  
 With reverence waiting to behold  
 His Avatar of love untold,  
 The Eternal Beauty new and old !

### THE PRISONERS OF NAPLES

I HAVE been thinking of the victims  
     bound  
 In Naples, dying for the lack of air  
 And sunshine, in their close, damp  
     cells of pain,

Where hope is not, and innocence in  
     vain  
 Appeals against the torture and the  
     chain !  
 Unfortunates ! whose crime it was to  
     share  
 Our common love of freedom, and to  
     dare,  
 In its behalf, Rome's harlot triple-  
     crowned,  
 And her base pander, the most hate-  
     ful thing  
 Who upon Christian or on Pagan  
     ground  
 Makes vile the old heroic name of  
     king.  
 O God most merciful ! Father just  
     and kind !  
 Whom man hath bound let Thy right  
     hand unbind.  
 Or, if Thy purposes of good behind  
 Their ills lie hidden, let the sufferers  
     find  
 Strong consolations ; leave them not  
     to doubt  
 Thy providential care, nor yet without  
 The hopes which all Thy attributes  
     inspire,  
 That not in vain the martyr's robe of  
     fire  
 Is worn, nor the sad prisoner's fret-  
     ting chain ;  
 Since all who suffer for Thy truth send  
     forth,  
 Electrical, with every throb of pain,  
 Unquenchable sparks, Thy own bap-  
     tismal rain  
 Of fire and spirit over all the earth,  
 Making the dead in slavery live again.  
 Let this great hope be with them, as  
     they lie  
 Shut from the light, the greenness,  
     and the sky,—  
 From the cool waters and the pleasant  
     breeze,  
 The smell of flowers, and shade of  
     summer trees ;  
 Bound with the felon lepers, whom  
     disease  
 And sins abhorred make loathsome ;  
     let them share  
 Pellico's faith, Foresti's strength to  
     bear

Years of unutterable torment, stern  
and still,  
As the chained Titan victor through  
his will !  
Comfort them with Thy future ; let  
them see  
The day-dawn of Italian liberty ;  
For that, with all good things, is hid  
with Thee,  
And, perfect in Thy thought, awaits  
its time to be !

I, who have spoken for freedom at  
the cost  
Of some weak friendships, or some  
paltry prize  
Of name or place, and more than I  
have lost  
Have gained in wider reach of sym-  
pathies,  
And free communion with the good  
and wise,—  
May God forbid that I should ever  
boast  
Such easy self-denial, or repine  
That the strong pulse of health no  
more is mine ;  
That, overworn at noonday, I must  
yield  
To other hands the gleanings of the  
field,—  
A tired on-looker through the day's  
decline.  
For blest beyond deserving still, and  
knowing  
That kindly Providence its care is  
showing  
In the withdrawal as in the bestowing,  
Scarcely I dare for more or less to pray.  
Beautiful yet for me this autumn day  
Melts on its sunset hills ; and, far away,  
Form the Ocean lifts its solemn psalm,  
To me the pine-woods whisper ; and  
for me  
Yon river, winding through its vales  
of calm,  
By greenest banks, with asters purple-  
starred,  
And gentian bloom and golden-rod  
made gay,  
Flows down in silent gladness to the  
sea,  
Like a pure spirit to its great reward !

Nor lack I friends, long-tried and  
near and dear,  
Whose love is round me like this  
atmosphere,  
Warm, soft, and golden. For such  
gifts to me  
What shall I render, O my God, to  
Thee ?  
Let me not dwell upon my lighter  
share,  
Of pain and ill that human life must  
bear ;  
Save me from selfish pining ; let my  
heart,  
Drawn from itself in sympathy, forget  
The bitter longings of a vain regret,  
The anguish of its own peculiar smart.  
Remembering others, as I have to-day,  
In their great sorrows, let me live  
always  
Not for myself alone, but have a part,  
Such as a frail and erring spirit may,  
In love which is of Thee, and which  
indeed Thou art !

### MOLOCH IN STATE STREET

THE moon has set : while yet the  
dawn  
Breaks cold and grey,  
Between the midnight and the morn  
Bear off your prey !

On, swift and still !—the conscious  
street  
Is panged and stirred ;  
Tread light !—that fall of serried feet  
The dead have heard !

The first drawn blood of Freedom's  
veins  
Gushed where ye tread ;  
Lo ! through the dusk the martyr-  
stains  
Blush darkly red !

Beneath the slowly waning stars  
And whitening day,  
What stern and awful presence bars  
That sacred way ?

What faces frown upon ye, dark  
With shame and pain?  
Come these from Plymouth's Pilgrim  
barque?  
Is that young Vane?

Who, dimly beckoning, speed ye on  
With mocking cheer?  
Lo! spectral Andros, Hutchinson,  
And Gage are here!

For ready mart or favouring blast  
Through Moloch's fire  
Flesh of his flesh, unsparing, passed  
The Tyrian sire.

Ye make that ancient sacrifice  
Of Man to Gain,  
Your traffic thrives, where Freedom  
dies,  
Beneath the chain.

Ye sow to-day, your harvest, scorn  
And hate, is near;  
How think ye freemen, mountain born,  
The tale will hear?

Thank God! our mother State can yet  
Her fame retrieve;  
To you and to your children let  
The scandal cleave.

Chain Hall and Pulpit, Court and  
Press,  
Make gods of gold;  
Let honour, truth, and manliness  
Like wares be sold.

Your hoards are great, your walls are  
strong,  
But God is just;  
The gilded chambers built by wrong  
Invite the rust.

What! know ye not the gains of Crime  
Are dust and dross;  
Its ventures on the waves of time  
Foredoomed to loss!

And still the Pilgrim State remains  
What she hath been;  
Her inland hills, her seaward plains,  
Still nurture men!

Nor wholly lost the fallen mart,—  
Her olden blood  
Through many a free and generous  
heart  
Still pours its flood.

That brave old blood, quick-flowing  
yet,  
Shall know no check,  
Till a free people's foot is set  
On Slavery's neck.

Even now, the peal of bell and gun,  
And hills aflame,  
Tell of the first great triumph won  
In Freedom's name.<sup>44</sup>

The long night dies: the welcome  
grey  
Of dawn we see;  
Speed up the heavens Thy perfect  
day,  
God of the free!

1851.

THE PEACE OF EUROPE

1852.

"GREAT peace in Europe! Order  
reigns  
From Tiber's hills to Danube's  
plains!"  
So say her kings and priests; so  
say  
The lying prophets of our day.  
Go lay to earth a listening ear;  
The tramp of measured marches  
hear,—  
The rolling of the cannon's wheel,  
The shotted musket's murderous peal,  
The night alarm, the sentry's call,  
The quick-eared spy in hut and  
hall!  
From Polar sea and tropic fen  
The dying groans of exiled men!  
The bolted cell, the galley's chains,  
The scaffold smoking with its stains!  
Order,—the hush of brooding slaves!  
Peace,—in the dungeon-vaults and  
graves!

O Fisher! of the world-wide net,  
 With meshes in all waters set,  
 Whose fabled keys of heaven and hell  
 Bolt hard the patriot's prison-cell,  
 And open wide the banquet-hall,  
 Where kings and priests hold carnival!  
 Weak vassal tricked in royal guise,  
 Boy Kaiser with thy lip of lies;  
 Base gambler for Napoleon's crown,  
 Barnacle on his dead renown!  
 Thou, Bourbon Neapolitan,  
 Crowned scandal, loathed of God and  
   man;  
 And thou, fell Spider of the North!  
 Stretching thy giant feelers forth,  
 Within whose web the freedom dies  
 Of nations eaten up like flies!  
 Speak, Prince and Kaiser, Priest and  
   Czar!  
 If this be peace, pray what is War?

White Angel of the Lord! unmeet  
 That soil accursed for thy pure feet.  
 Never in Slavery's desert flows  
 The fountain of thy charmed repose;  
 No tyrant's hand thy chaplet weaves  
 Of lilies and of olive-leaves;  
 Not with the wicked shalt thou dwell,  
 Thus saith the Eternal Oracle;  
 Thy home is with the pure and free!  
 Stern herald of thy better day,  
 Before thee, to prepare thy way,  
 The Baptist Shade of Liberty,  
 Grey, scarred and hairy-robed, must  
   press  
 With bleeding feet the wilderness!  
 Oh that its voice might pierce the ear  
 Of princes, trembling while they hear  
 A cry as of the Hebrew seer:  
 Repent! God's kingdom draweth near!

### WORDSWORTH

WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF OF  
 HIS MEMOIRS.

DEAR friends, who read the world  
   aright,  
 And in its common forms discern  
 A beauty and a harmony  
 The many never learn!

Kindred in soul of him who found  
 In simple flower and leaf and stone  
 The impulse of the sweetest lays  
 Our Saxon tongue has known,—

Accept this record of a life  
 As sweet and pure, as calm and  
   good,  
 As a long day of blindest June  
 In green field and in wood.

How welcome to our ears, long pained  
 By strife of sect and party noise,  
 The brook-like murmur of his song  
 Of nature's simple joys!

The violet by its mossy stone,  
 The primrose by the river's brim,  
 And chance-sown daffodil, have found  
 Immortal life through him.

The sunrise on his breezy lake,  
 The rosy tints his sunset brought,  
 World-seen, are gladdening all the  
   vales  
 And mountain-peaks of thought.

Art builds on sand; the works of pride  
 And human passion change and fall;  
 But that which shares the life of God  
 With Him surviveth all.

### TO —

LINES WRITTEN AFTER A SUMMER  
 DAY'S EXCURSION.

FAIR Nature's priestesses! to whom,  
 In hieroglyph of bud and bloom,  
   Her mysteries are told;  
 Who, wise in lore of wood and mead,  
 The season's pictured scrolls can read,  
 In lessons manifold!

Thanks for the courtesy, and gay  
 Good-humour, which on Washing Day  
 Our ill-timed visit bore;  
 Thanks for your graceful oars, which  
   broke  
 The morning dreams of Artichoke,  
 Along his wooded shore!



Varied as varying Nature's ways,  
 Sprites of the river, woodland fays,  
     Or mountain nymphs, ye seem ;  
 Free-limbed Dianas on the green,  
 Loch Katrine's Ellen, or Undine,  
     Upon your favourite stream.

The forms of which the poets told,  
 The fair benignities of old,  
     Were doubtless such as you ;  
 What more than Artichoke the rill  
 Of Helicon ? Than Pipe-stave hill  
     Arcadia's mountain-view ?

No sweeter bowers the bee delayed,  
 In wild Hymettus' scented shade,  
     Than those you dwell among ;  
 Snow-flowered azaleas, intertwined  
 With roses, over banks inclined  
     With trembling harebells hung !

A charmed life unknown to death,  
 Immortal freshness Nature hath ;  
     Her fabled fount and glen  
 Are now and here : Dodona's shrine  
 Still murmurs in the wind-swept  
     pine,—  
     All is that e'er hath been.

The Beauty which old Greece or Rome  
 Sung, painted, wrought, lies close at  
     home ;  
     We need but eye and ear  
 In all our daily walks to trace  
 The outlines of incarnate grace,  
     The hymns of gods to hear !

### IN PEACE

A TRACK of moonlight on a quiet  
     lake,  
     Whose small waves on a silver-  
     sanded shore  
 Whisper of peace, and with the low  
     winds make  
 Such harmonies as keep the woods  
     awake,  
 And listening all night long for their  
     sweet sake ;  
     A green-waved slope of meadow,  
     hovered o'er

By angel-troops of lilies, swaying  
     light  
 On viewless stems, with folded wings  
     of white ;  
 A slumberous stretch of mountain-  
     land, far seen  
 Where the low westering day, with  
     gold and green,  
 Purple and amber, softly blended, fills  
 The wooded vales, and melts among  
     the hills ;  
 A vine-fringed river, winding to its  
     rest  
     On the calm bosom of a stormless  
     sea,  
 Bearing alike upon its placid breast,  
 With earthly flowers and heavenly  
     stars impressed,  
     The hues of time and of eternity :  
 Such are the pictures which the  
     thought of thee,  
 O friend, awakeneth,—charming the  
     keen pain  
     Of thy departure, and our sense of  
     loss  
 Requiring with the fulness of thy  
     gain.  
     Lo ! on the quiet grave thy life-  
     borne cross,  
 Dropped only at its side, methinks  
     doth shine,  
 Of thy beatitude the radiant sign !  
     No sob of grief, no wild lament be  
     there,  
     To break the Sabbath of the holy  
     air ;  
 But, in their stead, the silent-breath-  
     ing prayer  
 Of hearts still waiting for a rest like  
     thine.  
 O spirit redeemed ! Forgive us, if  
     henceforth,  
 With sweet and pure similitudes of  
     earth,  
     We keep thy pleasant memory  
     freshly green,  
 Of love's inheritance a priceless part,  
     Which Fancy's self, in reverent  
     awe, is seen  
 To paint, forgetful of the tricks of  
     art,  
     With pencil dipped alone in colours  
     of the heart.

## BENEDICITE

GOD's love and peace be with thee,  
where

Soe'er this soft autumnal air  
Lifts the dark tresses of thy hair !

Whether through city casements  
comes

Its kiss to thee, in crowded rooms,  
Or, out among the woodland blooms,

It freshens o'er thy thoughtful face,  
Imparting, in its glad embrace,  
Beauty to beauty, grace to grace !

Fair Nature's book together read,  
The old wood-paths that knew our  
tread,  
The maple shadows overhead,—

The hills we climbed, the river seen  
By gleams along its deep ravine,—  
All keep thy memory fresh and green.

Where'er I look, where'er I stray,  
Thy thought goes with me on my  
way,  
And hence the prayer I breathe to-  
day ;

O'er lapse of time and change of  
scene,  
The weary waste which lies between  
Thyself and me, my heart I lean.

Thou lack'st not Friendship's spell-  
word, nor  
The half-unconscious power to draw  
All hearts to thine by Love's sweet  
law.

With these good gifts of God is cast  
Thy lot, and many a charm thou  
hast  
To hold the blessed angels fast.

If, then, a fervent wish for thee  
The gracious heavens will heed from  
me,  
What should, dear heart, its burden  
be ?

The sighing of a shaken reed,—  
What can I more than meekly plead  
The greatness of our common need ?

God's love,—unchanging, pure, and  
true,—

The Paraclete white-shining through  
His peace,—the fall of Hermon's dew !

With such a prayer, on this sweet day  
As thou mayst hear and I may say,  
I greet thee, dearest, far away !

## PICTURES

## I.

LIGHT, warmth, and sprouting green-  
ness, and o'er all

Blue, stainless, steel-bright ether,  
raining down

Tranquillity upon the deep-hushed  
town,

The freshening meadows, and the  
hillsides brown ;

Voice of the west-wind from the  
hills of pine,

And the brimmed river from its dis-  
tant fall,

Low hum of bees, and joyous inter-  
lude

Of bird-songs in the streamlet-skirt-  
ing wood,—

Heralds and prophecies of sound  
and sight,

Blessed forerunners of the warmth  
and light,

Attendant angels to the house of  
prayer,

With reverent footsteps keeping  
pace with mine,—

Once more, through God's great love,  
with you I share

A morn of resurrection sweet and fair  
As that which saw, of old, in

Palestine,  
Immortal Love uprising in fresh  
bloom

From the dark night and winter  
of the tomb !

## II.

DERNE<sup>45</sup>

White with its sun-bleached dust,  
 the pathway winds  
 Before me ; dust is on the shrunken  
 grass,  
 And on the trees beneath whose  
 boughs I pass ;  
 Frail screen against the Hunter of  
 the sky,  
 Who, glaring on me with his lidless  
 eye,  
 While mounting with his dog-  
 star high and higher  
 Ambushed in light intolerable, un-  
 binds  
 The burnished quiver of his shafts  
 of fire.  
 Between me and the hot fields of  
 his South  
 A tremulous glow, as from a fur-  
 nace-mouth,  
 Glimmers and swims before my  
 dazzled sight,  
 As if the burning arrows of his ire  
 Broke as they fell, and shattered  
 into light ;  
 Yet on my cheek I feel the western wind,  
 And hear it telling to the orchard  
 trees,  
 And to the faint and flower-forsaken  
 bees,  
 Tales of fair meadows, green with  
 constant streams,  
 And mountains rising blue and cool  
 behind,  
 Where in moist dells the purple  
 orchis gleams,  
 And starred with white the virgin's  
 bower is twined.  
 So the o'erwearied pilgrim, as he  
 fares  
 Along life's summer waste, at times  
 is fanned,  
 Even at noontide, by the cool, sweet airs  
 Of a serener and a holier land,  
 Fresh as the morn, and as the dew-  
 fall bland.  
 Breath of the blessed Heaven for  
 which we pray,  
 Blow from the eternal hills !—make  
 glad our earthly way !

82<sup>h</sup> mo., 1852.

NIGHT on the city of the Moor !  
 On mosque and tomb, and white-  
 walled shore,  
 On sea-waves, to whose ceaseless  
 knock  
 The narrow harbour-gates unlock,  
 On corsair's galley, carack tall,  
 And plundered Christian caraval !  
 The sounds of Moslem life are still ;  
 No mule-bell tinkles down the hill ;  
 Stretched in the broad court of the  
 khan,  
 The dusty Bornou caravan  
 Lies heaped in slumber, beast and  
 man ;  
 The Sheik is dreaming in his tent,  
 His noisy Arab tongue o'erspent ;  
 The kiosk's glimmering lights are  
 gone,  
 The merchant with his wares with-  
 drawn ;  
 Rough pillowed on some pirate breast,  
 The dancing-girl has sunk to rest ;  
 And, save where measured footsteps  
 fall  
 Along the Bashaw's guarded wall,  
 Or where, like some bad dream, the  
 Jew  
 Creeps stealthily his quarter through,  
 Or counts with fear his golden heaps,  
 The City of the Corsair sleeps !  
 But where yon prison, long and low,  
 Stands black against the pale star-  
 glow,  
 Chafed by the ceaseless wash of waves,  
 There watch and pine the Christian  
 slaves ;—  
 Rough-bearded men, whose far-off  
 wives  
 Wear out with grief their lonely  
 lives ;  
 And youth, still flashing from his  
 eyes  
 The clear blue of New England skies,  
 A treasured lock of whose soft hair  
 Now wakes some sorrowing mother's  
 prayer ;  
 Or, worn upon some maiden breast,  
 Stirs with the loving heart's unrest !

A bitter cup each life must drain,  
The groaning earth is cursed with  
pain,

And, like the scroll the angel bore  
The shuddering Hebrew seer before,  
O'erwrit alike, without, within,  
With all the woes which follow sin ;  
But, bitterest of the ills beneath  
Whose load man totters down to  
death,

Is that which plucks the regal crown  
Of Freedom from his forehead down,  
And snatches from his powerless hand  
The sceptred sign of self-command,  
Effacing with the chain and rod  
The image and the seal of God ;  
Till from his nature, day by day,  
The manly virtues fall away,  
And leave him naked, blind and mute,  
The godlike merging in the brute !

Why mourn the quiet ones who die  
Beneath affection's tender eye,  
Unto their household and their kin  
Like ripened corn-sheaves gathered  
in ?

O weeper, from that tranquil sod,  
That holy harvest-home of God,  
Turn to the quick and suffering,—shed  
Thy tears upon the living dead !  
Thank God above thy dear ones'  
graves,  
They sleep with Him,—they are not  
slaves.

What dark mass, down the mountain-  
sides

Swift-pouring, like a stream divides ?—  
A long, loose, straggling caravan,  
Camel and horse and armed man.  
The moon's low crescent, glimmering  
o'er

Its grave of waters to the shore,  
Lights up that mountain cavalcade,  
And glints from gun and spear and  
blade

Near and more near !—now o'er them  
falls

The shadow of the city walls.  
Hark to the sentry's challenge,  
drowned

In the fierce trumpet's charging  
sound !—

The rush of men, the musket's peal,  
The short, sharp clang of meeting  
steel !

Vain, Moslem, vain thy lifeblood  
poured

So freely on thy foeman's sword !  
Not to the swift nor to the strong  
The battles of the right belong ;  
For he who strikes for Freedom wears  
The armour of the captive's prayers,  
And Nature proffers to his cause  
The strength of her eternal laws ;  
While he whose arm essays to bind  
And herd with common brutes his  
kind

Strives evermore at fearful odds  
With Nature and the jealous gods,  
And dares the dread recoil which late  
Or soon their right shall vindicate.

'Tis done—the hornèd crescent falls !  
The star-flag flouts the broken walls !  
Joy to the captive husband ! joy  
To thy sick heart, O brown-locked  
boy !

In sullen v r th the conquered Moor  
Wide open flings your dungeon-door,  
And leaves ye free from cell and  
chain,

The owners of yourselves again.  
Dark as his allies desert-born,  
Soiled with the battle's stain, and  
worn

With the long marches of his band  
Through hottest wastes of rock and  
sand,—

Scorched by the sun and furnace-breath  
Of the red desert's wind of death,  
With welcome words and grasping  
hands,

The victor and deliverer stands !

The tale is one of distant skies ;  
The dust of half a century lies  
Upon it ; yet its hero's name  
Still lingers on the lips of Fame.  
Men speak the praise of him who  
gave

Deliverance to the Moorman's slave,  
Yet dare to brand with shame and  
crime

The heroes of our land and time,—

The self-forgotten ones, who stake  
Home, name, and life for Freedom's  
sake.

God mend his heart who cannot  
feel

The impulse of a holy zeal,  
And sees not, with his sordid eyes,  
The beauty of self-sacrifice !  
Though in the sacred place he stands,  
Uplifting consecrated hands,  
Unworthy are his lips to tell  
Of Jesus' martyr-miracle,  
Or name aright that dread embrace  
Of suffering for a fallen race !

*ASTRÆA*

" Jove means to settle  
Astræa in her seat again,  
And let down from his golden chain  
An age of better metal."  
BEN JONSON, 1615.

O POET rare and old !  
Thy words are prophecies ;  
Forward the age of gold,  
The new Saturnian lies.

The universal prayer  
And hope are not in vain ;  
Rise, brothers ! and prepare  
The way for Saturn's reign.

Perish shall all which takes  
From labour's board and can ;  
Perish shall all which makes  
A spaniel of the man !

Free from its bonds the mind,  
The body from the rod ;  
Broken all chains that bind  
The image of our God.

Just men no longer pine  
Behind their prison-bars ;  
Through the rent dungeon shine  
The free sun and the stars.

Earth own, at last, untrod  
By sect, or caste, or clan,  
The fatherhood of God,  
The brotherhood of man !

Fraud fail, craft perish, forth  
The money-changers driven,  
And God's will done on earth,  
As now in heaven !

*INVOCATION*

THROUGH Thy clear spaces, Lord, of  
old,  
Formless and void the dead earth  
rolled ;  
Deaf to Thy heaven's sweet music,  
blind  
To the great lights which o'er it shined ;  
No sound, no ray, no warmth, no  
breath,—  
A dumb despair, a wandering death.

To that dark, weltering horror came  
Thy spirit, like a subtle flame,—  
A breath of life electrical,  
Awakening and transforming all,  
Till beat and thrilled in every part  
The pulses of a living heart.

Then knew their bounds the land  
and sea ;  
Then smiled the bloom of mead and  
tree ;  
From flower to moth, from beast to  
man,  
The quick creative impulse ran ;  
And earth, with life from Thee re-  
newed,  
Was in Thy holy eyesight good.

As lost and void, as dark and cold  
And formless as that earth of old,—  
A wandering waste of storm and night,  
Midst spheres of song and realms of  
light,—  
A blot upon Thy holy sky,  
Untouched, unwarned of Thee, am I.

O Thou who movest on the deep  
Of spirits, wake my own from sleep !  
Its darkness melt, its coldness warm,  
The lost restore, the ill transform,  
That flower and fruit henceforth may  
be,  
Its grateful offering, worthy Thee.

## THE CROSS

ON THE DEATH OF RICHARD DILLINGHAM IN THE NASHVILLE PENITENTIARY.

"THE cross, if rightly borne, shall be  
No burden, but support to thee ;" \*  
So, moved of old time for our sake,  
The holy monk of Kempen spake.

Thou brave and true one ! upon whom  
Was laid the cross of martyrdom,  
How didst thou, in thy generous  
youth,  
Bear witness to this blessed truth !

Thy cross of suffering and of shame  
A staff within thy hands became,  
In paths where faith alone could see  
The Master's steps supporting thee.

Thine was the seed-time ; God alone  
Beholds the end of what is sown ;  
Beyond our vision, weak and dim,  
The harvest-time is hid with Him.

Yet, unforgotten where it lies,  
That seed of generous sacrifice,  
Though seeming on the desert cast,  
Shall rise with bloom and fruit at last.

## EVA

DRY the tears for holy Eva,  
With the blessed angels leave her ;  
Of the form so soft and fair  
Give to earth the tender care.

For the golden locks of Eva  
Let the sunny south-land give her  
Flowery pillow of repose,—  
Orange-bloom and budding rose.

In the better home of Eva  
Let the shining ones receive her,  
With the welcome-voiced psalm,  
Harp of gold and waving palm !

\* Thomas à Kempis. "Imit. Christ."

All is light and peace with Eva ;  
There the darkness cometh never ;  
Tears are wiped, and fetters fall,  
And the Lord is all in all.

Weep no more for happy Eva,  
Wrong and sin no more shall grieve  
her ;  
Care and pain and weariness  
Lost in love so measureless.

Gentle Eva, loving Eva,  
Child confessor, true believer,  
Listener at the Master's knee,  
"Suffer such to come to Me."

Oh, for faith like thine, sweet Eva,  
Lighting all the solemn river,  
And the blessings of the poor  
Wafting to the heavenly shore !

## TO FREDRIKA BREMER

SEERESS of the misty Norland,  
Daughter of the Vikings bold,  
Welcome to the sunny Vineland,  
Which thy fathers sought of old !

Soft as flow of Silja's waters,  
When the moon of summer shines,  
Strong as Winter from his moun-  
tains  
Roaring through the sleeted pines.

Heart and ear, we long have listened  
To thy saga, rune, and song,  
As a household joy and presence  
We have known and loved thee  
long.

By the mansion's marble mantel,  
Round the log-walled cabin's hearth,  
Thy sweet thoughts and northern  
fancies  
Meet and mingle with our mirth.

And o'er weary spirits keeping  
Sorrow's night-watch, long and  
chill,  
Shine they like thy sun of summer  
Over midnight vale and hill.

We alone to thee are strangers,  
 Thou our friend and teacher art ;  
 Come, and know us as we know thee ;  
 Let us meet thee heart to heart !

To our homes and household altars  
 We, in turn, thy steps would lead  
 As thy loving hand has led us  
 O'er the threshold of the Swede.

## APRIL

"The spring comes slowly up this way."  
*Christabel.*

'Tis the noon of the spring-time, yet  
 never a bird  
 In the wind-shaken elm or the maple  
 is heard ;  
 For green meadow-grasses wide levels  
 of snow,  
 And blowing of drifts where the  
 crocus should blow ;  
 Where wind-flower and violet, amber  
 and white,  
 On south-sloping brooksides should  
 smile in the light,  
 O'er the cold winter-beds of their  
 late-waking roots  
 The frosty flake eddies, the ice-crystal  
 shoots ;  
 And, longing for light, under wind-  
 driven heaps,  
 Round the boles of the pine-wood the  
 ground-laurel creeps,  
 Unkissed of the sunshine, unbaptized  
 of showers,  
 With buds scarcely swelled, which  
 should burst into flowers !  
 We wait for thy coming, sweet wind  
 of the south !  
 For the touch of thy light wings, the  
 kiss of thy mouth ;  
 For the yearly evangel thou bearest  
 from God,  
 Resurrection and life to the graves of  
 the sod !  
 Up our long river-valley, for days,  
 have not ceased  
 The wail and the shriek of the bitter  
 north-east,—

Raw and chill, as if winnowed through  
 ices and snow,  
 All the way from the land of the wild  
 Esquimaux,—  
 Until all our dreams of the land of  
 the blest,  
 Like that red hunter's, turn to the  
 sunny south-west.  
 O soul of the spring-time, its light  
 and its breath,  
 Bring warmth to this coldness, bring  
 life to this death ;  
 Renew the great miracle ; let us behold  
 The stone from the mouth of the  
 sepulchre rolled,  
 And Nature, like Lazarus, rise, as of  
 old !  
 Let our faith, which in darkness and  
 coldness has lain,  
 Revive with the warmth and the  
 brightness again,  
 And in blooming of flower and bud-  
 ding of tree  
 The symbols and types of our destiny  
 see ;  
 The life of the spring-time, the life of  
 the whole,  
 And, as sun to the sleeping earth,  
 love to the soul !

## STANZAS FOR THE TIMES

1850.

THE evil days have come,—the poor  
 Are made a prey ;  
 Bar up the hospitable door,  
 Put out the fire-lights, point no more  
 The wanderer's way.

For Pity now is crime ; the chain  
 Which binds our States  
 Is melted at her hearth in twain,  
 Is rusted by her tears' soft rain :  
 Close up her gates.

Our Union, like a glacier stirred  
 By voice below,  
 Or bell of kine, or wing of bird,  
 A beggar's crust, a kindly word  
 May overthrow !

Poor, whispering tremblers !—yet we  
boast

Our blood and name ;  
Bursting its century-bolted frost,  
Each grey cairn on the Northman's  
coast  
Cries out for shame !

Oh for the open firmament,  
The prairie free,  
The desert hillside, cavern-rent,  
The Pawnee's lodge, the Arab's tent,  
The Bushman's tree !

Than web of Persian loom most rare,  
Or soft divan,  
Better the rough rock, bleak and bare,  
Or hollow tree, which man may share  
With suffering man.

I hear a voice : " Thus saith the Law,  
Let Love be dumb ;  
Clasping her liberal hands in awe,  
Let sweet-lipped Charity withdraw  
From hearth and home."

I hear another voice : " The poor  
Are thine to feed ;  
Turn not the outcast from thy door,  
Nor give to bonds and wrong once  
more  
Whom God hath freed."

Dear Lord ! between that law and  
Thee  
No choice remains ;  
Yet not untrue to man's decree,  
Though spurning its rewards, is he  
Who bears its pains.

Not mine Sedition's trumpet-blast  
And threatening word ;  
I read the lesson of the Past,  
That firm endurance wins at last  
More than the sword.

O clear-eyed Faith, and Patience,  
thou  
So calm and strong !  
Lend strength to weakness, teach us  
how  
The sleepless eyes of God look through  
This night of wrong !

### A SABBATH SCENE

SCARCE had the solemn Sabbath-bell  
Ceased quivering in the steeple,  
Scarce had the parson to his desk  
Walked stately through his people,

When down the summer-shaded street  
A wasted female figure,  
With dusky brow and naked feet,  
Came rushing wild and eager.

She saw the white spire through the  
trees,  
She heard the sweet hymn swell-  
ing :  
O pitying Christ ! a refuge give  
That poor one in Thy dwelling !

Like a scared fawn before the hounds,  
Right up the aisle she glided,  
While close behind her, whip in  
hand,  
A lank-haired hunter strided.

She raised a keen and bitter cry,  
To Heaven and Earth appealing ;—  
Weremanship's generous pulses dead?  
Had woman's heart no feeling ?

A score of stout hands rose between  
The hunter and the flying :  
Age clenched his staff, and maiden  
eyes  
Flashed tearful, yet defying.

" Who dares profane this house and  
day ?"  
Cried out the angry pastor.  
" Why, bless your soul, the wench's  
a slave,  
And I'm her lord and master !

" I've law and gospel on my side,  
And who shall dare refuse me ?"  
Down came the parson, bowing low,  
" My good sir, pray excuse me !

" Of course I know your right divine  
To own and work and whip her ;  
Quick, deacon, throw that Polyglot  
Before the wench, and trip her !"



Plump dropped the holy tome, and o'er  
 Its sacred pages stumbling,  
 Bound hand and foot, a slave once  
 more,  
 The hapless wretch lay trembling.

I saw the parson tie the knots,  
 The while his flock addressing,  
 The Scriptural claims of slavery  
 With text on text impressing.

"Although," said he, "on Sabbath  
 day  
 All secular occupations  
 Are deadly sins, we must fulfil  
 Our moral obligations :

"And this commends itself as one  
 To every conscience tender ;  
 As Paul sent back Onesimus,  
 My Christian friends, we send her !"

Shriek rose on shriek,—the Sabbathair  
 Her wild cries tore asunder ;  
 I listened, with hushed breath, to hear  
 God answering with His thunder !

All still !—the very altar's cloth  
 Had smothered down her shrieking,  
 And, dumb, she turned from face to  
 face,  
 For human pity seeking !

I saw her dragged along the aisle,  
 Her shackles harshly clanking ;  
 I heard the parson, over all,  
 The Lord devoutly thanking !

My brain took fire : "Is this," I cried,  
 "The end of prayer and preaching ?  
 Then down with pulpit, down with  
 priest,  
 And give us Nature's teaching !

"Foul shame and scorn be on ye all  
 Who turn the good to evil,  
 And steal the Bible from the Lord  
 To give it to the Devil !

"Than garbled text or parchment law  
 I own a statute higher ;  
 And God is true, though every book  
 And every man 's a liar !"

Just then I felt the deacon's hand  
 In wrath my coat-tail seize on ;  
 I heard the priest cry, "Infidel !"  
 The lawyer mutter, "Treason !"

I started up,—where now were church,  
 Slave, master, priest, and people ?  
 I only heard the supper-bell,  
 Instead of clanging steeple.

But, on the open window's sill,  
 O'er which the white blooms drifted,  
 The pages of a good old Book  
 The wind of summer lifted,

And flower and vine, like angel wings,  
 Around the Holy Mother,  
 Waved softly there, as if God's  
 Truth  
 And Mercy kissed each other.

And freely from the cherry-bough,  
 Above the casement swinging,  
 With golden bosom to the sun,  
 The oriole was singing.

As bird and flower made plain of  
 old  
 The lesson of the Teacher,  
 So now I heard the written Word  
 Interpreted by Nature !

For to my ear methought the breeze  
 Bore Freedom's blessed word on ;  
 THUS SAITH THE LORD : BREAK  
 EVERY YOKE,  
 UNDO THE HEAVY BURDEN !

## REMEMBRANCE

WITH COPIES OF THE AUTHOR'S  
 WRITINGS.

FRIEND of mine ! whose lot was  
 cast  
 With me in the distant past,—  
 Where, like shadows flitting fast,

Fact and fancy, thought and theme,  
 Word and work, begin to seem  
 Like a half-remembered dream !

Touched by change have all things  
     been,  
 Yet I think of thee as when  
 We had speech of lip and pen.

For the calm thy kindness lent  
 To a path of discontent,  
 Rough with trial and dissent ;

Gentle words where such were few,  
 Softening blame where blame was  
     true,  
 Praising where small praise was due ;

For a waking dream made good,  
 For an ideal understood,  
 For thy Christian womanhood ;

For thy marvellous gift to cull  
 From our common life and dull  
 Whatsoe'er is beautiful ;

Thoughts and fancies, Hybla's bees  
 Dropping sweetness ; true heart's-  
     ease  
 Of congenial sympathies ;—

Still for these I own my debt ;  
 Memory, with her eyelids wet,  
 Fain would thank thee even yet !

And as one who scatters flowers  
 Where the Queen of May's sweet  
     hours  
 Sits, o'ertwined with blossomed  
     bowers,

In superfluous zeal bestowing  
 Gifts where gifts are overflowing,  
 So I pay the debt I'm owing.

To thy full thoughts, gay or sad,  
 Sunny-hued or sober clad,  
 Something of my own I add ;

Well assured that thou wilt take  
 Even the offering which I make  
 Kindly for the giver's sake.

### THE POOR VOTER ON ELECTION DAY

THE proudest now is but my peer,  
 The highest not more high ;  
 To-day, of all the weary year,  
 A king of men am I.  
 To-day, alike are great and small,  
 The nameless and the known ;  
 My palace is the people's hall,  
 The ballot-box my throne !

Who serves to-day upon the list  
 Beside the served shall stand ;  
 Alike the brown and wrinkled fist,  
 The gloved and dainty hand !  
 The rich is level with the poor,  
 The weak is strong to-day ;  
 And sleekest broadcloth counts no  
     more  
 Than homespun frock of grey.

To-day let pomp and vain pretence  
 My stubborn right abide ;  
 I set a plain man's common sense  
 Against the pedant's pride.  
 To-day shall simple manhood try  
 The strength of gold and land ;  
 The wide world has not wealth to  
     buy  
 The power in my right hand !

While there's a grief to seek redress,  
 Or balance to adjust,  
 Where weighs our living manhood less  
 Than Mammon's vilest dust,—  
 While there's a right to need my vote,  
 A wrong to sweep away,  
 Up ! clouted knee and ragged coat !  
 A man's a man to-day !

### TRUST

THE same old baffling questions ! O  
     my friend,  
 I cannot answer them. In vain I send  
 My soul into the dark, where never  
     burn  
 The lamps of science, nor the natural  
     light

Of Reason's sun and stars ! I cannot  
learn  
Their great and solemn meanings,  
nor discern  
The awful secrets of the eyes which  
turn  
Evermore on us through the day  
and night  
With silent challenge and a dumb  
demand,  
Proffering the riddles of the dread  
unknown,  
Like the calm Sphinxes, with their  
eyes of stone,  
Questioning the centuries from their  
veils of sand !  
I have no answer for myself or  
thee,  
Save that I learned beside my mother's  
knee ;  
"All is of God that is, and is to be ;  
And God is good." Let this suffice  
us still,  
Resting in childlike trust upon His  
will  
Who moves to His great ends un-  
thwarted by the ill.

KATHLEEN <sup>46</sup>

O NORAH, lay your basket down,  
And rest your weary hand,  
And come and hear me sing a song  
Of our old Ireland.

There was a lord of Galaway,  
A mighty lord was he ;  
And he did wed a second wife,  
A maid of low degree.

But he was old, and she was young,  
And so, in evil spite,  
She baked the black bread for his  
kin,  
And fed her own with white.

She whipped the maids and starved  
the kern,  
And drove away the poor ;  
"Ah, woe is me !" the old lord said,  
"I rue my bargain sore !"

This lord he had a daughter fair,  
Beloved of old and young,  
And nightly round the shealing-fires  
Of her the gleeman sung.

"As sweet and good is young Kath-  
leen  
As Eve before her fall ;"  
So sang the harper at the fair,  
So harped he in the hall.

"Oh come to me, my daughter dear !  
Come sit upon my knee,  
For looking in your face, Kathleen,  
Your mother's own I see !"

He smoothed and smoothed her hair  
away,  
He kissed her forehead fair ;  
"It is my darling Mary's brow,  
It is my darling's hair !"

Oh, then spake up the angry dame,  
"Get up, get up," quoth she ;  
"I'll sell ye over Ireland,  
I'll sell ye o'er the sea !"

She clipped her glossy hair away,  
That none her rank might know,  
She took away her gown of silk,  
And gave her one of tow,

And sent her down to Limerick town,  
And to a seaman sold  
This daughter of an Irish lord  
For ten good pounds in gold.

The lord he smote upon his breast,  
And tore his beard so grey ;  
But he was old, and she was young,  
And so she had her way.

Sure that same night the Banshee  
howled  
To fright the evil dame,  
And fairy folks, who loved Kathleen,  
With funeral torches came.

She watched them glancing through  
the trees,  
And glimmering down the hill ;  
They crept before the dead-vault door,  
And there they all stood still !

"Get up, old man ! the wake-lights  
shine !"

"Ye murthering witch," quoth he,  
"So I'm rid of your tongue, I little  
care  
If they shine for you or me."

"Oh, whoso brings my daughter back,  
My gold and land shall have !"

Oh, then spake up his handsome page,  
"No gold nor land I crave !"

"But give to me your daughter dear,  
Give sweet Kathleen to me ;  
Be she on sea or be she on land,  
I'll bring her back to thee."

"My daughter is a lady born,  
And you of low degree,  
But she shall be your bride the day  
You bring her back to me."

He sailed east, he sailed west,  
And far and long sailed he,  
Until he came to Boston town,  
Across the great salt sea.

"Oh, have ye seen the young Kathleen,  
The flower of Ireland ?  
Ye'll know her by her eyes so blue,  
And by her snow-white hand !"

Out spake an ancient man, "I know  
The maiden whom ye mean ;  
I bought her of a Limerick man,  
And she is called Kathleen."

"No skill hath she in household work,  
Her hands are soft and white,  
Yet well by loving looks and ways  
She doth her cost requite."

So up they walked through Boston  
town,  
And met a maiden fair,  
A little basket on her arm  
So snowy-white and bare.

"Come hither, child, and say hast  
thou  
This young man ever seen ?"  
They wept within each other's arms,  
The page and young Kathleen.

"Oh give to me this darling child,  
And take my purse of gold."  
"Nay, not by me," her master said,  
"Shall sweet Kathleen be sold."

"We loved her in the place of one  
The Lord hath early ta'en ;  
But, since her heart's in Ireland,  
We give her back again !"

Oh, for that same the saints in heaven  
For his poor soul shall pray,  
And Mary Mother wash with tears  
His heresies away.

Sure now they dwell in Ireland,  
As you go up Claremore  
Ye'll see their castle looking down  
The pleasant Galway shore.

And the old lord's wife is dead and gone,  
And a happy man is he,  
For he sits beside his own Kathleen,  
With her darling on his knee.

### FIRST-DAY THOUGHTS

IN calm and cool and silence, once  
again  
I find my old accustomed place  
among  
My brethren, where, perchance, no  
human tongue  
Shall utter words ; where never  
hymn is sung,  
Nor deep-toned organ blown, nor  
censer swung,  
Nor dim light falling through the  
pictured pane !  
There, syllabled by silence, let me hear  
The still small voice which reached  
the prophet's ear ;  
Read in my heart a still diviner law  
Than Israel's leader on his tables saw !  
There let me strive with each beset-  
ting sin,  
Recall my wandering fancies, and  
restrain  
The sore disquiet of a restless brain ;  
And, as the path of duty is made  
plain,

May grace be given that I may walk  
 therein,  
 Not like the hireling, for his selfish  
 gain,  
 With backward glances and reluc-  
 tant tread,  
 Making a merit of his coward dread,—  
 But, cheerful, in the light around  
 me thrown,  
 Walking as one to pleasant service  
 led ;  
 Doing God's will as if it were my  
 own,  
 Yet trusting not in mine, but in His  
 strength alone !

KOSSUTH<sup>47</sup>

TYPE of two mighty continents !—  
 combining  
 The strength of Europe with the  
 warmth and glow  
 Of Asian song and prophecy,—the  
 shining  
 Of Orient splendours over Northern  
 snow !  
 Who shall receive him ? Who, un-  
 blushing, speak  
 Welcome to him, who, while he strove  
 to break  
 The Austrian yoke from Magyar  
 necks, smote off  
 At the same blow the fetters of the  
 serf,—  
 Rearing the altar of his Father-land  
 On the firm base of freedom, and  
 thereby  
 Lifting to Heaven a patriot's stainless  
 hand,  
 Mocked not the God of Justice with  
 a lie !  
 Who shall be Freedom's mouthpiece ?  
 Who shall give  
 Her welcoming cheer to the great  
 fugitive ?  
 Not he who, all her sacred trusts be-  
 traying,  
 Is scourging back to slavery's hell  
 of pain  
 The swarthy Kossuths of our land  
 again !

Not he whose utterance now from lips  
 designed  
 The bugle-march of Liberty to wind,  
 And call her hosts beneath the break-  
 ing light,—  
 The keen reveille of her morn of  
 fight,—  
 Is but the hoarse note of the blood-  
 hound's baying,  
 The wolf's long howl behind the bond-  
 man's flight !  
 Oh for the tongue of him who lies at  
 rest  
 In Quincy's shade of patrimonial  
 trees,—  
 Last of the Puritan tribunes and the  
 best,—  
 To lend a voice to Freedom's sym-  
 pathies,  
 And hail the coming of the noblest  
 guest  
 The Old World's wrong has given the  
 New World of the West !

## TO MY OLD SCHOOLMASTER

AN EPISTLE NOT AFTER THE  
 MANNER OF HORACE.

OLD friend, kind friend ! lightly down  
 Drop time's snow - flakes on thy  
 crown !  
 Never be thy shadow less,  
 Never fail thy cheerfulness ;  
 Care, that kills the cat, may plough  
 Wrinkles in the miser's brow,  
 Deepen envy's spiteful frown,  
 Draw the mouths of bigots down,  
 Plague ambition's dream, and sit  
 Heavy on the hypocrite,  
 Haunt the rich man's door, and ride  
 In the gilded coach of pride ;—  
 Let the fiend pass !—what can he  
 Find to do with such as thee ?  
 Seldom comes that evil guest  
 Where the conscience lies at rest,  
 And brown health and quiet wit  
 Smiling on the threshold sit.

I, the urchin unto whom,  
 In that smoked and dingy room,

Where the district gave thee rule  
 O'er its ragged winter school,  
 Thou didst teach the mysteries  
 Of those weary A B C's,—  
 Where, to fill the every pause  
 Of thy wise and learned saws,  
 Through the cracked and crazy wall  
 Came the cradle-rock and squall,  
 And the goodman's voice, at strife  
 With his shrill and tipsy wife,—  
 Luring us by stories old,  
 With a comic unction told,  
 More than by the eloquence  
 Of terse birchen arguments  
 (Doubtful gain, I fear), to look  
 With complacency on a book!—  
 Where the genial pedagogue  
 Half forgot his rogues to flog,—  
 Citing tale or apologue,  
 Wise and merry in its drift  
 As old Phædrus' twofold gift,  
 Had the little rebels known it,  
*Risum et prudentiam monet!*  
 I,—the man of middle years,  
 In whose sable locks appears  
 Many a warning fleck of grey,—  
 Looking back to that far day,  
 And thy primal lessons, feel  
 Grateful smiles my lips unseal,  
 As, remembering thee, I blend  
 Olden teacher, present friend,  
 Wise with antiquarian search,  
 In the scrolls of State and Church :  
 Named on history's title-page,  
 Parish clerk and justice sage ;  
 For the ferule's wholesome awe  
 Wielding now the sword of law.

Threshing Time's neglected sheaves,  
 Gathering up the scattered leaves  
 Which the wrinkled sibyl cast  
 Careless from her as she passed,—  
 Twofold citizen art thou,  
 Freeman of the past and now.  
 He who bore thy name of old  
 Midway in the heavens did hold  
 Over Gibeon moon and sun ;  
*Thou* hast bidden them backward run ;  
 Of to-day the present ray  
 Flinging over yesterday !

Let the busy ones deride  
 What I deem of right thy pride ;

Let the fools their tread-mills grind,  
 Look not forward nor behind,  
 Shuffle in and wriggle out,  
 Veer with every breeze about,  
 Turning like a windmill sail,  
 Or a dog that seeks his tail ;  
 Let them laugh to see thee fast  
 Tabernacled in the Past,  
 Working out with eye and lip,  
 Riddles of old penmanship,  
 Patient as Belzoni there  
 Sorting out, with loving care,  
 Mummies of dead questions stripped  
 From their sevenfold manuscript !  
 Dabbling, in their noisy way,  
 In the puddles of to-day,  
 Little know they of that vast  
 Solemn ocean of the past,  
 On whose margin, wreck-bespread,  
 Thou art walking with the dead,  
 Questioning the stranded years,  
 Waking smiles, by turns, and tears,  
 As thou callest up again  
 Shapes the dust has long o'erlain,—  
 Fair-haired woman, bearded man,  
 Cavalier and Puritan ;  
 In an age whose eager view  
 Seeks but present things, and new,  
 Mad for party, sect and gold,  
 Teaching reverence for the old.

On that shore, with fowler's tact,  
 Coolly bagging fact on fact,  
 Naught amiss to thee can float,  
 Tale, or song, or anecdote ;  
 Village gossip, centuries old,  
 Scandals by our grandams told,  
 What the pilgrim's table spread,  
 Where he lived, and whom he wed,  
 Long-drawn bill of wine and beer  
 For his ordination cheer,  
 Or the flip that well-nigh made  
 Glad his funeral cavalcade ;  
 Weary prose, and poet's lines,  
 Flavoured by their age, like wines,  
 Eulogistic of some quaint,  
 Doubtful, puritanic saint ;  
 Lays that quickened husking jigs,  
 Jests that shook grave periwigs,  
 When the parson had his jokes  
 And his glass, like other folks ;  
 Sermons that, for mortal hours,  
 Taxed our fathers' vital powers,

As the long nineteenthlies poured  
Downward from the sounding-board,  
And, for fire of Pentecost,  
Touched their beards December's  
frost.

Time is hastening on, and we  
What our fathers are shall be,—  
Shadow-shapes of memory !  
Joined to that vast multitude  
Where the great are but the good,  
And the mind of strength shall  
prove

Weaker than the heart of love ;  
Pride of greybeard wisdom less  
Than the infant's guilelessness,  
And his song of sorrow more  
Than the crown the Psalmist wore !  
Who shall then, with pious zeal,  
At our moss-grown thresholds kneel,  
From a stained and stony page  
Reading to a careless age,  
With a patient eye like thine,  
Prosing tale and limping line,  
Names and words the hoary rime  
Of the Past has made sublime ?  
Who shall work for us as well  
The antiquarian's miracle ?  
Who to seeming life recall  
Teacher grave and pupil-small ?  
Who shall give to thee and me  
Freeholds in futurity ?

Well, whatever lot be mine,  
Long and happy days be thine,  
Ere thy full and honoured age  
Dates of time its latest page !  
Squire for master, State for school,  
Wisely lenient, live and rule ;

Over grown-up knave and rogue  
Play the watchful pedagogue ;  
Or, while pleasure smiles on duty,  
At the call of youth and beauty,  
Speak for them the spell of law  
Which shall bar and bolt withdraw,  
And the flaming sword remove  
From the Paradise of Love.  
Still, with undimmed eyesight, pore  
Ancient tome and record o'er ;  
Still thy week-day lyrics croon,  
Pitch in church the Sunday tune,  
Showing something, in thy part,  
Of the old Puritanic art,  
Singer after Sternhold's heart !  
In thy pew, for many a year,  
Homilies from Oldbug hear,\*  
Who to wit like that of South,  
And the Syrian's golden mouth,  
Doth the homely pathos add  
Which the pilgrim preachers had ;  
Breaking, like a child at play,  
Gilded idols of the day,  
Cant of knave and pomp of fool  
Tossing with his ridicule,  
Yet, in earnest or in jest,  
Ever keeping truth abreast.  
And, when thou art called, at last,  
To thy townsmen of the past,  
Not as stranger shalt thou come ;  
Thou shalt find thyself at home !  
With the little and the big,  
Woollen cap and periwig,  
Madam in her high-laced ruff,  
Goody in her home-made stuff,—  
Wise and simple, rich and poor,  
Thou hast known them all before !

\* Dr. W——, author of "The Puritan,"  
under the name of Jonathan Oldbug.



# THE PANORAMA

## AND OTHER POEMS

[1856]

"Ah! fredome is a nobill thing!  
Fredome mayse man to haif liking.  
Fredome all solace to man giffis;  
He levys at ese that frely levys;  
A nobil hart may haif nane ese  
Na ellys nocht that may him plesse  
Gyff Fredome faillythe."

—ARCHDEACON BARBOUR.

THROUGH the long hall the shut-  
tered windows shed  
A dubious light on every upturned  
head,—  
On locks like those of Absalom the fair,  
On the bald apex ringed with scanty  
hair,  
On blank indifference and on curious  
stare;  
On the pale Showman reading from  
his stage  
The hieroglyphics of that facial page;  
Half sad, half scornful, listening to  
the bruit  
Of restless cane-tap and impatient foot,  
And the shrill call, across the general  
din,  
"Roll up your curtain! Let the show  
begin!"

At length a murmur like the winds  
that break  
Into green waves the prairie's grassy  
lake,  
Deepened and swelled to music clear  
and loud,  
And, as the west wind lifts a summer  
cloud,  
The curtain rose, disclosing wide and far  
A green land stretching to the even-  
ing star,

Fair rivers, skirted by primeval trees  
And flowers hummed over by the  
desert bees,  
Marked by tall bluffs whose slopes of  
greenness show  
Fantastic outcrops of the rock below,—  
The slow result of patient Nature's  
pains,  
And plastic fingering of her sun and  
rains,—  
Arch, tower, and gate, grotesquely  
windowed hall,  
And long escarpment of half-crumbled  
wall,  
Huger than those which, from steep  
hills of vine,  
Stare through their loopholes on the  
travelled Rhine;  
Suggesting vaguely to the gazer's  
mind  
A fancy, idle as the prairie wind,  
Of the land's dwellers in an age un-  
guessed,—  
The unsung Jotuns of the mystic  
West.

Beyond, the prairie's sea-like swells  
surpass  
The Tartar's marvels of his Land of  
Grass,  
Vast as the sky against whose sunset  
shores  
Wave after wave the billowy green-  
ness pours;  
And, onward still, like islands in  
that main  
Loom the rough peaks of many a  
mountain chain,



Whence east and west a thousand  
waters run  
From winter lingering under summer's sun.  
And, still beyond, long lines of foam  
and sand  
Tell where Pacific rolls his waves  
a-land,  
From many a wide-lapped port and  
land-locked bay,  
Opening with thunderous pomp the  
world's highway  
To Indian isles of spice, and marts of  
far Cathay.

"Such," said the Showman, as the  
curtain fell,  
"Is the new Canaan of our Israel,—  
The land of promise to the swarming  
North,  
Which, hive-like, sends its annual  
surplus forth,  
To the poor Southron on his worn-out  
soil,  
Scathed by the curses of unnatural  
toil;  
To Europe's exiles seeking home and  
rest,  
And the lank nomads of the wander-  
ing West,  
Who, asking neither, in their love of  
change  
And the free bison's amplitude of  
range,  
Rear the log-hut, for present shelter  
meant,  
Not future comfort, like an Arab's  
tent."

Then spake a shrewd on-looker,  
"Sir," said he,  
"I like your picture, but I fain would  
see  
A sketch of what your promised land  
will be  
When, with electric nerve, and fiery-  
brained,  
With Nature's forces to its chariot  
chained,  
The future grasping, by the past  
obeyed,  
The twentieth century rounds a new  
decade."

Then said the Showman, sadly :  
"He who grieves  
Over the scattering of the sibyl's  
leaves  
Unwisely mourns. Suffice it, that we  
know  
What needs must ripen from the seed  
we sow ;  
That present time is but the mould  
wherein  
We cast the shapes of holiness and sin.  
A painful watcher of the passing hour,  
Its lust of gold, its strife for place and  
power ;  
Its lack of manhood, honour, rever-  
ence, truth,  
Wise-thoughted age, and generous-  
hearted youth ;  
Nor yet unmindful of each better  
sign,—  
The low, far lights, which on th'  
horizon shine,  
Like those which sometimes tremble  
on the rim  
Of clouded skies when day is closing  
dim,  
Flashing athwart the purple spears of  
rain  
The hope of sunshine on the hills  
again :—  
I need no prophet's word, nor shapes  
that pass  
Like clouding shadows o'er a magic  
glass ;  
For now, as ever, passionless and cold,  
Doth the dread angel of the future  
hold  
Evil and good before us, with no voice  
Or warning look to guide us in our  
choice ;  
With spectral hands outreaching  
through the gloom  
The shadowy contrasts of the coming  
doom.  
Transferred from these, it now re-  
mains to give  
The sun and shade of Fate's alter-  
native."

Then, with a burst of music, touch-  
ing all  
The keys of thrifty life,—the mill-  
stream's fall,

The engine's pant along its quivering  
 rails,  
 The anvil's ring, the measured beat  
 of flails,  
 The sweep of scythes, the reaper's  
 whistled tune,  
 Answering the summons of the bells  
 of noon,  
 The woodman's hail along the river  
 shores,  
 The steamboat's signal, and the dip  
 of oars,—  
 Slowly the curtain rose from off a land  
 Fair as God's garden. Broad on either  
 hand  
 The golden wheat-fields glimmered in  
 the sun,  
 And the tall maize its yellow tassels  
 spun.  
 Smooth highways set with hedge-rows  
 living green,  
 With steepled towns through shaded  
 vistas seen,  
 The school-house murmuring with its  
 hive-like swarm,  
 The brook-bank whitening in the grist-  
 mill's storm,  
 The painted farm-house shining  
 through the leaves  
 Of fruited orchards bending at its  
 eaves,  
 Where live again, around the Western  
 hearth,  
 The homely old-time virtues of the  
 North;  
 Where the blithe housewife rises with  
 the day,  
 And well-paid labour counts his task  
 a play.  
 And, grateful tokens of a Bible free,  
 And the free Gospel of Humanity,  
 Of diverse sects and differing names  
 the shrines,  
 One in their faith, whate'er their out-  
 ward signs,  
 Like varying strophes of the same  
 sweet hymn  
 From many a prairie's swell and river's  
 brim,  
 A thousand church-spires sanctify the  
 air  
 Of the calm Sabbath, with their sign  
 of prayer.

Like sudden nightfall over bloom  
 and green  
 The curtain dropped: and, momentarily,  
 between  
 The clank of fetter and the crack of  
 thong,  
 Half sob, half laughter, music swept  
 along,—  
 A strange refrain, whose idle words  
 and low,  
 Like drunken mourners, kept the time  
 of woe;  
 As if the revellers at a masquerade  
 Heard in the distance funeral marches  
 played.  
 Such music, dashing all his smiles  
 with tears,  
 The thoughtful voyager on Ponchar-  
 train hears,  
 Where, through the noonday dusk of  
 wooded shores  
 The negro boatman, singing to his  
 oars,  
 With a wild pathos borrowed of his  
 wrong  
 Redcens the jargon of his senseless  
 song.  
 "Look," said the Showman sternly,  
 as he rolled  
 His curtain upward: "Fate's reverse  
 behold!"

A village straggling in loose disarray  
 Of vulgar newness, premature decay;  
 A tavern, crazy with its whisky brawls,  
 With "*Slaves at Auction!*" garnish-  
 ing its walls.  
 Without, surrounded by a motley  
 crowd,  
 The shrewd-eyed salesman, garrulous  
 and loud,  
 A squire or colonel in his pride of  
 place,  
 Known at free fights, the caucus, and  
 the race,  
 Prompt to proclaim his honour with-  
 out blot,  
 And silence doubters with a ten-pace  
 shot,  
 Mingling the negro-driving bully's  
 rant  
 With pious phrase and democratic  
 cant,

Yet never scrupling, with a filthy jest,  
 To sell the infant from its mother's  
     breast,  
 Break through all ties of wedlock,  
     home, and kin,  
 Yield shrinking girlhood up to grey-  
     beard sin ;  
 Sell all the virtues with his human  
     stock,  
 The Christian graces on his auction-  
     block,  
 And coolly count on shrewdest barg-  
     ains driven  
 In hearts regenerate, and in souls for-  
     given !

Look once again ! The moving  
     canvas shows  
 A slave plantation's slovenly repose,  
 Where, in rude cabins rotting midst  
     their weeds,  
 The human chattel eats, and sleeps,  
     and breeds ;  
 And, held a brute, in practice, as in  
     law,  
 Becomes in fact the thing he's taken  
     for.

There, early summoned to the hemp  
     and corn,  
 The nursing mother leaves her child  
     new-born ;  
 There haggard sickness, weak and  
     deathly faint,  
 Crawls to his task, and fears to make  
     complaint ;  
 And sad-eyed Rachels, childless in  
     decay,  
 Weep for their lost ones sold and torn  
     away !  
 Of ampler size the master's dwelling  
     stands,  
 In shabby keeping with his half-tilled  
     lands,—  
 The gates unhinged, the yard with  
     weeds unclean,  
 The cracked veranda with a tipsy lean.  
 Without, loose-scattered like a wreck  
     adrift,  
 Signs of misrule and tokens of un-  
     thrift ;  
 Within, profusion to discomfort  
     joined,  
 The listless body and the vacant mind ;

The fear, the hate, the theft and false-  
     hood, born  
 In menial hearts of toil, and stripes,  
     and scorn !  
 There, all the vices, which, like birds  
     obscene,  
 Batten on slavery loathsome and  
     unclean,  
 From the foul kitchen to the parlour  
     rise,  
 Pollute the nursery where the child-  
     heir lies,  
 Taint infant lips beyond all after  
     cure,  
 With the fell poison of a breast impure ;  
 Touch boyhood's passions with the  
     breath of flame,  
 From girlhood's instincts steal the  
     blush of shame.  
 So swells, from low to high, from  
     weak to strong,  
 The tragic chorus of the baleful wrong ;  
 Guilty, or guiltless, all within its  
     range  
 Feel the blind justice of its sure re-  
     venge.

Still scenes like these the moving  
     chart reveals.  
 Up the long western steppes the  
     blighting steals ;  
 Down the Pacific slope the evil Fate  
 Glides like a shadow to the Golden  
     Gate :  
 From sea to sea the drear eclipse is  
     thrown,  
 From sea to sea the *Mauvaises Terres*  
     have grown,  
 A belt of curses on the New World's  
     zone !

The curtain fell. All drew a freer  
     breath,  
 As men are wont to do when mourn-  
     ful death  
 Is covered from their sight. The  
     Showman stood  
 With drooping brow in sorrow's atti-  
     tude  
 One moment, then with sudden ges-  
     ture shook  
 His loose hair back, and with the  
     air and look

Of one who felt, beyond the narrow stage  
 And listening group, the presence of the age,  
 And heard the footsteps of the things to be,  
 Poured out his soul in earnest words and free.

“O friends !” he said, “in this poor trick of paint  
 You see the semblance, incomplete and faint,  
 Of the two-fronted Future, which, to-day,  
 Stands dim and silent, waiting in your way,  
 To-day, your servant, subject to your will ;  
 To-morrow, master, or for good or ill.  
 If the dark face of Slavery on you turns,  
 If the mad curse its paper barrier spurns,  
 If the world granary of the West is made  
 The last foul market of the slaver’s trade,  
 Why rail at fate ? The mischief is your own.  
 Why hate your neighbour ? Blame yourselves alone !

“Men of the North ! The South you charge with wrong  
 Is weak and poor, while you are rich and strong.  
 If questions,—idle and absurd as those  
 The old-time monks and Paduan doctors chose,—  
 Mere ghosts of questions, tariffs, and dead banks,  
 And scarecrow pontiffs, never broke your ranks,  
 Your thews united could, at once, roll back  
 The jostled nation to its primal track.  
 Nay, were you simply steadfast, manly, just,  
 True to the faith your fathers left in trust,  
 If stainless honour outweighed in your scale  
 A codfish quintal or a factory bale,

Full many a noble heart (and such remain  
 In all the South, like Lot in Siddim’s plain,  
 Who watch and wait, and from the wrong’s control  
 Keep white and pure their chastity of soul),  
 Now sick to loathing of your weak complaints,  
 Your tricks as sinners, and your prayer as saints,  
 Would half-way meet the frankness of your tone,  
 And feel their pulses beating with your own.

“The North ! the South ! no geographic line  
 Can fix the boundary or the point define,  
 Since each with each so closely inter-blends,  
 Where Slavery rises, and where Freedom ends.  
 Beneath your rocks the roots, far-reaching, hide  
 Of the fell Upas on the Southern side ;  
 The tree whose branches in your north-winds wave  
 Dropped its young blossoms on Mount Vernon’s grave ;  
 The nursling growth of Monticello’s crest  
 Is now the glory of the free North-west ;  
 To the wise maxims of her olden school  
 Virginia listened from thy lips, Rantoul ;  
 Seward’s words of power, and Sumner’s fresh renown,  
 Flow from the pen that Jefferson laid down !  
 And when, at length, her years of madness o’er,  
 Like the crowned grazer on Euphrates’ shore,  
 From her long lapse to savagery, her mouth  
 Bitter with baneful herbage, turns the South,

Resumes her old attire, and seeks to  
smooth  
Her unkempt tresses at the glass of  
truth,  
Her early faith shall find a tongue  
again,  
New Wythes and Pinckneys swell  
that old refrain,  
Her sons with yours renew the ancient  
pact,  
The myth of Union prove at last a  
fact !  
Then, if one murmur mars the wide  
content,  
Some Northern lip will drawl the last  
dissent,  
Some Union-saving patriot of your own  
Lament to find his occupation gone.

“Grant that the North’s insulted,  
scorned, betrayed,  
O’erreached in bargains with her  
neighbour made,  
When selfish thrift and party held  
the scales  
For peddling dicker, not for honest  
sales,—  
Whom shall we strike? Who most  
deserves our blame?  
The braggart Southron, open in his  
aim,  
And bold as wicked, crashing straight  
through all  
That bars his purpose, like a cannon  
ball?  
Or the mean traitor, breathing nor-  
thern air,  
With nasal speech and Puritanic hair,  
Whose cant the loss of principle sur-  
vives,  
As the mud-turtle e’en its head out-  
lives;  
Who, caught, chin-buried in some  
foul offence,  
Puts on a look of injured innocence,  
And consecrates his baseness to the  
cause  
Of constitution, union, and the laws?

“Praise to the placeman who can  
hold aloof  
His still unpurchased manhood, office-  
proof;

Who on his round of duty walks  
erect,  
And leaves it only rich in self-  
respect,—  
As MORE maintained his virtue’s lofty  
port  
In the Eighth Henry’s base and bloody  
court.  
But, if exceptions here and there are  
found,  
Who tread thus safely on enchanted  
ground,  
The normal type, the fitting symbol  
still  
Of those who fatten at the public  
mill,  
Is the chained dog beside his master’s  
door,  
Or CIRCE’s victim, feeding on all four !

“Give me the heroes who, at tuck  
of drum,  
Salute thy staff, immortal Quattlebum !  
Or they who, doubly armed with vote  
and gun,  
Following thy lead, illustrious Atchi-  
son,  
Their drunken franchise shift from  
scene to scene,  
As tile-beard Jourdan did his guillo-  
tine !—  
Rather than him who, born beneath  
our skies,  
To Slavery’s hand its supplest tool  
supplies,—  
The party felon whose unblushing face  
Looks from the pillory of his bribe of  
place,  
And coolly makes a merit of dis-  
grace,—  
Points to the footmarks of indignant  
scorn,  
Shows the deep scars of satire’s tossing  
horn;  
And passes to his credit side the  
sum  
Of all that makes a scoundrel’s mar-  
tyrdom !

“Bane of the North, its canker and  
its moth !—  
These modern Esaus, bartering rights  
for broth !

Taxing our justice, with their double  
claim,  
As fools for pity, and as knaves for  
blame ;  
Who, urged by party, sect, or trade,  
within  
The fell embrace of Slavery's sphere  
of sin,  
Part at the outset with their moral  
sense,  
The watchful angel set for Truth's  
defence ;  
Confound all contrasts, good and ill ;  
reverse  
The poles of life, its blessing and its  
curse ;  
And lose thenceforth from their per-  
verted sight  
The eternal difference 'twixt the wrong  
and right ;  
To them the Law is but the iron span  
That girds the ankles of imbruted  
man ;  
To them the Gospel has no higher aim  
Than simple sanction of the master's  
claim,  
Dragged in the slime of Slavery's  
loathsome trail,  
Like Chali'er's Bible at his ass's tail !

" Such are the men who, with in-  
stinctive dread,  
Whenever Freedom lifts her drooping  
head,  
Make prophet-tripods of their office-  
stools,  
And scare the nurseries and the village  
schools  
With dire presage of ruin grim and  
great,  
A broken Union and a foundered State !  
Such are the patriots, self-bound to  
the stake  
Of office, martyrs for their country's  
sake :  
Who fill themselves the hungry jaws  
of Fate,  
And by their loss of manhood save  
the State.  
In the wide gulf themselves like  
Curtius throw,  
And test the virtues of cohesive  
dough ;

As tropic monkeys, linking heads and  
tails,  
Bridge o'er some torrent of Ecuador's  
vales !

" Such are the men who in your  
churches rave  
To swearing-point, at mention of the  
slave !  
When some poor parson, haply una-  
wares,  
Stammers of freedom in his timid  
prayers ;  
Who, if some foot-sore negro through  
the town  
Steals northward, volunteer to hunt  
him down.  
Or, if some neighbour, flying from  
disease,  
Courts the mild balsam of the Southern  
breeze,  
With hue and cry pursue him on his  
track,  
And write *Free-soiler* on the poor  
man's back.  
Such are the men who leave the  
pedler's cart,  
While faring South, to learn the  
driver's art,  
Or, in white neckcloth, soothe with  
pious aim  
The graceful sorrows of some languid  
dame,  
Who, from the wreck of her bereave-  
ment, saves  
The double charm of widowhood and  
slaves !—  
Pliant and apt they lose no chance  
to show  
To what base depths apostasy can  
go ;  
Outdo the natives in their readi-  
ness  
To roast a negro, or to mob a press ;  
Poise a tarred schoolmate on the  
lyncher's rail,  
Or make a bonfire of their birthplace  
mail !

" So some poor wretch, whose lips  
no longer bear  
The sacred burden of his mother's  
prayer,

By fear impelled, or lust of gold enticed,  
 Turns to the Crescent from the Cross of Christ,  
 And, over-acting in superfluous zeal,  
 Crawls prostrate where the faithful only kneel,  
 Out-houls the Dervish, hugs his rags to court  
 The squalid Santon's sanctity of dirt;  
 And, when beneath the city gateway's span  
 Files slow and long the Meccan caravan,  
 And through its midst, pursued by Islam's prayers,  
 The prophet's Word some favoured camel bears,  
 The marked apostate has his place assigned  
 The Koran-bearer's sacred rump behind,  
 With brush and pitcher following, grave and mute,  
 In meek attendance on the holy brute!

"Men of the North! beneath your very eyes,  
 By hearth and home, your real danger lies.  
 Still day by day some hold of freedom falls,  
 Through home-bred traitors fed within its walls.—  
 Men whom yourselves with vote and purse sustain,  
 At posts of honour, influence, and gain;  
 The right of Slavery to your sons to teach,  
 And 'South-side' Gospels in your pulpits preach,  
 Transfix the Law to ancient freedom dear  
 On the sharp point of her subverted spear,  
 And imitate upon her cushion plump  
 The mad Missourian lynching from his stump;  
 Or, in your name, upon the Senate's floor  
 Yield up to Slavery all it asks, and more;

And, ere your dull eyes open to the cheat,  
 Sell your old homestead underneath your feet!  
 While such as these your loftiest outlooks hold,  
 While truth and conscience with your wares are sold,  
 While grave-browed merchants band themselves to aid  
 An annual man-hunt for their Southern trade,  
 What moral power within your grasp remains  
 To stay the mischief on Nebraska's plains?—  
 High as the tides of generous impulse flow,  
 As far rolls back the selfish undertow;  
 And all your brave resolves, though aimed as true  
 As the horse-pistol Balmawhapple drew,  
 To Slavery's bastions lend as slight a shock  
 As the poor trooper's shot to Stirling rock!

"Yet, while the need of Freedom's cause demands  
 The earnest efforts of your hearts and hands,  
 Urged by all motives that can prompt the heart  
 To prayer and toil and manhood's manliest part;  
 Though to the soul's deep tocsin Nature joins  
 The warning whisper of her Orphic pines,  
 The north-wind's anger, and the south-wind's sigh,  
 The midnight sword-dance of the northern sky,  
 And, to the ear that bends above the sod  
 Of the green grave-mounds in the Fields of God,  
 In low, deep murmurs of rebuke or cheer,  
 The land's dead fathers speak their hope or fear,

Yet let not Passion wrest from Reason's  
 hand  
 The guiding rein and symbol of com-  
 mand.  
 Blame not the caution proffering to  
 your zeal  
 A well-meant drag upon its hurrying  
 wheel;  
 Nor chide the man whose honest  
 doubt extends  
 To the means only, not the righteous  
 ends;  
 Nor fail to weigh the scruples and the  
 fears  
 Of milder natures and serener years.  
 In the long strife with evil which began  
 With the first lapse of new-created man,  
 Wisely and well has Providence as-  
 signed  
 To each his part,—some forward, some  
 behind;  
 And they, too, serve who temper and  
 restrain  
 The o'erwarm heart that sets on fire  
 the brain.  
 True to yourselves, feed Freedom's  
 altar-flame  
 With what you have; let others do  
 the same.  
 Spare timid doubters; set like flint  
 your face  
 Against the self-sold knaves of gain  
 and place:  
 Pity the weak; but with unsparing hand  
 Cast out the traitors who infest the  
 land,—  
 From bar, press, pulpit, cast them  
 everywhere,  
 By dint of fasting, if you fail by prayer.  
 And in their place bring men of antique  
 mould,  
 Like the grave fathers of your Age of  
 Gold,—  
 Statesmen like those who sought the  
 primal fount  
 Of righteous law, the Sermon on the  
 Mount;  
 Lawyers who prize, like Quincy, (to  
 our day  
 Still spared, Heaven bless him!)  
 honour more than pay,  
 And Christian jurists, starry pure,  
 like Jay;

Preachers like Woolman, or like them  
 who bore  
 The faith of Wesley to our Western  
 shore,  
 And held no convert genuine till he  
 broke  
 Alike his servants' and the devil's  
 yoke;  
 And priests like him who Newport's  
 market trod,  
 And o'er its slave-ships shook the  
 bolts of God!  
 So shall your power, with a wise  
 prudence used,  
 Strong but forbearing, firm but not  
 abused,  
 In kindly keeping with the good of  
 all,  
 The nobler maxims of the past re-  
 call,  
 Her natural home-born right to Free-  
 dom give,  
 And leave her foe his robber-right,—  
 to live.  
 Live, as the snake does in his noisome  
 fen!  
 Live, as the wolf does in his bone-  
 strewn den!  
 Live, clothed with cursing like a robe  
 of flame,  
 The focal point of million-fingered  
 shame!  
 Live, till the Southron, who, with all  
 his faults,  
 Has manly instincts, in his pride re-  
 volts,  
 Dashes from off him, midst the glad  
 world's cheers,  
 The hideous nightmare of his dream  
 of years,  
 And lifts, self-prompted, with his own  
 right hand,  
 The vile encumbrance from his glori-  
 ous land!

"So, wheresoe'er our destiny sends  
 forth  
 Its widening circles to the South or  
 North,  
 Where'er our banner flaunts beneath  
 the stars  
 Its mimic splendours and its cloudlike  
 bars,



There shall Free Labour's hardy children stand  
 The equal sovereigns of a slaveless land.  
 And when at last the hunted bison tires,  
 And dies o'ertaken by the squatter's fires ;  
 And westward, wave on wave, the living flood  
 Breaks on the snow-line of majestic Hood ;  
 And lonely Shasta listening hears the tread  
 Of Europe's fair-haired children, Hesper-led ;  
 And, gazing downward through his hoar-locks, sees  
 The tawny Asian climb his giant knees,  
 The Eastern sea shall hush his waves to hear  
 Pacific's surf-beat answer Freedom's cheer,  
 And one long rolling fire of triumph run  
 Between the sunrise and the sunset gun !"  
 My task is done. The Showman and his show,  
 Themselves but shadows, into shadows go ;  
 And, if no song of idlesse I have sung,  
 Nor tints of beauty on the canvas flung,—  
 If the harsh numbers grate on tender ears,  
 And the rough picture overwrought appears,—  
 With deeper colouring, with a sterner blast,  
 Before my soul a voice and vision past,

Such as might Milton's jarring trump require,  
 Or glooms of Dante fringed with lurid fire.  
 Oh, not of choice, for themes of public wrong  
 I leave the green and pleasant paths of song,—  
 The mild, sweet words which soften and adorn,  
 For girding taunt and bitter laugh of scorn.  
 More dear to me some song of private worth,  
 Some homely idyl of my native North,  
 Some summer pastoral of her inland vales  
 Or, grim and weird, her winter fire-side tales  
 Haunted by ghosts of unreturning sails,—  
 Lost barks at parting hung from stem to helm  
 With prayers of love like dreams on Virgil's elm.  
 Nor private grief nor malice holds my pen ;  
 I owe but kindness to my fellow-men ;  
 And, South or North, wherever hearts of prayer  
 Their woes and weakness to our Father bear,  
 Wherever fruits of Christian love are found  
 In holy lives, to me is holy ground.  
 But the time passes. It were vain to crave  
 A late indulgence. What I had I gave.  
 Forget the poet, but his warning heed,  
 And shame his poor word with your nobler deed.

## SUMMER BY THE LAKESIDE

## I. NOON.

WHITE clouds, whose shadows haunt  
the deep,  
Light mists, whose soft embraces keep  
The sunshine on the hills asleep !

O isles of calm !—O dark, still wood !  
And stiller skies that overbrood  
Your rest with deeper quietude !

O shapes and hues, dim beckoning,  
through  
Yon mountain gaps, my longing view  
Beyond the purple and the blue,

To stiller sea and greener land,  
And softer lights and airs more bland,  
And skies,—the hollow of God's hand !

Transfused through you, O mountain  
friends !

With mine your solemn spirit blends,  
And life no more hath separate ends.

I read each misty mountain sign,  
I know the voice of wave and pine,  
And I am yours, and ye are mine.

Life's burdens fall, its discords cease,  
I lapse into the glad release  
Of Nature's own exceeding peace.

Oh, welcome calm of heart and mind !  
As falls yon fir-tree's loosened rind  
To leave a tenderer growth behind,

So fall the weary years away ;  
A child again, my head I lay  
Upon the lap of this sweet day.

This western wind hath Lethean  
powers,  
Yon noonday cloud nepenthe showers.  
The lake is white with lotus-flowers !

Even Duty's voice is faint and low,  
And slumberous Conscience waking  
slow,  
Forgets her blotted scroll to show.

The Shadow which pursues us all,  
Whose ever-nearing steps appal,  
Whose voice we hear behind us call,—

That Shadow blends with mountain  
grey,  
It speaks but what the light waves  
say,—  
Death walks apart from Fear to-day !

Rocked on her breast, these pines  
and I  
Alike on Nature's love rely ;  
And equal seems to live or die.

Assured that He whose presence fills  
With light the spaces of these hills  
No evil to His creatures wills,

The simple faith remains, that He  
Will do, whatever that may be,  
The best alike for man and tree.

What mosses over one shall grow,  
What light and life the other know,  
Unanxious, leaving Him to show.

## II. EVENING.

Yon mountain's side is black with  
night,  
While, broad-orbed, o'er its gleam-  
ing crown,  
The moon, slow-rounding into sight,  
On the hushed inland sea looks  
down.

How start to light the clustering isles,  
Each silver-hemmed ! How sharply  
show  
The shadows of their rocky piles,  
And tree-tops in the wave below !

How far and strange the mountains  
seem,  
Dim-looming through the pale, still  
light !  
The vague, vast grouping of a dream,  
They stretch into the solemn  
night.

Beneath, lake, wood, and peopled vale,  
 Hushed by that presence grand and  
 grave  
 Are silent, save the cricket's wail,  
 And low response of leaf and wave.

Fair scenes ! whereto the Day and  
 Night  
 Make rival love, I leave ye soon,  
 What time before the eastern light  
 The pale ghost of the setting moon

Shall hide behind yon rocky spines,  
 And the young archer, Morn, shall  
 break  
 His arrows on the mountain pines,  
 And, golden-sandalled, walk the  
 lake !

Farewell ! around this smiling bay  
 Gay-hearted Health and Life in  
 bloom,  
 With lighter steps than mine may  
 stray  
 In radiant summers yet to come.

But none shall more regretful leave  
 These waters and these hills than I :  
 Or, distant, fonder dream how eve  
 Or dawn is painting wave and sky ;

How rising moons shine sad and mild  
 On wooded isle and silvering bay ;  
 Or setting stars beyond the piled  
 And purple mountains lead the day ;

Nor laughing girl, nor bearding boy,  
 Nor full-pulsed manhood, lingering  
 here,  
 Shall add, to life's abounding joy,  
 The charmed repose to suffering  
 dear.

Still waits kind Nature to impart  
 Her choicest gifts to such as gain  
 An entrance to her loving heart  
 Through the sharp discipline of  
 pain.

For ever from the Hand that takes  
 One blessing from us others fall ;  
 And, soon or late, our Father makes  
 His perfect recompense to all !

Oh, watched by Silence and the Night,  
 And folded in the strong embrace  
 Of the great mountains, with the light  
 Of the sweet heavens upon thy face,

Lake of the Northland ! keep thy  
 dower  
 Of beauty still, and while above  
 Thy solemn mountains speak of power,  
 Be thou the mirror of God's love.

### THE HERMIT OF THE THEBAID

O STRONG, upwelling prayers of faith,  
 From inmost founts of life ye start—  
 The spirit's pulse, the vital breath  
 Of soul and heart !

From pastoral toil, from traffic's din,  
 Alone, in crowds, at home, abroad,  
 Unheard of man, ye enter in  
 The ear of God.

Ye brook no forced and measured  
 tasks,  
 Nor weary rote, nor formal chains ;  
 The simple heart, that freely asks  
 In love, obtains.

For man the living temple is :  
 The mercy-seat and cherubim,  
 And all the holy mysteries,  
 He bears with him.

And most avails the prayer of love,  
 Which, wordless, shapes itself in  
 deeds,  
 And wearies Heaven for naught above  
 Our common needs.

Which brings to God's all-perfect  
 will  
 That trust of His undoubting child  
 Whereby all seeming good and ill  
 Are reconciled.

And, seeking not for special signs  
 Of favour, is content to fall  
 Within the providence which shines  
 And rains on all.

Alone, the Thebaid hermit leaned  
 At noontime o'er the sacred world.  
 Was it an angel or a fiend  
 Whose voice he heard ?

It broke the desert's hush of awe,  
 A human utterance, sweet and  
 mild ;  
 And, looking up, the hermit saw  
 A little child.

A child, with wonder-widened eyes,  
 O'erawed and troubled by the sight  
 Of hot, red sands, and brazen skies,  
 And anchorite.

"What dost thou here, poor man ?  
 No shade  
 Of cool, green douns, nor grass, nor  
 well,  
 Nor corn, nor vines." The hermit  
 said :  
 "With God I dwell.

"Alone with Him in this great calm,  
 I live not by the outward sense ;  
 My Nile His love, my sheltering palm  
 His providence."

The child gazed round him. "Does  
 God live  
 Here only?—where the desert's rim  
 Is green with corn, at morn and  
 eve,  
 We pray to Him.

"My brother tills beside the Nile  
 His little field ; beneath the leaves  
 My sisters sit and spin the while  
 My mother weaves.

"And when the millet's ripe heads  
 fall,  
 And all the bean-field hangs in  
 pod,  
 My mother smiles, and says that all  
 Are gifts from God.

"And when to share our evening  
 meal  
 She calls the stranger at the door,  
 She says God fills the hands that deal  
 Food to the poor."

Adown the hermit's wasted cheeks  
 Glistened the flow of human tears ;  
 "Dear Lord !" he said, "Thy angel  
 speaks,  
 Thy servant hears."

Within his arms the child he took,  
 And thought of home and life with  
 men ;  
 And all his pilgrim feet forsook  
 Returned again.

The palmy shadows cool and long,  
 The eyes that smiled through lavish  
 locks,  
 Home's cradle-hymn and harvest-  
 song,  
 And bleat of flocks.

"O child !" he said, "thou teachest  
 me  
 There is no place where God is not ;  
 That love will make, where'er it be,  
 A holy spot."

He rose from off the desert sand,  
 And, leaning on his staff of thorn,  
 Went, with the young child, hand-in-  
 hand,  
 Like night with morn.

They crossed the desert's burning line,  
 And heard the palm-tree's rustling  
 fan,  
 The Nile-bird's cry, the low of kine,  
 And voice of man.

Unquestioning, his childish guide  
 He followed as the small hand led  
 To where a woman, gentle-eyed,  
 Her distaff fed.

She rose, she clasped her truant boy,  
 She thanked the stranger with her  
 eyes.  
 The hermit gazed in doubt and joy  
 And dumb surprise.

And lo !—with sudden warmth and  
 light  
 A tender memory thrilled his frame ;  
 New-born, the world-lost anchorite  
 A man became.

"O sister of El Zara's race,  
Behold me!—had we not one  
mother?"

She gazed into the stranger's face;—  
"Thou art my brother?"

"O kin of blood!—Thy life of  
use  
And patient trust is more than  
mine;

And wiser than the grey recluse  
This child of thine.

"For, taught of him whom God hath  
sent,  
That toil is praise, and love is  
prayer,  
I come, life's cares and pains content  
With thee to share."

Even as his foot the threshold crossed,  
The hermit's better life began;  
Its holiest saint the Thebaid lost,  
And found a man!

## BURNS

ON RECEIVING A SPRIG OF HEATHER  
IN BLOSSOM.

No more these simple flowers belong  
To Scottish maid and lover:  
Sown in the common soil of song,  
They bloom the wide world over.

In smiles and tears, in sun and showers,  
The minstrel and the heather,  
The deathless singer and the flowers  
He sang of live together.

Wild heather-bells and Robert Burns!  
The moorland flower and peasant!  
How, at their mention, memory  
turns  
Her pages old and pleasant!

The grey sky wears again its gold  
And purple of adorning,  
And manhood's noonday shadows  
hold  
The dews of boyhood's morning.

The dews that washed the dust and  
soil  
From off the wings of pleasure,  
The sky, that flecked the ground of  
toil  
With golden threads of leisure.

I call to mind the summer day,  
The early harvest nowing,  
The sky with sun and clouds at  
play,  
And flowers with breezes blowing.

I hear the blackbird in the corn,  
The locust in the haying;  
And, like the fabled hunter's horn,  
Old tunes my heart is playing.

How oft that day, with fond delay,  
I sought the maple's shadow,  
And sang with Burns the hours away,  
Forgetful of the meadow!

Bees hummed, birds twittered, over-  
head  
I heard the squirrels leaping,  
The good dog listened while I read,  
And wagged his tale in keeping.

I watched him while in sportive  
mood  
I read the "The Twa Dogs'" story,  
And half believed he understood  
The poet's allegory.

Sweet day, sweet songs!—The golden  
hours  
Grew brighter for that singing,  
From brook and bird and meadow  
flowers  
A dearer welcome bringing.

New light on home-seen nature  
beamed,  
New glory over Woman;  
And daily life and duty seemed  
No longer poor and common.

I woke to find the simple truth  
Of fact and feeling better  
Than all the dreams that held my  
youth  
A still repining debtor;

That Nature gives her handmaid, Art,  
The themes of sweet discouraging ;  
The tender idyls of the heart  
In every tongue rehearsing.

Why dream of lands of gold and  
pearl,  
Of loving knight and lady,  
When farmer boy and barefoot girl  
Were wandering there already?

I saw through all familiar things  
The romance underlying ;  
The joys and griefs that plume the  
wings  
Of Fancy skyward flying.

I saw the same blithe day return,  
The same sweet fall of even,  
That rose on wooded Craigieburn,  
And sank on crystal Devon.

I matched with Scotland's heathery  
hills  
The sweetbrier and the clover ;  
With Ayr and Doon, my native rills,  
Their wood-hymns chanting over.

O'er rank and pomp, as he had seen,  
I saw the Man uprising ;  
No longer common or unclean,  
The child of God's baptizing !

With clearer eyes I saw the worth  
Of life among the lowly ;  
The Bible at his cotter's hearth  
Had made my own more holy.

And if at times an evil strain,  
To lawless love appealing,  
Broke in upon the sweet refrain  
Of pure and healthful feeling,

It died upon the eye and ear,  
No inward answer gaining ;  
No heart had I to see or hear  
The discord and the staining.

Let those who never erred forget  
His worth, in vain bewailings ;  
Sweet Soul of Song !—I own my  
debt  
Uncancelled by his failings !

Lament who will the ribald line  
Which tells his lapse from duty,  
How kissed the maddening lips of  
wine  
Or wanton ones of beauty ;

But think, while falls that shade  
between  
The erring one and Heaven,  
That he who loved like Magdalen,  
Like her may be forgiven.

Not his the song whose thunderous  
chime  
Eternal echoes render —  
The mournful Tuscan's haunted rhyme,  
And Milton's starry splendour !

But who his human heart has laid  
To Nature's bosom nearer ?  
Who sweetened toil like him, or paid  
To love a tribute dearer ?

Through all his tuneful art, how  
strong  
The human feeling gushes !  
The very moonlight of his song  
Is warm with smiles and blushes !

Give lettered pomp, to teeth of Time,  
So " Bonnie Doon " but tarry ;  
Blot out the Epic's stately rhyme,  
But spare his Highland Mary !

#### WILLIAM FORSTER <sup>48</sup>

THE years are many since his hand  
Was laid upon my head,  
Too weak and young to understand\*  
The serious words he said.

Yet often now the good man's look  
Before me seems to swim,  
As if some inward feeling took  
The outward guise of him.

As if, in passion's heated war,  
Or near temptation's charm,  
Through him the low-voiced monitor  
Forewarned me of the harm.

Stranger and pilgrim !—from that  
day  
Of meeting, first and last,  
Wherever Duty's pathway lay,  
His reverent steps have passed.

The poor to feed, the lost to seek,  
To proffer life to death,  
Hope to the erring,—to the weak  
The strength of his own faith.

To plead the captive's right ; remove  
The sting of hate from Law ;  
And soften in the fire of love  
The hardened steel of War.

He walked the dark world, in the  
mild,  
Still guidance of the Light ;  
In tearful tenderness a child,  
A strong man in the right.

From what great perils, on his way,  
He found, in prayer, release ;  
Through what abysmal shadows lay  
His pathway unto peace,

God knoweth : we could only see  
The tranquil strength he gained ;  
The bondage lost in liberty,  
The fear in love unfeigned.

And I,—my youthful fancies grown  
The habit of the man,  
Whose field of life by angels sown  
The wilding vines o'erran,—

Low bowed in silent gratitude,  
My manhood's heart enjoys  
That reverence for the pure and  
good  
Which blessed the dreaming boy's.

Still shines the light of holy lives  
Like star-beams over doubt ;  
Each sainted memory, Christlike,  
drives  
Some dark possession out.

O friend ! O brother ! not in vain  
Thy life so calm and true,  
The silver dropping of the rain,  
The fall of summer dew !

How many burdened hearts have  
prayed  
Their lives like thine might be !  
But more shall pray henceforth for aid  
To lay them down like thee.

With weary hand, yet steadfast will,  
In old age as in youth,  
Thy Master found thee sowing still  
The good seed of His truth.

As on thy task-field closed the day  
In golden-skied decline,  
His angel met thee on the way,  
And lent his arm to thine.

Thy latest care for man,—thy last  
Of earthly thought a prayer,—  
Oh, who thy mantle, backward cast,  
Is worthy now to wear ?

Methinks the mound which marks  
thy bed  
Might bless our land and save,  
As rose, of old, to life the dead  
Who touched the prophet's grave !

RANTOUL 49

ONE day, along the electric wire  
His manly word for Freedom sped ;  
We came next morn : that tongue of fire  
Said only, " He who spake is dead ! "

Dead ! while his voice was living yet,  
In echoes round the pillared dome !  
Dead ! while his blotted page lay wet  
With themes of state and loves of  
home !

Dead ! in that crowning grace of time,  
That triumph of life's zenith hour !  
Dead ! while we watched his man-  
hood's prime  
Break from the slow bud into flower !

Dead ! he so great, and strong, and wise,  
While the mean thousands yet drew  
breath ;  
How deepened, through that dread  
surprise,  
The mystery and the awe of death !

From the high place whereon our  
votes  
Had borne him, clear, calm, earnest  
fell  
His first words, like the prelude notes  
Of some great anthem yet to swell.

We seemed to see our flag unfurled,  
Our champion waiting in his place  
For the last battle of the world,—  
The Armageddon of the race.

Through him we hoped to speak the  
word  
Which wins the freedom of a land ;  
And lift, for human right, the sword  
Which dropped from Hampden's  
dying hand.

For he had sat at Sidney's feet,  
And walked with Pym and Vane  
apart ;  
And, through the centuries, felt the  
beat  
Of Freedom's march in Cromwell's  
heart.

He knew the paths the worthies held,  
Where England's best and wisest  
trod ;  
And, lingering, drank the springs that  
welled  
Beneath the touch of Milton's rod.

No wild enthusiast of the right,  
Self-poised and clear, he showed  
always  
The coolness of his northern night,  
The ripe repose of autumn's day.

His steps were slow, yet forward still  
He pressed where others paused or  
failed ;  
The calm star clomb with constant  
will,—  
The restless meteor flashed and  
paled !

Skilled in its subtlest wile, he knew  
And owned the higher ends of Law ;  
Still rose majestic on his view  
The awful Shape the schoolman  
saw.

Her home the heart of God ; her voice  
The choral harmonies whereby  
The stars, through all their spheres,  
rejoice,  
The rhythmic rule of earth and sky !

We saw his great powers misapplied  
To poor ambitions ; yet, through all,  
We saw him take the weaker side,  
And right the wronged, and free  
the thrall.

Now, looking o'er the frozen North,  
For one like him in word and act,  
To call her old, free spirit forth,  
And give her faith the life of fact,—

To break her party bonds of shame,  
And labour with the zeal of him  
To make the Democratic name  
Of Liberty the synonym,—

We sweep the land from hill to strand,  
We seek the strong, the wise, the  
brave,  
And, sad of heart, return to stand  
In silence by a new-made grave !

There, where his breezy hills of home  
Look out upon his sail-white seas,  
The sounds of winds and waters  
come,  
And shape themselves to words  
like these :

“ Why, murmuring, mourn that he,  
whose power  
Was lent to Party over-long,  
Heard the still whisper at the hour  
He set his foot on Party wrong ?

“ The human life that closed so well  
No lapse of folly now can stain :  
The lips whence Freedom's protest fell  
No meaner thought can now pro-  
fane.

“ Mightier than living voice his grave  
That lofty protest utters o'er ;  
Through roaring wind and smiting  
wave  
It speaks his hate of wrong once  
more,



"Men of the North! your weak  
regret  
Is wasted here; arise and pay  
To freedom and to him your debt,  
By following where he led the way!"

## THE DREAM OF PIO NONO

It chanced, that while the pious  
troops of France  
Fought in the crusade Pio Nono  
preached,  
What time the holy Bourbons stayed  
his hands  
(The Hur and Aaron meet for such a  
Moses),  
Stretched forth from Naples towards  
rebellious Rome  
To bless the ministry of Oudinot,  
And sanctify his iron homilies  
And sharp persuasions of the bayonet,  
That the great pontiff fell asleep, and  
dreamed.

He stood by Lake Tiberias, in the  
sun  
Of the bright Orient; and beheld the  
lame,  
The sick, and blind, kneel at the  
Master's feet,  
And rise up whole. And, sweetly  
over all,  
Dropping the ladder of their hymn of  
praise  
From heaven to earth, in silver rounds  
of song,  
He heard the blessed angels sing of  
peace,  
Good-will to man, and glory to the  
Lord

Then one, with feet unshod, and  
leathern face  
Hardened and darkened by fierce  
summer suns  
And hot winds of the desert closer  
drew  
His fisher's haick, and girded up his  
loins,  
And spake, as one who had authority:  
"Come thou with me."

Lakeside and eastern sky  
And the sweet song of angels passed  
away,  
And, with a dream's alacrity of  
change,  
The priest, and the swart fisher by  
his side,  
Beheld the Eternal City lift its domes  
And solemn fanes and monumental  
pomp  
Above the waste Campagna. On the  
hills  
The blaze of burning villas rose and  
fell,  
And momentarily the mortar's iron  
throat  
Roared from the trenches; and,  
within the walls,  
Sharp crash of shells, low groans of  
human pain,  
Shout, drum beat, and the clanging  
'larum-bell,  
And tramp of hosts, sent up a mingled  
sound,  
Half wail and half defiance. As they  
passed  
The gate of San Pancrazio, human  
blood  
Flowed ankle-high about them, and  
dead men  
Choked the long street with gashed  
and gory piles,—  
A ghastly barricade of mangled flesh,  
From which, at times, quivered a  
living hand,  
And white lips moved and moaned.  
A father tore  
His grey hairs, by the body of his  
son,  
In frenzy; and his fair young daughter  
wept  
On his old bosom. Suddenly a flash  
Clove the thick sulphurous air, and  
man and maid  
Sank, crushed and mangled by the  
shattering shell.

Then spake the Galilean: "Thou  
hast seen  
The blessed Master and His works of  
love;  
Look now on thine! Hear'st thou  
the angels sing

Above this open hell? *Thou* God's  
 high-priest !  
*Thou* the Vicegerent of the Prince of  
 Peace !  
*Thou* the successor of His chosen ones !  
 I, Peter, fisherman of Galilee,  
 In the dear Master's name, and for  
 the love  
 Of His true Church, proclaim thee  
 Antichrist,  
 Alien and separate from His holy  
 faith,  
 Wide as the difference between death  
 and life,  
 The hate of man and the great love  
 of God !  
 Hence, and repent !"

Thereat the pontiff woke,  
 Trembling, and muttering o'er his  
 fearful dream.  
 "What means he?" cried the Bourbon.  
 "Nothing more  
 Than that your majesty hath all too well  
 Catered for your poor guests, and that,  
 in sooth,  
 The Holy Father's supper troubleth  
 him,"  
 Said Cardinal Antonelli, with a smile.

### TAULER

TAULER, the preacher, walked, one  
 autumn day,  
 Without the walls of Strasburg, by  
 the Rhine,  
 Pondering the solemn Miracle of Life ;  
 As one who, wandering in a starless  
 night,  
 Feels, momentarily, the jar of unseen  
 waves,  
 And hears the thunder of an unknown  
 sea,  
 Breaking along an unimagined shore.

And as he walked he prayed. Even  
 the same  
 Old prayer with which, for half a score  
 of years,  
 Morning, and noon, and evening, lip  
 and heart

Had groaned : "Have pity upon me,  
 Lord !  
 Thou seest, while teaching others, I  
 am blind.  
 Send me a man who can direct my  
 steps !"

Then, as he mused, he heard along  
 his path  
 A sound as of an old man's staff  
 among  
 The dry, dead linden-leaves ; and,  
 looking up,  
 He saw a stranger, weak and poor,  
 and old.

"Peace be unto thee, father !"  
 Tauler said,  
 "God give thee a good day !" The  
 old man raised  
 Slowly his calm blue eyes. "I thank  
 thee, son ;  
 But *all* my days are good, and none  
 are ill."

Wondering thereat, the preacher  
 spake again,  
 "God give thee happy life." The old  
 man smiled,  
 "I never am unhappy."

Tauler laid  
 His hand upon the stranger's coarse  
 grey sleeve :  
 "Tell me, O father, what thy strange  
 words mean.  
 Surely man's days are evil, and his  
 life  
 Sad as the grave it leads to." "Nay,  
 my son,  
 Our times are in God's hands, and all  
 our days  
 Are as our needs ; for shadow as for  
 sun,  
 For cold as heat, for want as wealth,  
 alike  
 Our thanks are due, since that is best  
 which is ;  
 And that which is not, sharing not  
 his life,  
 Is evil only as devoid of good.  
 And for the happiness of which I  
 spake,

I find it in submission to His  
will,  
And calm trust in the holy Trinity  
Of Knowledge, Goodness, and Al-  
mighty Power."

Silently wondering, for a little  
space,  
Stood the great preacher; then he  
spake as one  
Who, suddenly grappling with a  
haunting thought  
Which long has followed, whispering  
through the dark  
Strange terrors, drags it, shrieking,  
into light:  
"What if God's will consign thee  
hence to Hell?"

"Then," said the stranger, cheerily,  
"be it so.  
What Hell may be I know not; this  
I know,—  
I cannot lose the presence of the  
Lord:  
One arm, Humility, takes hold upon  
His dear Humanity; the other,  
Love,  
Clasps His Divinity. So where I go  
He goes; and better fire-walled Hell  
with Him  
Than golden-gated Paradise without."

Tears sprang in Tauler's eyes. A  
sudden light,  
Like the first ray which fell on chaos,  
clove  
Apart the shadow wherein he had  
walked  
Darkly at noon. And, as the strange  
old man  
Went his slow way, until his silver  
hair  
Set like the white moon where the  
hills of vine  
Slope to the Rhine, he bowed his  
head and said:  
"My prayer is answered. God hath  
sent the man  
Long sought, to teach me, by his  
simple trust,  
Wisdom the weary schoolmen never  
knew."

So, entering with a changed and  
cheerful step  
The city gates, he saw, far down the  
street,  
A mighty shadow break the light of  
noon,  
Which tracing backwards till its airy  
lines  
Hardened to stony plinths, he raised  
his eyes  
O'er broad façade and lofty pediment,  
O'er architrave and frieze and sainted  
niche,  
Up the stone lace-work chiselled by  
the wise  
Erwin of Steinbach, dizzily up to where  
In the noon-brightness the great Min-  
ster's tower,  
Jewelled with sunbeams on its mural  
crown,  
Rose like a visible prayer. "Behold,"  
he said,  
"The stranger's faith made plain  
before mine eyes.  
As yonder tower outstretches to the  
earth  
The dark triangle of its shade alone  
When the clear day is shining on its  
top,  
So, darkness in the pathway of Man's  
life  
Is but the shadow of God's providence,  
By the great Sun of Wisdom cast  
thereon;  
And what is dark below is light in  
Heaven."

LINES

SUGGESTED BY READING A STATE  
PAPER, WHEREIN THE HIGHER  
LAW IS INVOKED TO SUSTAIN THE  
LOWER ONE.

A PIOUS magistrate! sound his praise  
throughout  
The wondering churches. Who shall  
henceforth doubt  
That the long-wished millennium  
draweth nigh?  
Sin in high places has become devout,

Tithes mint, goes painful-faced, and  
 prays its lie  
 Straight up to Heaven, and calls it  
 piety !  
 The pirate, watching from his bloody  
 deck  
 The weltering galleon, heavy with  
 the gold  
 Of Acapulco, holding death in check  
 While prayers are said, brows  
 crossed, and beads are told,—  
 The robber, kneeling where the way-  
 side cross  
 On dark Abruzzo tells of life's dread loss  
 From his own carbine, glancing still  
 abroad  
 For some new victim, offering thanks  
 to God !—  
 Rome, listening at her altars to the  
 cry  
 Of midnight Murder, while her hounds  
 of hell  
 Scour France, from baptized cannon  
 and holy bell  
 And thousand-throated priesthood,  
 loud and high,  
 Pealing Te Deums to the shudder-  
 ing sky,  
 "Thanks to the Lord, who giveth  
 victory !"  
 What prove these, but that crime was  
 ne'er so black  
 As ghostly cheer and pious thanks to  
 lack ?  
 Satan is modest. At Heaven's door  
 he lays  
 His evil offspring, and, in Scriptural  
 phrase  
 And saintly posture, gives to God the  
 praise  
 And honour of the monstrous progeny.  
 What marvel, then, in our own time  
 to see  
 His old devices, smoothly acted o'er,—  
 Official piety, locking fast the door  
 Of Hope against three million souls of  
 men,—  
 Brothers, God's children, Christ's re-  
 deemed,—and then,  
 With uprolled eyeballs and on bended  
 knee,  
 Whining a prayer for help to hide the  
 key !

## THE VOICES

"WHY urge the long, unequal fight,  
 Since Truth has fallen in the street,  
 Or lift anew the trampled light,  
 Quenched by the heedless million's  
 feet ?  
 "Give o'er the thankless task ; forsake  
 The fools who know not ill from  
 good :  
 Eat, drink, enjoy thy own, and take  
 Thine ease among the multitude.  
 "Live out thyself ; with others share  
 Thy proper life no more ; assume  
 The unconcern of sun and air,  
 For life or death, or blight or bloom.  
 "The mountain pine looks calmly on  
 The fires that scourge the plains  
 below,  
 Nor heeds the eagle in the sun  
 The small birds piping in the snow !  
 "The world is God's, not thine ; let  
 Him.  
 Work out a change, if change must  
 be :  
 The hand that planted best can  
 trim  
 And nurse the old unfruitful tree."  
 So spake the Tempter, when the  
 light  
 Of sun and stars had left the sky,  
 I listened, through the cloud and  
 night,  
 And heard, methought, a voice  
 reply :  
 "Thy task may well seem over-hard,  
 Who scatterest in a thankless soil  
 Thy life as seed, with no reward  
 Save that which Duty gives to Toil.  
 "Not wholly is thy heart resigned  
 To Heaven's benign and just decree,  
 Which, linking thee with all thy  
 kind,  
 Transmits their joys and griefs to  
 thee.

"Break off that sacred chain, and turn  
Back on thyself thy love and care ;  
Be thou thine own mean idol, burn  
Faith, Hope, and Trust, thy children,  
there.

"Released from that fraternal law  
Which shares the common bale and  
bliss,  
No sadder lot could Folly draw,  
Or Sin provoke from Fate, than this.

"The meal unshared is food unblest :  
Thou hoard'st in vain what love  
should spend ;  
Self-ease is pain ; thy only rest  
Is labour for a worthy end.

"A toil that gains with what it yields.  
And scatters to its own increase,  
And hears, while sowing outward  
fields,  
The harvest-song of inward peace.

"Free-lipped the liberal streamlets  
run,  
Free shines for all the healthful ray ;  
The still pool stagnates in the sun,  
The lurid earth-fire haunts decay !

"What is it that the crowd requite  
Thy love with hate, thy truth with  
lies ?  
And but to faith, and not to sight,  
The walls of Freedom's temple rise ?

"Yet do thy work ; it shall succeed  
In thine or in another's day ;  
And, if denied the victor's meed,  
Thou shalt not lack the toiler's pay.

"Faith shares the future's promise ;  
Love's  
Self-offering is a triumph won ;  
And each good thought or action  
moves  
The dark world nearer to the sun.

"Then faint not, falter not, nor  
plead  
Thy weakness ; truth itself is strong ;  
The lion's strength, the eagle's speed,  
Are not alone vouchsafed to wrong.

"Thy nature, which, through fire and  
flood,  
To place or gain finds out its way,  
Hath power to seek the highest good,  
And duty's holiest call obey !

"Strivest thou in darkness?—Foes  
without  
In league with traitor thoughts  
within ;  
Thy night-watch kept with trembling  
doubt  
And paler remorse the ghost of Sin?—

"Hast thou not, on some week of  
storm,  
Seen the sweet Sabbath breaking fair,  
And cloud and shadow, sunlit, form  
The curtains of its tent of prayer ?

"So, haply, when thy task shall end,  
The wrong shall lose itself in right,  
And all thy week-day darkness blend  
With the long Sabbath of the light !"

## THE HERO

"O FOR a knight like Bayard,  
Without reproach or fear ;  
My light glove on his casque of steel,  
My love-knot on his spear !

"O for the white plume floating  
Sad Zutphen's field above,—  
The lion heart in battle,  
The woman's heart in love !

"O that man once more were manly,  
Woman's pride, and not her scorn :  
That once more the pale young mother  
Dared to boast 'a man is born' !

"But, now life's slumberous current  
No sun-bowed cascade wakes ;  
No tall, heroic manhood  
The level dulness breaks.

"O for a knight like Bayard,  
Without reproach or fear !  
My light glove on his casque of steel,  
My love-knot on his spear !"

Then I said, my own heart throbbing  
To the time her proud pulse beat,  
"Life hath its regal natures yet,—  
True, tender, brave, and sweet !

"Smile not, fair unbeliever !  
One man, at least, I know,  
Who might wear the crest of Bayard  
Or Sidney's plume of snow.

"Once, when over purple mountains  
Died away the Grecian sun,  
And the far Cyllenian ranges  
Paled and darkened, one by one,—

"Fell the Turk, a bolt of thunder,  
Cleaving all the quiet sky,  
And against his sharp steel lightnings  
Stood the Suliote but to die.

"Woe for the weak and halting !  
The crescent blazed behind  
A curving line of sabres,  
Like fire before the wind !

"Last to fly, and first to rally,  
Rode he of whom I speak,  
When, groaning in his bridle-path,  
Sank down a wounded Greek.

"With the rich Albanian costume  
Wet with many a ghastly stain,  
Gazing on earth and sky as one  
Who might not gaze again !

"He looked forward to the moun-  
tains,  
Back on foes that never spare,  
Then flung him from his saddle,  
And placed the stranger there.

" 'Allah ! hu !' Through flashing  
sabres,  
Through a stormy hail of lead,  
The good Thessalian charger  
Up the slopes of olives sped.

"Hot spurred the turbaned riders,  
He almost felt their breath,  
Where a mountain stream rolled  
darkly down  
Between the hills and death.

"One brave and manful struggle,—  
He gained the solid land,  
And the cover of the mountains,  
And the carbines of his band !"

"It was very great and noble,"  
Said the moist-eyed listener then,  
"But one brave deed makes no hero ;  
Tell me what he since hath been !"

"Still a brave and generous man-  
hood,  
Still an honour without stain,  
In the prison of the Kaiser,  
By the barricades of Seine.

"But dream not helm and harness  
The sign of valour true ;  
Peace hath higher tests of manhood  
Than battle ever knew.

"Wouldst know him now? Behold  
him,  
The Cadmus of the blind,  
Giving the dumb lip language,  
The idiot clay a mind.

"Walking his round of duty  
Serenely day by day,  
With the strong man's hand of labour  
And childhood's heart of play.

"True as the knights of story,  
Sir Lancelot and his peers,  
Brave in his calm endurance  
As they in tilt of spears.

"As waves in stillest waters,  
As stars in noonday skies,  
All that wakes to noble action  
In his noon of calmness lies.

"Wherever outraged Nature  
Asks word or action brave,  
"Wherever struggles labour,  
Wherever groans a slave,—

"Wherever rise the peoples,  
Wherever sinks a throne,  
The throbbing heart of Freedom  
finds  
An answer in his own.

"Knight of a better era,  
Without reproach or fear !  
Said I not well that Bayards  
And Sidneys still are here ?"

### MY DREAM

IN my dream, methought I trod,  
Yesternight, a mountain road ;  
Narrow as Al Sirat's span,  
High as eagle's flight it ran.

Overhead, a roof of cloud  
With its weight of thunder bowed ;  
Underneath, to left and right,  
Blankness and abysmal night.

Here and there a wildflower blushed,  
Now and then a bird-song gushed ;  
Now and then, through rifts of shade,  
Stars shone out, and sunbeams played.

But the goodly company,  
Walking in that path with me,  
One by one the brink o'erslid,  
One by one the darkness hid.

Some with wailing and lament,  
Some with cheerful courage went ;  
But of all who smiled or mourned,  
Never one to us returned.

Anxiously, with eye and ear,  
Questioning that shadow drear,  
Never hand in token stirred,  
Never answering voice I heard !

Steeper, darker !—lo ! I felt  
From my feet the pathway melt.  
Swallowed by the black despair,  
And the hungry jaws of air,

Past the stony-throated caves,  
Strangled by the wash of waves,  
Past the splintered crags, I sank  
On a green and flowery bank,—

Soft as fall of thistle-down,  
Lightly as a cloud is blown,  
Soothingly as childhood pressed  
To the bosom of its rest.

Of the sharp-horned rocks instead,  
Green the grassy meadows spread,  
Bright with waters singing by  
Trees that propped a golden sky.

Painless, trustful, sorrow-free,  
Old lost faces welcomed me,  
With whose sweetness of content  
Still expectant hope was blent.

Waking while the dawning grey  
Slowly brightened into day,  
Pondering that vision fled,  
Thus unto myself I said :—

"Steep, and hung with clouds of  
    strife,  
Is our narrow path of life ;  
And our death the dreaded fall  
Through the dark, awaiting all.

"So, with painful steps we climb  
Up the dizzy ways of time,  
Ever in the shadow shed  
By the forecast of our dread.

"Dread of mystery solved alone  
Of the untried and unknown ;  
Yet the end thereof may seem  
Like the falling of my dream.

"And this heart-consuming care,  
All our fears of here or there,  
Change and absence, loss and death,  
Prove but simple lack of faith."

Thou, O Most Compassionate !  
Who didst stoop to our estate,  
Drinking of the cup we drain,  
Treading in our path of pain,—

Through the doubt and mystery,  
Grant to us Thy steps to see,  
And the grace to draw from thence  
Larger hope and confidence.

Show Thy vacant tomb, and let,  
As of old, the angels sit,  
Whispering by its open door :  
"Fear not ! He hath gone before !"

## THE BAREFOOT BOY

BLESSINGS on thee, little man,  
 Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan !  
 With thy turned-up pantaloons,  
 And thy merry whistled tunes ;  
 With thy red lip, redder still  
 Kissed by strawberries on the hill ;  
 With the sunshine on thy face,  
 Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace ;  
 From my heart I give thee joy,—  
 I was once a barefoot boy !  
 Prince thou art,—the grown-up man  
 Only is republican.  
 Let the million-dollared ride !  
 Barefoot, trudging at his side,  
 Thou hast more than he can buy  
 In the reach of ear and eye,—  
 Outward sunshine, inward joy :  
 Blessings on thee, barefoot boy !

O for boyhood's painless play,  
 Sleep that wakes in laughing day,  
 Health that mocks the doctor's rules,  
 Knowledge never learned of schools,  
 Of the wild bee's morning chase,  
 Of the wildflower's time and place,  
 Flight of fowl and habitude  
 Of the tenants of the wood ;  
 How the tortoise bears his shell,  
 How the woodchuck digs his cell,  
 And the ground-mole sinks his well ;  
 How the robin feeds her young,  
 How the oriole's nest is hung ;  
 Where the whitest lilies blow,  
 Where the freshest berries grow,  
 Where the groundnut trails its vine,  
 Where the wood-grape's clusters shine ;  
 Of the black wasp's cunning way,  
 Mason of his walls of clay,  
 And the architectural plans  
 Of grey hornet artisans !—  
 For, eschewing books and tasks,  
 Nature answers all he asks ;  
 Hand in hand with her he walks,  
 Face to face with her he talks,  
 Part and parcel of her joy,—  
 Blessings on the barefoot boy !

O for boyhood's time of June,  
 Crowding years in one brief moon,  
 When all things I heard or saw,  
 Me, their master, waited for.  
 I was rich in flowers and trees,  
 Humming-birds and honey-bees ;

For my sport the squirrel played,  
 Plied the snouted mole his spade ;  
 For my taste the blackberry cone  
 Purpled over hedge and stone ;  
 Laughed the brook for my delight  
 Through the day and through the  
                   night,  
 Whispering at the garden wall,  
 Talked with me from fall to fall ;  
 Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,  
 Mine the walnut slopes beyond,  
 Mine, on bending orchard trees,  
 Apples of Hesperides !  
 Still as my horizon grew,  
 Larger grew my riches too,  
 All the world I saw or knew  
 Seemed a complex Chinese toy,  
 Fashioned for a barefoot boy !

O for festal dainties spread,  
 Like my bowl of milk and bread,—  
 Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,  
 On the door-stone, grey and rude !  
 O'er me, like a regal tent,  
 Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,  
 Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,  
 Looped in many a wind-swung fold ;  
 While for music came the play  
 Of the pied frogs' orchestra ;  
 And, to light the noisy choir,  
 Lit the fly his lamp of fire.  
 I was monarch : pomp and joy  
 Waited on the barefoot boy !

Cheerily, then, my little man,  
 Live and laugh, as boyhood can !  
 Though the flinty slopes be hard,  
 Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,  
 Every morn shall lead thee through  
 Fresh baptisms of the dew ;  
 Every evening from thy feet  
 Shall the cool wind kiss the heat :  
 All too soon these feet must hide  
 In the prison cells of pride,  
 Lose the freedom of the sod,  
 Like a colt's for work be shod,  
 Made to tread the mills of toil,  
 Up and down in ceaseless moil ;  
 Happy if their track be found  
 Never on forbidden ground ;  
 Happy if they sink not in  
 Quick and treacherous sands of sin.  
 Ah ! that thou couldst know thy joy,  
 Ere it passes, barefoot boy !



FLOWERS IN WINTER

PAINTED UPON A PORTE LIVRE.

How strange to greet, this frosty morn,  
In graceful counterfeit of flowers,  
These children of the meadows, born  
Of sunshine and of showers !

How well the conscious wood retains  
The pictures of its flower-sown  
home,—  
The lights and shades, the purple  
stains,  
And golden hues of bloom !

It was a happy thought to bring  
To the dark season's frost and  
rime  
This painted memory of spring,  
This dream of summer-time.

Our hearts are lighter for its sake,  
Our fancy's age renews its youth,  
And dim-remembered fictions take  
The guise of present truth.

A wizard of the Merrimack,—  
So old ancestral legends say,—  
Could call green leaf and blossom  
back  
To frosted stem and spray.

The dry logs of the cottage wall,  
Beneath his touch, put out their  
leaves ;  
The clay-bound swallow, at his call,  
Played round the icy eaves.

The settler saw his oaken frail  
Take bud, and bloom before his  
eyes ;  
From frozen pools he saw the pale  
Sweet summer lilies rise.

To their old homes, by man profaned,  
Came the sad dryads, exiled long,  
And through their leafy tongues com-  
plained  
Of household use and wrong.

The beechen platter sprouted wild,  
The pipkin wore its old-time green ;  
The cradle o'er the sleeping child  
Became a leafy screen.

Haply our gentle friend hath met,  
While wandering in her sylvan  
quest,  
Haunting his native woodlands yet  
That Druid of the West ;—

And, while the dew on leaf and  
flower  
Glistened in moonlight clear and  
still,  
Learned the dusk wizard's spell of  
power,  
And caught his trick of skill.

But welcome, be it new or old,  
The gift which makes the day  
more bright,  
And paints, upon the ground of cold  
And darkness, warmth and light !

Without is neither gold nor green ;  
Within, for birds, the birch-logs  
sing ;  
Yet, summer-like, we sit between  
The autumn and the spring.

The one, with bridal blush of rose,  
And sweetest breath of woodland  
balm,  
And one whose matron lips uncloze  
In smiles of saintly calm.

Fill soft and deep, O winter snow !  
The sweet azalia's oaken dells,  
And hide the bank where roses blow,  
And swing the azure bells !

O'erlay the amber violet's leaves,  
The purple aster's brookside home,  
Guard all the flowers her pencil  
gives  
A life beyond their bloom.

And she, when spring comes round  
again,  
By greening slope and singing flood  
Shall wander, seeking, not in vain,  
Her darlings of the wood.

## THE RENDITION

I HEARD the train's shrill whistle call,  
 I saw an earnest look beseech,  
 And rather by that look than  
 speech  
 My neighbour told me all.

And, as I thought of Liberty  
 Marched handcuffed down that  
 sworded street,  
 The solid earth beneath my feet  
 Reeled fluid as the sea.

I felt a sense of bitter loss,—  
 Shame, tearless grief and stifling  
 wrath,  
 And loathing fear, as if my path  
 A serpent stretched across.

All love of home, all pride of place,  
 All generous confidence and trust,  
 Sank smothering in that deep dis-  
 gust  
 And anguish of disgrace.

Down on my native hills of June,  
 And home's green quiet, hiding all  
 Fell sudden darkness, like the fall  
 Of midnight upon noon !

And Law, an unloosed maniac,  
 strong,  
 Blood-drunken, through the black-  
 ness trod,  
 Hoarse-shouting in the ear of God  
 The blasphemy of wrong.

"O Mother, from thy memories proud,  
 Thy old renown, dear Common-  
 wealth,  
 Lend this dead air a breeze of  
 health,  
 And smite with stars this cloud.

"Mother of Freedom, wise and brave,  
 Rise awful in thy strength," I  
 said ;  
 Ah me ! I spake but to the  
 dead ;  
 I stood upon her grave !  
 6th mo., 1854.

## LINES

*On the Passage of the Bill to Protect  
 the Rights and Liberties of the People  
 of the State against the Fugitive  
 Slave Act.*

I SAID I stood upon thy grave,  
 My Mother State, when last the  
 moon  
 Of blossoms clomb the skies of June.

And, scattering ashes on my head,  
 I wore, undreaming of relief,  
 The sackcloth of thy shame and  
 grief.

Again that moon of blossoms shines  
 On leaf and flower and folded wing,  
 And thou hast risen with the  
 spring !

Once more thy strong maternal arms  
 Are round about thy children  
 flung,—  
 A lioness that guards her young !

No threat is on thy closed lips,  
 But in thine eye a power to smite  
 The mad wolf backward from its  
 light.

Southward the baffled robber's track  
 Henceforth runs only ; hereaway,  
 The fell lycanthrope finds no prey.

Henceforth, within thy sacred gates,  
 His first low howl shall downward  
 draw  
 The thunder of thy righteous law.

Not mindless of thy trade and gain,  
 But acting on the wiser plan,  
 Thou'rt grown conservative of man.

So shalt thou clothe with life the hope,  
 Dream-painted on the sightless eyes  
 Of him who sang of Paradise,—

The vision of a Christian man  
 In virtue as in stature great,  
 Embodied in a Christian State.

And thou, amidst thy sisterhood  
 Forbearing long, yet standing fast,  
 Shalt win their grateful thanks at  
 last,

When North and South shall strive  
 no more,  
 And all their feuds and fears be lost  
 In Freedom's holy Pentecost.  
*6th mo., 1855.*

## THE FRUIT-GIFT

LAST night, just as the tints of  
 autumn's sky  
 Of sunset faded from our hills and  
 streams,  
 I sat, vague listening, lapped in  
 twilight dreams,  
 To the leaf's rustle, and the cricket's  
 cry.  
 Then, like that basket, flush with  
 summer fruit,  
 Dropped by the angels at the Pro-  
 phet's foot,  
 Came, unannounced, a gift of clustered  
 sweetness,  
 Full-orbed, and glowing with the  
 prisoned beams  
 Of summery-suns, and rounded to  
 completeness  
 By kisses of the south-wind and the  
 dew.  
 Thrilled with a glad surprise, me-  
 thought I knew  
 The pleasure of the homeward-turning  
 Jew,  
 When Eschol's clusters on his shoul-  
 ders lay,  
 Dropping their sweetness on his desert  
 way.  
 I said, "This fruit beseems no world  
 of sin.  
 Its parent vine, rooted in Paradise,  
 O'ercrept the wall, and never paid  
 the price  
 Of the great mischief,—an am-  
 brosial tree,  
 Eden's exotic, somehow smuggled in,  
 To keep the thorns and thistles  
 company."

Perchance our frail, sad mother  
 plucked in haste  
 A single vine-slip as she passed the  
 gate,  
 Where the dread sword alternate paled  
 and burned,  
 And the stern angel, pitying her fate,  
 Forgave the lovely trespasser, and  
 turned  
 Aside his face of fire; and thus the  
 waste  
 And fallen world hath yet its annual  
 taste  
 Of primal good, to prove of sin the  
 cost,  
 And show by one gleaned ear the  
 mighty harvest lost.

## A MEMORY

HERE, while the loom of Winter  
 weaves  
 The shroud of flowers and fountains,  
 I think of thee and summer eves  
 Among the Northern mountains.

When thunder tolled the twilight's  
 close,  
 And winds the lake were rude on,  
 And thou wert singing, "Ca' the  
 Yowes,"  
 The bonny yowes of Cluden!

When, close and closer, hushing  
 breath,  
 Our circle narrowed round thee,  
 And smiles and tears made up the  
 wreath  
 Wherewith our silence crowned  
 thee;

And, strangers all, we felt the ties  
 Of sisters and of brothers;  
 Ah! whose of all those kindly eyes  
 Now smile upon another's?

The sport of Time, who still apart  
 The waifs of life is flinging;  
 Oh, nevermore shall heart to heart  
 Draw nearer for that singing!

Yet when the panes are frosty-starred,  
And twilight's fire is gleaming,  
I hear the songs of Scotland's bard  
Sound softly through my dreaming !

A song that lends to winter snows  
The glow of summer weather,—  
Again I hear thee ca' the yowes  
To Cluden's hills of heather !

### TO C. S.

IF I have seemed more prompt to  
censure wrong  
Than praise the right ; if seldom to  
thine ear  
My voice hath mingled with the  
exultant cheer,  
Borne upon all our Northern winds  
along ;  
If I have failed to join the fickle throng  
In wide-eyed wonder, that thou  
standest strong  
In victory, surprised in thee to find  
Brougham's scathing power with Can-  
ning's grace combin'd ;  
That he, for whom the nine old Muses  
sang,  
From their twined arms a giant, late  
sprang,  
Barbing the arrows of his native tongue  
With the spent shafts Latona's archer,  
flung,  
To smite the Python of our land and  
time,  
Fell as the monster born of Crissa's  
slime,  
Like the blind bard who in Castalian  
springs  
Tempered the steel that clove the  
crest of kings,  
And on the shrine of England's free-  
dom laid  
The gifts of Cumæ and of Delphi's  
shade,—  
Small need hast thou of words of praise  
from me.  
Thou knowest my heart, dear friend,  
and well canst guess  
That, even though silent, I have  
not the less

Rejoiced to see thy actual life agree  
With the large future which I shaped  
for thee,  
When, years ago, beside the summer  
sea,  
White in the moon, we saw the long  
waves fall  
Baffled and broken from the rocky  
wall,  
That, to the menace of the brawling  
flood,  
Opposed alone its massive quietude,  
Calm as a fate ; with not a leaf nor  
vine  
Nor birch-spray trembling in the still  
moonshine,  
Crowning it like God's peace. I  
sometimes think  
That night-scene by the sea pro-  
phetical,—  
(For Nature speaks in symbols and in  
signs,  
And through her pictures human fate  
divines),—  
That rock, wherefrom we saw the  
billows sink  
In murmuring rout, uprising clear  
and tall  
In the white light of heaven, the type  
of one  
Who, momentarily by Error's host as-  
sailed,  
Stands strong as Truth, in greaves of  
granite mailed ;  
And, tranquil-fronted, listening  
over all  
The tumult, hears the angels say,  
Well done !

### THE KANSAS EMIGRANTS

WE cross the prairie as of old  
The pilgrims crossed the sea,  
To make the West, as they the East,  
The homestead of the free !

We go to rear a wall of men  
On Freedom's Southern line,  
And plant beside the cotton-tree  
The rugged Northern pine !

We're flowing from our native hills  
As our free rivers flow ;  
The blessing of our Mother-land  
Is on us as we go.

We go to plant her common schools  
On distant prairie swells,  
And give the Sabbaths of the wild  
The music of her bells.

Upbearing, like the Ark of old,  
The Bible in our van,  
We go to test the truth of God  
Against the fraud of man.

No pause, nor rest, save where the  
streams  
That feed the Kansas run,  
Save where our Pilgrim gonfalon  
Shall flout the setting sun !

We'll tread the prairie as of old  
Our fathers sailed the sea,  
And make the West, as they the  
East,  
The homestead of the free !

# SONG OF SLAVES IN THE DESERT<sup>50</sup>

WHERE are we going ? where are we  
going,

Where are we going, Rubee ?  
Lord of peoples, Lord of lands,  
Look across these shining sands,  
Through the furnace of the noon,  
Through the white light of the moon,  
Strong the Ghiblee wind is blowing,  
Strange and large the world is growing !  
Speak and tell us where we are going,  
Where are we going, Rubee ?

Bornou land was rich and good,  
Wells of water, fields of food,  
Dourra fields, and bloom of bean,  
And the palm-tree cool and green :  
Bornou land we see no longer,  
Here we thirst, and here we hunger,  
Here the Moor-man smites in anger :  
Where are we going, Rubee ?

When we went from Bornou land,  
We were like the leaves and sand,  
We were many, we are few ;  
Life has one, and death has two :  
Whitened bones our path are show-  
ing,  
Thou All-seeing, Thou All-knowing !  
Hear us, tell us, where are we going,  
Where are we going, Rubee ?

Moons of marches from our eyes  
Bornou land behind us lies ;  
Stranger round us day by day  
Bends the desert circle grey ;  
Wild the waves of sand are flowing,  
Hot the winds above them blowing,—  
Lord of all things !—where are we  
going ?  
Where are we going, Rubee ?

We are weak, but Thou art strong  
Short our lives, but Thine is long ;  
We are blind, but Thou hast eyes ;  
We are fools, but Thou art wise !  
Thou, our morrow's pathway know-  
ing  
Through the strange world round us  
growing  
Hear us, tell us where are we going,  
Where are we going, Rubee ?

# LINES

INSCRIBED TO FRIENDS UNDER  
ARREST FOR TREASON AGAINST  
THE SLAVE POWER.

THE age is dull and mean. Men  
creep,  
Not walk ; with blood too pale and  
tame  
To pay the debt they owe to  
shame ;  
Buy cheap, sell dear ; eat, drink, and  
sleep  
Down-pillowed, deaf to moaning  
want ;  
Pay tithes for soul-insurance ; keep  
Six days to Mammon, one to  
Cant.

In such a time, give thanks to God,  
That somewhat of the holy rage  
With which the prophets in their age  
On all its decent seemings trod,  
Has set your feet upon the lie,  
That man and ox and soul and clod  
Are market stock to sell and buy !

The hot words from your lips, my  
own,  
To caution trained, might not repeat ;  
But if some tares among the wheat  
Of generous thought and deed were  
sown,  
No common wrong provoked your  
zeal ;  
The silken gauntlet that is thrown  
In such a quarrel rings like steel.

The brave old strife the fathers saw  
For Freedom calls for men again  
Like those who battled not in vain  
For England's Charter, Alfred's law ;  
And right of speech and trial just  
Wage in your name their ancient war  
With venal courts and perjured trust.

God's ways seem dark, but, soon or  
late,  
They touch the shining hills of day ;  
The evil cannot brook delay,  
The good can well afford to wait.  
Give ermined knaves their hour of  
crime ;  
Ye have the future grand and great,  
The safe appeal of Truth to time !

### THE NEW EXODUS<sup>51</sup>

By fire and cloud, across the desert  
sand,  
And through the parted waves,  
From their long bondage, with an  
outstretched hand,  
God led the Hebrew slaves !

Dead as the letter of the Pentateuch,  
As Egypt's statues cold,  
In the adytum of the sacred book  
Now stands that marvel old.

"Lo, God *is* great !" the simple  
Moslem says.  
We seek the ancient date,  
Turn the dry scroll, and make that  
living phrase  
A dead one : " God *was* great !"

And, like the Coptic monks by  
Mousa's wells,  
We dream of wonders past,  
Vague as the tales the wandering  
Arab tells,  
Each drowsier than the last.

O fools and blind ! Above the Pyra-  
mids  
Stretches once more that hand,  
And tranced Egypt, from her stony  
lids,  
Flings back her veil of sand.

And morning-smitten Memnon, sing-  
ing, wakes ;  
And, listening by his Nile,  
O'er Ammon's grave and awful visage  
breaks  
A sweet and human smile.

Not, as before, with hail and fire, and  
call  
Of death for midnight graves,  
But in the stillness of the noonday, fall  
The fetters of the slaves.

No longer through the Red Sea, as of  
old,  
The bondmen walk dry-shod ;  
Through human hearts, by love of  
Him controlled,  
Runs now that path of God !

### THE HASCHISH

Of all that Orient lands can vaunt  
Of marvels with our own competing,  
The strangest is the Haschish plant,  
And what will follow on its eating.

What pictures to the taster rise,  
Of Dervish or of Almeh dances !  
Of Eblis, or of Paradise,  
Set all aglow with Houri glances !

The poppy visions of Cathay,  
The heavy beer-trance of the Suabian ;

The wizard lights and demon play  
Of nights Walpurgis and Arabian !

The Mollah and the Christian dog  
Change place in mad metempsychosis ;

The Muezzin climbs the synagogue,  
The Rabbi shakes his beard at Moses !

The Arab by his desert well  
Sits choosing from some Caliph's daughters,  
And hears his single camel's bell  
Sound welcome to his regal quarters.

The Koran's reader makes complaint  
Of Shitan dancing on and off it ;  
The robber offers alms, the saint  
Drinks Tokay and blasphemes the Prophet.

Such scenes that Eastern plant awakes ;

But we have one ordained to beat it,  
The Haschish of the West, which makes

Or fools or knaves of all who eat it.

The preacher eats, and straight appears

His Bible in a new translation ;  
Its angels negro overseers,  
And Heaven itself a snug plantation !

The man of peace, about whose dreams

The sweet millennial angels cluster,  
Tastes the mad weed, and plots and schemes,  
A raving Cuban filibuster !

The noisiest Democrat, with ease,  
It turns to Slavery's parish beadle ;  
The shrewdest statesman eats and sees

Due southward point the polar needle.

The Judge partakes, and sits ere long  
Upon his bench a railing black-guard ;

Decides off-hand that right is wrong,  
And reads the ten commandments backward.

O potent plant ! so rare a taste  
Has never Turk or Gentoo gotten ;  
The hempen Haschish of the East  
Is powerless to our Western Cotton !



# BALLADS AND LATER POEMS

[1856-1857]

## MARY GARVIN

FROM the heart of Waumbek Methna,  
from the lake that never fails,  
Falls the Saco in the green lap of  
Conway's intervalles ;

There, in wild and virgin freshness,  
its waters foam and flow,  
As when Darby Field first saw them,  
two hundred years ago.

But, vexed in all its seaward course  
with bridges, dams, and mills,  
How changed is Saco's stream, how  
lost its freedom of the hills,

Since travelled Jocelyn, factor Vines,  
and stately Champernoon  
Heard on its banks the grey wolf's  
howl, the trumpet of the loon !

With smoking axle hot with speed,  
with steeds of fire and steam,  
Wide waked To-day leaves Yesterday  
behind him like a dream.

Still, from the hurrying train of Life,  
fly backward far and fast  
The milestones of the fathers, the  
landmarks of the past.

But human hearts remain unchanged :  
the sorrow and the sin,  
The loves and hopes and fears of old,  
are to our own akin ;

And if, in tales our fathers told, the  
songs our mothers sung,  
Tradition wears a snowy beard, Ro-  
mance is always young.

O sharp-lined man of traffic, on Saco's  
banks to-day !

O mill-girl watching late and long the  
shuttle's restless play !

Let, for the once, a listening ear the  
working hand beguile,  
And lend my old Provincial tale, as  
suits, a tear or smile !

The evening gun had sounded from  
grey Fort Mary's walls ;  
Through the forest, like a wild beast,  
roared and plunged the Saco's  
falls.

And westward on the sea-wind, that  
damp and gusty grew,  
Over cedars darkening inland the  
smokes of Spurwink blew.

On the hearth of Farmer Garvin  
blazed the crackling walnut log ;  
Right and left sat dame and goodman,  
and between them lay the dog,

Head on paws, and tail slow wagging,  
and beside him on her mat,  
Sitting drowsy in the fire-light, winked  
and purred the mottled cat.

"Twenty years !" said Goodman  
Garvin, speaking sadly, under  
breath,  
And his grey head slowly shaking, as  
one who speaks of death.

The goodwife dropped her needles :  
"It is twenty years to-day,  
Since the Indians fell on Saco, and  
stole our child away."



Then they sank into the silence, for  
each knew the other's thought,  
Of a great and common sorrow, and  
words were needed not.

"Who knocks?" cried Goodman  
Garvin. The door was open  
thrown;

On two strangers, man and maiden,  
cloaked and furred, the fire-light  
shone.

One with courteous gesture lifted the  
bear-skin from his head;

"Lives here Elkanah Garvin?" "I  
am he," the goodman said.

"Sit ye down, and dry and warm  
ye, for the night is chill with  
rain."

And the goodwife drew the settle, and  
stirred the fire amain.

The maid unclasped her cloak-hood,  
the fire-light glistened fair  
In her large, moist eyes, and over  
soft folds of dark brown hair.

Dame Garvin looked upon her: "It  
is Mary's self I see!  
Dear heart!" she cried, "now tell  
me, has my child come back to  
me?"

"My name indeed is Mary," said the  
stranger, sobbing wild;

"Will you be to me a mother? I am  
Mary Garvin's child!

"She sleeps by wooded Simcoe, but  
on her dying day  
She bade my father take me to her  
kinsfolk far away.

"And when the priest besought her  
to do me no such wrong,  
She said, 'May God forgive me! I  
have closed my heart too long.

When I hid me from my father,  
and shut out my mother's call,  
I sinned against those dear ones, and  
the Father of us all.

"Christ's love rebukes no home-love,  
breaks no tie of kin apart;  
Better heresy in doctrine, than heresy  
of heart.

"Tell me not the Church must cen-  
sure: she who wept the Cross  
beside

Never made her own flesh strangers,  
nor the claims of blood denied;

"And if she who wronged her parents,  
with her child atones to them,  
Earthly daughter, Heavenly mother!  
thou at least wilt not condemn!"

"So upon her death-bed lying, my  
blessed mother spake;  
As we come to do her bidding, so  
receive us for her sake."

"God be praised!" said Goodwife  
Garvin, "He taketh and He  
gives;  
He woundeth, but He healeth; in her  
child our daughter lives!"

"Amen!" the old man answered, as  
he brushed a tear away,  
And, kneeling by his hearthstone,  
said with reverence, "Let us  
prayer."

All its Oriental symbols, and its  
Hebrew paraphrase,  
Warm with earnest life and feeling,  
rose his prayer of love and praise.

But he started at beholding, as he  
rose from off his knee,  
The stranger cross his forehead with  
the sign of Papistie.

"What is this?" cried Farmer Garvin.  
"Is an English Christian's home  
A chapel or a mass-house, that you  
make the sign of Rome?"

Then the young girl knelt beside him,  
kissed his trembling hand, and  
cried:

"Oh, forbear to chide my father; in  
that faith my mother died!

"On her wooden cross at Simcoe the  
dews and sunshine fall,  
As they fall on Spurwink's graveyard ;  
and the dear God watches all !"

The old man stroked the fair head  
that rested on his knee ;

"Your words," dear child, he answered,  
"are God's rebuke to me.

"Creed and rite perchance may differ,  
yet our faith and hope be one.  
Let me be your father's father, let him  
be to me a son."

When the horn, on Sabbath morning,  
through the still and frosty air,  
From Spurwink, Pool, and Black  
Point, called to sermon and to  
prayer,

To the goodly house of worship, where,  
in order due and fit,  
As by public vote directed, classed and  
ranked the people sit ;

Mistress first and goodwife after,  
clerkly squire before the clown,  
From the bravecoat, lace-embroidered,  
to the grey frock, shading down ;

From the pulpit read the preacher,—  
"Goodman Garvin and his wife  
Fain would thank the Lord, whose  
kindness has followed them  
through life,

"For the great and crowning mercy,  
that their daughter from the wild,  
Where she rests (they hope in God's  
peace), has sent to them her child ;

"And the prayers of all God's people  
they ask, that they may prove  
Not unworthy, through their weak-  
ness, of such special proof of  
love."

As the preacher prayed, uprising, the  
aged couple stood,  
And the fair Canadian also, in her  
modest maidenhood.

Thought the elders, grave and doubt-  
ing, "She is Papist born and  
bred ;"

Thought the young men, "'Tis an  
angel in Mary Garvin's stead !"

### MAUD MULLER

MAUD MULLER, on a summer's day,  
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth  
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry  
glee  
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But when she glanced to the far-off  
town,  
White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague  
unrest  
And a nameless longing filled her  
breast,—

A wish, that she hardly dared to own,  
For something better than she had  
known.

The Judge rode slowly down the  
lane,  
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade  
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,

And asked a draught from the spring  
that flowed  
Through the meadow across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring  
bubbled up,  
And filled for him her small tin cup,

And blushed as she gave it, looking  
down  
On her feet so bare, and her tattered  
gown.

"Thanks!" said the Judge; "a sweeter draught  
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."

He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees,  
Of the singing birds and the humming bees;

Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether  
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.

And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,  
And her graceful ankles bare and brown;

And listened, while a pleased surprise  
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay  
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Muller looked and sighed:  
"Ah me!  
That I the Judge's bride might be!

"He would dress me up in silks so fine,  
And praise and toast me at his wine.

"My father should wear a broadcloth coat;  
My brother should sail a painted boat.

"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,  
And the baby should have a new toy each day.

"And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,  
And all should bless me who left our door."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,  
And saw Maud Muller standing still.

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,  
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

"And her modest answer and graceful air  
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

"Would she were mine, and I to-day,  
Like her, a harvester of hay:

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,  
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,

"But low of cattle and song of birds,  
And health and quiet and loving words."

But he thought of his sisters proud and cold,  
And his mother vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart the Judge rode on,  
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,  
When he hummed in Court an old love tune;

And the young girl mused beside the well  
Till the rain on the unaked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,  
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,  
He watched a picture come and go;

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes  
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft, when the wine in his glass was red,  
He longed for the wayside well instead;

And closed his eyes on his garnished  
rooms  
To dream of meadows and clover-  
blooms.

And the proud man sighed, with a  
secret pain,  
"Ah, that I were free again !

"Free as when I rode that day,  
Where the barefoot maiden raked her  
hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and  
poor,  
And many children played round her  
door.

But care and sorrow, and childbirth  
pain,  
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft, when the summer sun shone  
hot  
On the new-mown hay in the meadow  
lot,

And she heard the little spring brook  
fall  
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again  
She saw a rider draw his rein.

And, gazing down with timid grace,  
She felt his pleased eyes read her  
face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls  
Stretched away into stately halls ;

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,  
The tallow candle an astral burned,

And for him who sat by the chimney  
lug,  
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and  
mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,  
And joy was duty and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life  
again,  
Saying only, "It might have been."

Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,  
For rich repiner and household  
drudge !

God pity them both ! and pity us all,  
Who vainly the dreams of youth  
recall.

For of all sad words of tongue or  
pen,  
The saddest are these : "It might  
have been !"

Ah, well ! for us all some sweet hope  
lies  
Deeply buried from human eyes ;

And, in the hereafter, angels may  
Roll the stone from its grave away !

### THE RANGER

ROBERT RAWLIN !—Frosts were fall-  
ing

When the ranger's horn was calling  
Through the woods to Canada.

Gone the winter's sleet and snowing,  
Gone the spring-time's bud and  
blowing,

Gone the summer's harvest mowing,  
And again the fields are gray.

Yet away, he's away !  
Faint and fainter hope is growing  
In the hearts that mourn his stay.

Where the lion, crouching high on  
Abraham's rock with teeth of iron,  
Glares o'er wood and wave away,  
Faintly thence, as pines far sighing,  
Or as thunder spent and dying,  
Come the challenge and replying,  
Come the sounds of flight and fray,  
Well-a-day ! Hope and pray !  
Some are living, some are lying  
In their red graves far away.

Straggling rangers, worn with dangers,  
Homeward faring, weary strangers

Pass the farm-gate on their way ;  
Tidings of the dead and living,  
Forest march and ambush, giving,  
Till the maidens leave their weaving,  
And the lads forget their play.

"Still away, still away !"

Sighs a sad one, sick with grieving,  
"Why does Robert still delay !"

Nowhere fairer, sweeter, rarer,  
Does the golden-locked fruit-bearer  
Through his painted woodlands  
stray,

Than where hillside oaks and beeches  
Overlook the long, blue reaches,  
Silver coves and pebbled beaches,  
And green isles of Casco Bay ;

Nowhere day, for delay,  
With a tenderer look beseeches,  
"Let me with my charmed earth  
stay."

On the grain-lands of the mainlands  
Stands the serried corn like train-  
bands,

Plume and pennon rustling gay ;  
Out at sea, the islands wooded,  
Silver birches, golden-hooded,  
Set with maples, crimson-blooded,  
White sea-foam and sand-hills  
gray,

Stretch away, far away.  
Dim and dreamy, over-brooded  
By the hazy autumn day.

Gaily chattering to the clattering  
Of the brown nuts downward patter-  
ing

Leap the squirrels, red and gray.  
On the grass-land, on the fallow,  
Drop the apples, red and yellow ;  
Drop the russet pears and mellow,  
Drop the red leaves all the day.  
And away, swift away,  
Sun and cloud, o'er hill and hollow  
Chasing, weave their web of play.

"Martha Mason, Martha Mason,  
Priethee tell us of the reason  
Why you mope at home to-day :  
Surely smiling is not sinning ;

Leave your quilling, leave your spin-  
ning ;

What is all your store of linen,  
If your heart is never gay ?  
Come away, come away !  
Never yet did sad beginning  
Make the task of life a play."

Overbending, till she's blending  
With the flaxen skein she's tending  
Pale brown tresses smoothed away  
From her face of patient sorrow,  
Sits she, seeking but to borrow,  
From the trembling hope of morrow,  
Solace for the weary day.

"Go your way, laugh and play ;  
Unto Him who heeds the sparrow  
And the lily, let me pray."

"With our rally, rings the valley,—  
Join us !" cried the blue-eyed Nelly ;  
"Join us !" cried the laughing May,  
"To the beach we all are going,  
And, to save the task of rowing,  
West by north the wind is blowing,  
Blowing briskly down the bay !  
Come away, come away !  
Time and tide are swiftly flowing,  
Let us take them while we may !

"Never tell us that you'll fail us,  
Where the purple beach-plum mellows  
On the bluffs so wild and gray.  
Hasten, for the oars are falling ;  
Hark, our merry mates are calling ;  
Time it is that we were all in,  
Singing tideward down the bay !"  
"Nay, nay, let me stay ;  
Sore and sad for Robert Rawlin  
Is my heart," she said, "to-day."

"Vain your calling for Rob Rawlin !  
Some red squaw his moose-meat's  
broiling,

Or some French lass, singing gay ;  
Just forget as he's forgetting ;  
What avails a life of fretting ?  
If some stars must needs be setting,  
Others rise as good as they."

"Cease, I pray ; go your way !"  
Martha cries, her eyelids wetting ;  
"Foul and false the words you  
say !"

"Martha Mason, hear to reason !  
Prithee, put a kinder face on !"

"Cease to vex me," did she say ;  
"Better at his side be lying,  
With the mournful pine-trees sighing,  
And the wild birds o'er us crying,  
Than to doubt like mine a prey ;  
While away, far away,  
Turns my heart, for ever trying  
Some new hope for each new day.

"When the shadows veil the meadows,  
And the sunset's golden ladders  
Sink from twilight's walls of gray,—  
From the window of my dreaming,  
I can see his sickle gleaming,  
Cheery-voiced, can hear him teaming  
Down the locust-shaded way ;  
But away, swift away,  
Fades the fond, delusive seeming,  
And I kneel again to pray.

"When the growing dawn is showing,  
And the barn-yard cock is crowing,  
And the horned moon pales away :  
From a dream of him awaking,  
Every sound my heart is making

Seems a footstep of his taking ;  
Then I hush the thought, and say,  
'Nay, nay, he's away !'  
Ah ! my heart, my heart is breaking  
For the dear one far away."

Look up, Martha ! worn and swarthy,  
Glow's a face of manhood worthy :  
"Robert !" "Martha !" all they say.

O'er went wheel and reel together,  
Little cared the owner whither ;  
Heart of lead is heart of feather,  
Noon of night is noon of day !  
Come away, come away !  
When such lovers meet each other,  
Why should prying idlers stay ?

Quench the timber's fallen embers,  
Quench the red leaves in December's  
Hoary rime and chilly spray.  
But the hearth shall kindle clearer,  
Household welcomes sound sincerer,  
Heart to loving heart grow nearer,  
When the bridal bells shall say :  
"Hope and pray, trust away ;  
Life is sweeter, love is dearer,  
For the trial and delay !"



### THE LAST WALK IN AUTUMN

#### I.

O'ER the bare woods, whose out-  
stretched hands  
Plead with the leaden heavens in  
vain,  
I see, beyond the valley lands,  
The sea's long level dim with rain.  
Around me all things, stark and dumb,  
Seem praying for the snows to come,  
And, for the summer bloom and green-  
ness gone,  
With winter's sunset lights and daz-  
zling morn atone.

#### II.

Along the river's summer walk,  
The withered tufts of asters  
nod ;  
And trembles on its arid stalk  
The hoar plume of the golden  
rod.  
And on a ground of sombre fir,  
And azure-studded juniper,  
The silver birch its buds of purple  
shows,  
And scarlet berries tell where bloomed  
the sweet wild-rose !

## III.

With mingled sound of horns and  
bells,  
A far-heard clang, the wild geese  
fly,  
Storm-sent, from Arctic moors and  
fells,  
Like a great arrow through the  
sky,  
Two dusky lines converged in  
one,  
Chasing the southward - flying  
sun ;  
While the brave snow-bird and the  
hardy jay  
Call to them from the pines, as if to  
bid them stay.

## IV.

I passed this way a year ago :  
The wind blew south ; the noon  
of day  
Was warm as June's ; and save that  
snow  
Flecked the low mountains far  
away,  
And that the vernal - seeming  
breeze  
Mocked faded grass and leafless  
trees,  
I might have dreamed of summer as  
I lay,  
Watching the fallen leaves with the  
soft wind at play.

## V.

Since then, the winter blasts have  
piled  
The white pagodas of the snow  
On these rough slopes, and, strong  
and wild,  
Yon river, in its overflow  
Of spring-time rain and sun, set  
free,  
Crashed with its ices to the sea ;  
And over these grey fields, then green  
and gold,  
The summer corn has waved, the  
thunder's organ rolled.

## VI.

Rich gift of God ! A year of time !  
What pomp of rise and shut of day,  
What hues wherewith our Northern  
clime  
Makes autumn's dropping wood-  
lands gay,  
What airs outblown from ferny dells,  
And clover-bloom and sweetbrier  
smells,  
What songs of brooks and birds, what  
fruit and flowers,  
Green woods and moonlit snows, have  
in its round been ours !

## VII.

I know not how, in other lands,  
The changing seasons come and  
go ;  
What splendours fall on Syrian  
sands,  
What purple lights on Alpine  
snow !  
Nor how the pomp of sunrise waits  
On Venice at her watery gates ;  
A dream alone to me is Arno's vale,  
And the Alhambra's halls are but a  
traveller's tale.

## VIII.

Yet, on life's current, he who drifts  
Is one with him who rows or sails ;  
And he who wanders widest lifts  
No more of beauty's jealous veils  
Than he who from his doorway sees  
The miracle of flowers and trees,  
Feels the warm Orient in the noonday  
air,  
And from cloud minaret hears the  
sunset call to prayer !

## IX.

The eye may well be glad, that looks  
Where Pharpar's fountains rise  
and fall ;  
But he who sees his native brooks  
Laugh in the sun, has seen them  
all.

The marble palaces of Ind  
 Rise round him in the snow and  
 wind;  
 From his lone sweetbrier Persian  
 Hafiz smiles,  
 And Rome's cathedral awe is in his  
 woodland aisles.

## x.

And thus it is my fancy blends  
 The near at hand and far and rare;  
 And while the same horizon bends  
 Above the silver-sprinkled hair  
 Which flashed the light of morning  
 skies  
 On childhood's wonder-lifted eyes,  
 Within its round of sea and sky and  
 field,  
 Earth wheels with all her zones, the  
 Kosmos stands revealed.

## xi.

And thus the sick man on his bed,  
 The toiler to his task-work bound,  
 Behold their prison-walls outspread,  
 Their clipped horizon widen  
 round!  
 While freedom-giving fancy waits,  
 Like Peter's angel at the gates,  
 The power is theirs to baffle care and  
 pain,  
 To bring the lost world back, and  
 make it theirs again!

## xii.

What lack of goodly company,  
 When masters of the ancient lyre  
 Obey my call, and trace for me  
 Their words of mingled tears and  
 fire!  
 I talk with Bacon, grave and wise,  
 I read the world with Pascal's eyes;  
 And priest and sage, with solemn  
 brows austere,  
 And poets, garland-bound, the Lords  
 of Thought, draw near.

## xiii.

Methinks, O friend, I hear thee say,  
 "In vain the human heart we  
 mock;

Bring living guests who love the day,  
 Not ghosts who fly at crow of  
 cock!  
 The herbs we share with flesh and  
 blood  
 Are better than ambrosial food,  
 With laurelled shades." I grant it,  
 nothing loath,  
 But doubly blessed is he who can  
 partake of both.

## xiv.

He who might Plato's banquet  
 grace,  
 Have I not seen before me sit,  
 And watched his puritanic face,  
 With more than Eastern wisdom  
 lit?  
 Shrewd mystic! who, upon the back  
 Of his Poor Richard's Almanack,  
 Writing the Sufi's song, the Gentoo's  
 dream,  
 Links Menu's age of thought to  
 Fulton's age of steam!

## xv.

Here too, of answering love secure,  
 Have I not welcomed to my  
 hearth  
 The gentle pilgrim troubadour,  
 Whose songs have girdled half  
 the earth;  
 Whose pages, like the magic mat  
 Whereon the Eastern lover sat,  
 Have borne me over Rhineland's  
 purple vines,  
 And Nubia's tawny sands, and Phry-  
 gia's mountain pines!

## xvi.

And he, who to the lettered wealth  
 Of ages adds the lore unpriced,  
 The wisdom and the moral health,  
 The ethics of the school of Christ;  
 The statesman to his holy trust,  
 As the Athenian archon, just,  
 Struck down, exiled like him for truth  
 alone,  
 Has he not graced my home with  
 beauty all his own?



## XVII.

What greetings smile, what fare-  
wells wave,  
What loved ones enter and depart !  
The good, the beautiful, the brave,  
The Heaven-lent treasures of the  
heart !  
How conscious seems the frozen sod  
And beechen slope whereon they  
trod !  
The oak-leaves rustle, and the dry  
grass bends  
Beneath the shadowy feet of lost or  
absent friends.

## XVIII.

Then ask not why to these bleak hills  
I cling as clings the tufted moss,  
To bear the winter's lingering chills,  
The mocking spring's perpetual  
loss.  
I dream of lands where summer  
smiles,  
And soft winds blow from spicy isles,  
But scarce would Ceylon's breath of  
flowers be sweet,  
Could I not feel thy soil, New Eng-  
land, at my feet !

## XIX.

At times I long for gentler skies,  
And bathe in dreams of softer air,  
But homesick tears would fill the  
eyes  
That saw the Cross without the  
Bear.  
The pine must whisper to the palm,  
The north-wind break the tropic  
calm ;  
And with the dreamy languor of the  
Line,  
The North's keen virtue blend, and  
strength to beauty join.

## XX.

Better to stem with heart and hand  
The roaring tide of life, than lie,  
Unmindful, on its flowery strand,  
Of God's occasions drifting by !

Better with naked nerve to bear  
The needles of this goading air,  
Than, in the lap of sensual ease, forego  
The godlike power to do, the godlike  
aim to know.

## XXI.

Home of my heart ! to me more fair  
Than gay Versailles or Windsor's  
halls,  
The painted, shingly town-house  
where  
The freeman's vote for Freedom  
falls !  
The simple roof where prayer is  
made,  
Than Gothic groin and colonnade ;  
The living temple of the heart of man,  
Than Rome's sky-mocking vault, or  
many-spired Milan !

## XXII.

More dear thy equal village schools,  
Where rich and poor the Bible  
read,  
Than classic halls where Priestcraft  
rules,  
And Learning wears the chains  
of Creed ;  
Thy glad Thanksgiving, gathering in  
The shattered sheaves of home and  
kin,  
Than the mad license following Len-  
ten pains,  
Or holidays of slaves who laugh and  
dance in chains.

## XXIII.

And sweet homes nestle in these  
dales,  
And perch along these wooded  
swells ;  
And, blest beyond Arcadian vales,  
They hear the sound of Sabbath  
bells !  
Here dwells no perfect man sublime,  
Nor woman winged before her time,  
But with the faults and follies of the  
race,  
Old home-bred virtues hold their not  
unhonoured place.

## XXIV.

Here manhood struggles for the sake  
 Of mother, sister, daughter, wife,  
 The graces and the loves which make  
 The music of the march of life ;  
 And woman, in her daily round  
 Of duty, walks on holy ground.  
 No unpaid menial till the soil, nor here  
 Is the bad lesson learned at human  
 rights to sneer.

## XXV.

Then let the icy north-wind blow  
 The trumpets of the coming  
 storm,  
 To arrowy sleet and blinding snow  
 Yon slanting lines of rain trans-  
 form—  
 Young hearts shall hail the drifted  
 cold,  
 As gaily as I did of old ;  
 And I, who watch them through the  
 frosty pane,  
 Unenvious, live in them my boyhood  
 o'er again.

## XXVI.

And I will trust that He who heeds  
 The life that hides in mead and  
 wold,  
 Who hangs yon alder's crimson  
 beads,  
 And stains these mosses green  
 and gold,  
 Will still, as He hath done, incline  
 His gracious care to me and mine ;  
 Grant what we ask aright, from wrong  
 debar,  
 And, as the earth grows dark, make  
 brighter every star !

## XXVII.

I have not seen, I may not see,  
 My hopes for man take form in  
 fact,  
 But God will give the victory  
 In due time ; in that faith I act.  
 And he who sees the future sure,  
 The baffling present may endure,

And bless, meanwhile, the unseen  
 Hand that leads  
 The heart's desires beyond the halting  
 step of deeds.

## XXVIII.

And thou, my song, I send thee  
 forth,  
 Where harsher songs of mine  
 have flown ;  
 Go, find a place at home and hearth  
 Where'er thy singer's name is  
 known ;  
 Revive for him the kindly thought  
 Of friends ; and they who love him  
 not,  
 Touched by some strain of thine, per-  
 chance may take  
 The hands he proffers all, and thank  
 him for thy sake.

## THE MAYFLOWERS

The trailing arbutus, or Mayflower, grows abundantly in the vicinity of Plymouth, and was the first flower that greeted the Pilgrims after their fearful winter.

SAD Mayflower ! watched by winter  
 stars,  
 And nursed by winter gales,  
 With petals of the sleeted spars,  
 And leaves of frozen sails !

What had she in those dreary hours,  
 Within her ice-rimmed bay,  
 In common with the wild-wood  
 flowers,  
 The first sweet smiles of May ?

Yet, "God be praised !" the Pilgrim  
 said,  
 Who saw the blossoms peer  
 Above the brown leaves, dry and dead,  
 "Behold our Mayflower here !"

"God wills it : here our rest shall be,  
 Our years of wandering o'er,  
 For us the Mayflower of the sea  
 Shall spread her sails no more."

O sacred flowers of faith and hope,  
As sweetly now as then  
Ye bloom on many a birchen slope,  
In many a pine-dark glen.

Behind the sea-wall's rugged length,  
Unchanged, your leaves unfold,  
Like love behind the manly strength  
Of the brave hearts of old.

So live the fathers in their sons,  
Their sturdy faith be ours,  
And ours the love that overruns  
Its rocky strength with flowers.

The Pilgrim's wild and wintry day  
Its shadow round us draws ;  
The Mayflower of his stormy bay,  
Our Freedom's struggling cause.

But warmer suns ere long shall bring  
To life the frozen sod ;  
And, through dead leaves of hope,  
shall spring  
Afresh the flowers of God !

#### ' BURIAL OF BARBOUR \*

BEAR him, comrades, to his grave ;  
Never over one more brave  
Shall the prairie grasses weep,  
In the ages yet to come  
When the millions in our room,  
What we sow in tears, shall reap.

Bear him up the icy hill,  
With the Kansas, frozen still  
As his noble heart, below,  
And the land he came to till  
With a freeman's thews and will,  
And his poor hut roofed with snow !

One more look of that dead face  
Of his murder's ghastly trace !  
One more kiss, O widowed one !

\* Barbour was one of the first slain of those men who endeavoured by settling in the new territories to shut out slavery, restricting it at all costs within the original State limits. John Brown's first work was in the same cause. [Ed.]

Lay your left hands on his brow,  
Lift your right hands up, and vow  
That his work shall yet be done.

Patience, friends ! The eye of God  
Every path by Murder trod  
Watches, lidless, day and night ;  
And the dead man in his shroud,  
And his widow weeping loud,  
And our hearts, are in His sight

Every deadly threat that swells  
With the roar of gambling hells,  
Every brutal jest and jeer,  
Every wicked thought and plan  
Of the cruel heart of man,  
Though but whispered, He can hear !

We in suffering, they in crime,  
Wait the just award of time,  
Wait the vengeance that is due ;  
Not in vain a heart shall break,  
Not a tear for Freedom's sake  
Fall unheeded : God is true.

While the flag with stars bedecked  
Threatens where it should protect,  
And the Law shakes hands with  
Crime,  
What is left us but to wait,  
Match our patience to our fate,  
And abide the better time ?

Patience, friends ! The human heart  
Everywhere shall take our part,  
Everywhere for us shall pray ;  
On our side are nature's laws,  
And God's life is in the cause  
That we suffer for to-day.

Well to suffer is divine ;  
Pass the watchword down the line,  
Pass the countersign : " ENDURE."  
Not to him who rashly dares,  
But to him who nobly bears,  
Is the victor's garland sure.

Frozen earth to frozen breast,  
Lay our slain one down to rest ;  
Lay him down in hope and faith,  
And above the broken sod,  
Once again, to Freedom's God,  
Pledge ourselves for life or death,

That the State whose walls we lay,  
 In our blood and tears, to-day,  
 Shall be free from bonds of shame  
 And our goodly land untrod  
 By the feet of Slavery, shod  
 With cursing as with flame !

Plant the Buckeye on his grave,  
 For the hunter of the slave  
 In its shadow cannot rest ;  
 And let martyr mound and tree  
 Be our pledge and guaranty  
 Of the freedom of the West.

### TO PENNSYLVANIA

O STATE prayer-founded ! never hung  
 Such choice upon a people's tongue,  
 Such power to bless or ban,  
 As that which makes thy whisper Fate,  
 For which on thee the centuries wait,  
 And destinies of man !

Across thy Alleghanian chain,  
 With groanings from a land in pain,  
 The west-wind finds its way :  
 Wild-wailing from Missouri's flood  
 The crying of thy children's blood  
 Is in thy ears to-day !

And unto thee in Freedom's hour  
 Of sorest need God gives the power  
 To ruin or to save ;  
 To wound or heal, to blight or bless  
 With fertile field or wilderness,  
 A free home or a grave !

Then let thy virtue match the crime,  
 Rise to a level with the time ;  
 And, if a son of thine  
 Betray or tempt thee, Brutus-like  
 For Fatherland and Freedom strike  
 As Justice gives the sign.

Wake, sleeper, from thy dream of ease,  
 The great occasion's forelock seize ;  
 And, let the north-wind strong,  
 And golden leaves of autumn, be  
 Thy coronal of Victory  
 And thy triumphal song.  
*20th mo., 1856.*

### THE PASS OF THE SIERRA

ALL night above their rocky bed  
 They saw the stars march slow ;  
 The wild Sierra overhead,  
 The desert's death below.

The Indian from his lodge of bark,  
 The grey bear from his den,  
 Beyond their camp-fire's wall of dark  
 Glared on the mountain men.

Still upward turned, with anxious  
 strain,  
 Their leader's sleepless eye,  
 Where splinters of the mountain  
 chain  
 Stood black against the sky.

The night waned slow : at last, a  
 glow,  
 A gleam of sudden fire,  
 Shot up behind the walls of snow,  
 And tipped each icy spire.

"Up, men !" he cried, "yon rocky  
 cone,  
 To-day, please God, we'll pass, .  
 And look from Winter's frozen throne  
 On Summer's flowers and grass !"

They set their faces to the blast,  
 They trod the eternal snow,  
 And faint, worn, bleeding, hailed at  
 last  
 The promised land below.

Behind, they saw the snow-cloud  
 tossed  
 By many an icy horn ;  
 Before, warm valleys, wood-embossed,  
 And green with vines and corn.

They left the Winter at their backs  
 To flap his baffled wing,  
 And downward, with the cataracts,  
 Leaped to the lap of Spring.

Strong leader of that mountain band,  
 Another task remains,  
 To break from Slavery's desert land  
 A path to Freedom's plains.

The winds are wild, the way is drear,  
 Yet, flashing through the night,  
 Lo! icy ridge and rocky spear  
 Blaze out in morning light!

Rise up, FREMONT! and go before;  
 The Hour must have its Man;  
 Put on the hunting-shirt once more,  
 And lead in Freedom's van!  
*8th mo., 1856.*

### THE CONQUEST OF FINLAND <sup>52</sup>

ACROSS the frozen marshes  
 The winds of autumn blow,  
 And the fen-lands of the Wetter  
 Are white with early snow.

But where the low, grey headlands  
 Look o'er the Baltic brine,  
 A bark is sailing in the track  
 Of England's battle-line.

No wares hath she to barter  
 For Bothnia's fish and grain;  
 She saileth not for pleasure,  
 She saileth not for gain.

But still by isle or mainland  
 She drops her anchor down,  
 Where'er the British cannon  
 Rained fire on tower and town.

Out spake the ancient Amtman,  
 At the gate of Helsingfors:  
 "Why comes this ship a-spying  
 In the track of England's wars?"

"God bless her," said the coastguard,—  
 "God bless the ship, I say.  
 The holy angels trim the sails  
 That speed her on her way!

Where'er she drops her anchor,  
 The peasant's heart is glad;  
 Where'er she spreads her parting sail,  
 The peasant's heart is sad.

"Each wasted town and hamlet  
 She visits to restore;  
 To roof the shattered cabin,  
 And feed the starving poor.

"The sunken boats of fishers,  
 The foraged beeves and grain,  
 The spoil of flake and storehouse,  
 The good ship brings again.

"And so to Finland's sorrow  
 The sweet amend is made,  
 As if the healing hand of Christ  
 Upon her wounds were laid!"

Then said the grey old Amtman,  
 "The will of God be done!  
 The battle lost by England's hate,  
 By England's love is won!

"We braved the iron tempest  
 That thundered on our shore;  
 But when did kindness fail to find  
 The key to Finland's door?

"No more from Aland's ramparts  
 Shall warning signal come,  
 Nor startled Sweaborg hear again  
 The roll of midnight drum.

"Beside our fierce Black Eagle  
 The Dove of Peace shall rest;  
 And in the mouths of cannon  
 The sea-bird make her nest.

"For Finland, looking seaward,  
 No coming foe shall scan;  
 And the holy bells of Abo  
 Shall ring, 'Good-will to man!'

"Then row thy boat, O fisher!  
 In peace on lake and bay;  
 And thou, young maiden, dance again  
 Around the poles of May!

"Sit down, old men, together;  
 Old wives, in quiet spin;  
 Henceforth the Anglo-Saxon  
 Is the brother of the Finn!"

*A LAY OF OLD TIME*

WRITTEN FOR THE ESSEX COUNTY  
AGRICULTURAL FAIR.

ONE morning of the first sad Fall,  
Poor Adam and his bride  
Sat in the shade of Eden's wall—  
But on the outer side.

She, blushing in her figleaf suit  
For the chaste garb of old ;  
He, sighing o'er his bitter fruit  
For Eden's drupes of gold.

Behind them, smiling in the morn,  
Their forfeit garden lay,  
Before them, wild with rock and  
thorn,  
The desert stretched away.

They heard the air above them fanned,  
A light step on the sward,  
And lo ! they saw before them stand  
The angel of the Lord !

"Arise," he said, "why look behind,  
When hope is all before,  
And patient hand and willing mind,  
Your loss may yet restore ?

"I leave with you a spell whose power  
Can make the desert glad,  
And call around you fruit and flower  
As fair as Eden had.

"I clothe your hands with power to  
lift  
The curse from off your soil ;  
Your very doom shall seem a gift,  
Your loss a gain through Toil.

"Go, cheerful as yon humming bees,  
To labour as to play."  
White glimmering over Eden's trees  
The angel passed away.

The pilgrims of the world went forth  
Obedient to the word,  
And found where'er they tilled the  
earth  
A garden of the Lord !

The thorn-tree cast its evil fruit  
And blushed with plum and pear,  
And seeded grass and trodden root  
Grew sweet beneath their care.

We share our primal parents' fate,  
And in our turn and day,  
Look back on Eden's sworded gate  
As sad and lost as they.

But still for us his native skies  
The pitying Angel leaves,  
And leads through Toil to Paradise  
New Adams and new Eves !

*WHAT OF THE DAY?*

A SOUND of tumult troubles all the  
air,

Like the low thunders of a sultry  
sky

Far-rolling ere the downnight light-  
nings glare ;

The hills blaze red with warnings ;  
foes draw nigh,

Treading the dark with challenge  
and reply.

Behold the burden of the prophet's  
vision,—

The gathering hosts,—the Valley of  
Decision,

Dusk with the wings of eagles  
wheeling o'er,

Day of the Lord, of darkness and  
not light !

It breaks in thunder and the whirl-  
wind's roar !

Even so, Father ! Let Thy will be  
done,—

Turn and o'erturn, end what Thou  
hast begun

In judgment or in mercy : as for me,  
If but the least and frailest, let me be  
Evermore numbered with the truly  
free

Who find Thy service perfect liberty !  
I fain would thank Thee that my  
mortal life

Has reached the hour (albeit through  
care and pain)

When Good and Evil, as for final  
 strife,  
 Close dim and fast on Armaged-  
 don's plain;  
 And Michael and his angels once  
 again  
 Drive howling back the Spirits of  
 the Night.  
 O for the faith to read the signs  
 aright  
 And, from the angle of Thy perfect  
 sight,  
 See Truth's white banner floating on  
 before;  
 And the Good Cause, despite of  
 venal friends,  
 And base expedients, move to noble  
 ends;  
 See Peace with Freedom make to  
 Time amends,  
 And, through its cloud of dust, the  
 threshing-floor,  
 Flailed by the thunder, heaped with  
 chaffless grain!

1857.

## THE FIRST FLOWERS

FOR ages on our river borders,  
 These tassels in their tawny bloom,  
 And willowy studs of downy silver,  
 Have prophesied of Spring to come.

For ages have the unbound waters  
 Smiled on them from their pebbly  
 hem,  
 And the clear carol of the robin  
 And song of bluebird welcomed  
 them.

But never yet from smiling river,  
 Or song of early bird, have they  
 Been greeted with a gladder welcome  
 Than whispers from my heart to-  
 day.

They break the spell of cold and  
 darkness,  
 The weary watch of sleepless pain;  
 And from my heart, as from the river,  
 The ice of winter melts again.

Thanks, Mary! for this wild-wood  
 token  
 Of Freya's footsteps drawing near;  
 Almost, as in the rune of Asgard,  
 The growing of the grass I hear.

It is as if the pine trees called me  
 From ceiled room and silent  
 books,  
 To see the dance of woodland shadows,  
 And hear the song of April brooks!

As in the old Teutonic ballad  
 Live singing bird and flowering  
 tree,  
 Together live in bloom and music,  
 I blend in song thy flowers and  
 thee.

Earth's rocky tablets bear for ever  
 The dint of rain and small bird's  
 track,  
 Who knows but that my idle verses  
 May leave some trace by Merrimack!

The bird that trod the mellow layers  
 Of the young earth is sought in  
 vain;  
 The cloud is gone that wove the sand-  
 stone  
 From God's design, with threads of  
 rain!

So, when this fluid age we live in  
 Shall stiffen round my careless  
 rhyme,  
 Who made the vagrant tracks may  
 puzzle  
 The savants of the coming time:

And, following out their dim sugges-  
 tions,  
 Some idly-curious hand may draw  
 My doubtful portraiture, as Cuvier  
 Drew fish and bird from fin and  
 claw.

And maidens in the far-off twilights,  
 Singing my words to breeze and  
 stream,  
 Shall wonder if the old-time Mary  
 Were real, or the rhymer's dream!

1st, 3rd mo., 1857.

## MY NAMESAKE

YOU scarcely need my tardy thanks,  
Who, self-rewarded, nurse and  
tend—

A green leaf on your own Green  
Banks—  
The memory of your friend.

For me, no wreath, bloom-woven,  
hides  
The sobered brow and lessening  
hair :

For aught I know, the myrtled sides  
Of Helicon are bare.

Their scallop-shells so many bring  
The fabled founts of song to try,  
They've drained, for aught I know,  
the spring  
Of Aganippe dry.

Ah well!—the wreath the Muses  
braid  
Proves often Folly's cap and  
bell ;  
Methinks, my ample beaver's shade  
May serve my turn as well.

Let Love's and Friendship's tender  
debt  
Be paid by those I love in life.  
Why should the unborn critic whet  
For me his scalping-knife ?

Why should the stranger peer and  
pry  
One's vacant house of life about,  
And drag for curious ear and eye  
His faults and follies out ?—

Why stuff, for fools to gaze upon,  
With chaff of words, the garb he  
wore,  
As corn-husks when the ear is gone  
Are rustled all the more ?

Let kindly Silence close again,  
The picture vanish from the eye,  
And on the dim and misty main  
Let the small ripple die.

Yet not the less I own your claim  
To grateful thanks, dear friends of  
mine.

Hang, if it please you so, my name  
Upon your household line.

Let Fame from brazen lips blow wide  
Her chosen names, I envy none :  
A mother's love, a father's pride,  
Shall keep alive my own !

Still shall that name as now recall  
The young leaf wet with morning  
dew,

The glory where the sunbeams fall  
The breezy woodlands through.

That name shall be a household word,  
A spell to waken smile or sigh ;  
In many an evening prayer be heard  
And cradle lullaby.

And thou, dear child, in riper days  
When asked the reason of thy  
name,  
Shalt answer : " One 'twere vain to  
praise  
Or censure bore the same.

" Some blamed him, some believed  
him good,—  
The truth lay doubtless 'twixt the  
two,—  
He reconciled as best he could  
Old faith and fancies new.

" In him the grave and playful mixed,  
And wisdom held with folly truce,  
And Nature compromised betwixt  
Good fellow and recluse.

" He loved his friends, forgave his foes;  
And, if his words were harsh at  
times,  
He spared his fellow-men,—his blows  
Fell only on their crimes.

" He loved the good and wise, but  
found  
His human heart to all akin  
Who met him on the common ground  
Of suffering and of sin.



"Whate'er his neighbours might endure  
Of pain or grief his own became ;  
For all the ills he could not cure  
He held himself to blame.

"His good was mainly an intent,  
His evil not of forethought done ;  
The work he wrought was rarely meant  
Or finished as begun.

"Ill served his tides of feeling strong  
To turn the common mills of use ;  
And, over restless wings of song,  
His birthright garb hung loose !

"His eye was beauty's powerless slave,  
And his the ear which discord pains,  
Few guessed beneath his aspect grave  
What passions strove in chains.

"He had his share of care and pain,  
No holiday was life to him ;  
Still in the heirloom cup we drain  
The bitter drop will swim.

"Yet Heaven was kind, and here a bird  
And there a flower beguiled his way ;  
And, cool, in summer noons, he heard  
The fountains splash and play.

"On all his sad or restless moods  
The patient peace of Nature stole ;  
The quiet of the fields and woods  
Sank deep into his soul.

"He worshipped as his fathers did,  
And kept the faith of childish days,  
And, howsoe'er he strayed or slid,  
He loved the good old ways.

The simple tastes, the kindly traits,  
The tranquil air, and gentle speech,  
The silence of the soul that waits  
For more than man to teach.

"The cant of party, school, and sect,  
Provoked at times his honest scorn,  
And Folly, in its grey respect,  
He tossed on satire's horn.

"But still his heart was full of awe  
And reverence for all sacred things ;  
And, brooding over form and law,  
He saw the Spirit's wings !

"Life's mystery wrapt him like a cloud ;  
He heard far voices mock his own,  
The sweep of wings unseen, the loud  
Long roll of waves unknown.

"The arrows of his straining sight  
Fell quenched in darkness ; priest  
and sage,  
Like lost guides calling left and right,  
Perplexed his doubtful age.

"Like childhood, listening for the sound  
Of its dropped pebbles in the well,  
All vainly down the dark profound  
His brief-lined plummet fell.

"So, scattering flowers with pious pains  
On old beliefs, of later creeds,  
Which claimed a place in Truth's domains,  
He asked the title-deeds.

"He saw the old-time's groves and shines  
In the long distance fair and dim ;  
And heard, like sound of far-off pines,  
The century-mellowed hymn !

"He dared not mock the Dervish whirl,  
The Brahmin's rite, the Lama's spell ;  
God knew the heart ; Devotion's pearl  
Might sanctify the shell.

"While others trod the altar stairs  
He faltered like the publican ;  
And, while they praised as saints, his prayers  
Were those of sinful man.

"For, awed by Sinai's Mount of Law,  
The trembling faith alone sufficed,  
That, through its cloud and flame, he saw  
The sweet, sad face of Christ !—

“And listening, with his forehead  
bowed,  
Heard the Divine compassion  
fill

The pauses of the trump and cloud  
With whispers small and still.

“The words he spake, the thoughts  
he penned,  
Are mortal as his hand and brain,  
But, if they served the Master’s  
end,  
He has not lived in vain !”

Heaven make thee better than thy  
name,  
Child of my friends !—For thee I  
crave  
What riches never bought, nor fame  
To mortal longing gave.

I pray the prayer of Plato old :  
God make thee beautiful within,  
And let thine eyes the good behold  
In everything save sin !

Imagination held in check  
To serve, not rule, thy poised mind ;  
Thy Reason, at the frown or beck  
Of Conscience, loose or bind.

No dreamer thou, but real all,—  
Strong manhood crowning vigorous  
youth ;  
Life made by duty epical,  
And rhythmic with the truth.

So shall that life the fruitage yield  
Which trees of healing only give,  
And green-leaved in the Eternal field  
Of God, for ever live !



# HOME BALLADS AND LYRICS

[1860]

I CALL the old time back : I bring  
these lays  
To thee, in memory of the summer days  
When, by our native streams and  
forest ways,

We dreamed them over ; while the  
rivulets made  
Songs of their own, and the great  
pine-trees laid  
On warm noon-lights the masses of  
their shade.

And *she* was with us, living o'er again  
Her life in ours, despite of years and  
pain,—  
The autumn's brightness after latter  
rain.

Beautiful in her holy peace as one  
Who stands, at evening, when the  
work is done,  
Glorified in the setting of the sun !

Her memory makes our common land-  
scape seem  
Fairer than any of which painters  
dream,  
Lights the brown hills and sings in  
every stream ;

For she whose speech was always  
truth's pure gold  
Heard, not unpleased, its simple le-  
gends told,  
And loved with us the beautiful and  
old.

## THE WITCH'S DAUGHTER

It was the pleasant harvest time,  
When cellar-bins are closely stowed,  
And garrets bend beneath their load,

And the old swallow-haunted barns—  
Brown-gabled, long, and full of  
seams  
Through which the moted sunlight  
streams,

And winds blow freshly in, to shake  
The red plumes of the roosted  
cocks,  
And the loose hay-mow's scented  
locks—

Are filled with summer's ripened  
stores,  
Its odorous grass and barley sheaves,  
From their low scaffolds to their  
eaves.

On Esek Harden's oaken floor,  
With many an autumn threshing  
worn,  
Lay the heaped ears of unhusked  
corn.

And thither came young men and  
maids,  
Beneath a moon that, large and low  
Lit that sweet eve of long ago.

They took their places ; some by  
chance,  
And others by a merry voice  
Or sweet smile guided to their  
choice.

How pleasantly the rising moon,  
Between the shadow of the mows.  
Looked on them through the great  
elm-boughs !—

On sturdy boyhood sun-embrowned,  
On girlhood with its solid curves  
Of healthful strength and painless  
nerves !

And jest went round, and laughs that  
made  
The house-dog answer with his howl,  
And kept astir the barn-yard fowl ;

And quaint old songs their fathers sung,  
In Derby dales and Yorkshire moors,  
Ere Norman William trod their  
shores ;

And tales, whose merry license shook  
The fat sides of the Saxon thane,  
Forgetful of the hovering Dane !

But still the sweetest voice was mute  
That river valley ever heard  
From lip of maid or throat of bird ;

For Mabel Martin sat apart,  
And let the hay-mow's shadow fall  
Upon the loveliest face of all.

She sat apart, as one forbid,  
Who knew that none would con-  
descend  
To own the Witch-wife's child a  
friend.

The seasons scarce had gone their  
round,  
Since curious thousands thronged  
to see  
Her mother on the gallows-tree ;

And mocked the palsied limbs of age,  
That faltered on the fatal stairs,  
And wan lip trembling with its  
prayers !

Few questioned of the sorrowing child,  
Or, when they saw the mother die,  
Dreamed of the daughter's agony.

They went up to their homes that  
day,  
As men and Christians justified :  
God willed it, and the wretch had  
died !

Dear God and Father of us all,  
Forgive our faith in cruel lies,—  
Forgive the blindness that denies !

Forgive Thy creature when he takes  
For the all-perfect love Thou art,  
Some grim creation of his heart.

Cast down our idols, overturn  
Our bloody altars ; let us see  
Thyself in Thy humanity !

Poor Mabel from her mother's grave  
Crept to her desolate hearth-stone,  
And wrestled with her fate alone ;

With love, and anger, and despair,  
The phantoms of disordered sense,  
The awful doubts of Providence !

The school-boys jeered her as they  
passed,  
And, when she sought the house of  
prayer,  
Her mother's curse pursued her  
there.

And still o'er many a neighbouring door  
She saw the horseshoe's curved  
charm,  
To guard against her mother's  
harm ;—

That mother, poor, and sick, and lame,  
Who daily, by the old arm-chair,  
Folded her withered hands in  
prayer ;—

Who turned, in Salem's dreary jail,  
Her worn old Bible o'er and o'er,  
When her dim eyes could read no  
more !

Sore tried and pained, the poor girl  
kept  
Her faith, and trusted that her way,  
So dark, would somewhere meet the  
day.

And still her weary wheel went round  
Day after day, with no relief ;  
Small leisure have the poor for  
grief.

So in the shadow Mabel sits ;  
 Untouched by mirth she sees and  
 hears,  
 Her smile is sadder than her tears.

But cruel eyes have found her out,  
 And cruel lips repeat her name,  
 And taunt her with her mother's  
 shame.

She answered not with railing words,  
 But drew her apron o'er her face,  
 And, sobbing, glided from the place.

And only pausing at the door,  
 Her sad eyes met the troubled  
 gaze  
 Of one who, in her better days,

Had been her warm and steady friend,  
 Ere yet her mother's doom had  
 made  
 Even Esek Harden half afraid.

He felt that mute appeal of tears,  
 And, starting, with an angry frown  
 Hushed all the wicked murmurs  
 down.

"Good neighbours mine," he sternly  
 said,  
 "This passes harmless mirth or  
 jest ;  
 I brook no insult to my guest.

"She is indeed her mother's child ;  
 But God's sweet pity ministers  
 Unto no whiter soul than hers.

"Let Goody Martin rest in peace ;  
 I never knew her harm a fly,  
 And witch or not, God knows,—  
 not I.

"I know who swore her life away ;  
 And, as God lives, I'd not condemn  
 An Indian dog on word of them."

The broadest lands in all the town,  
 The skill to guide, the power to  
 awe,  
 Were Harden's ; and his word was  
 law.

None dared withstand him to his  
 face,  
 But one sly maiden spake aside :  
 "The little witch is evil-eyed !

'Her mother only killed a cow,  
 Or witched a churn or dairy-pan ;  
 But she, forsooth, must charm a  
 man !"

Poor Mabel, in her lonely home,  
 Sat by the window's narrow pane,  
 White in the moonlight's silver  
 rain.

The river, on its pebbled rim,  
 Made music such as childhood  
 knew ;  
 The door-yard tree was whispered  
 through

By voices such as childhood's ear  
 Had heard in moonlights long ago ;  
 And through the willow-boughs  
 below

She saw the rippled waters shine ;  
 Beyond, in waves of shade and  
 light  
 The hills rolled off into the night.

Sweet sounds and pictures mocking so  
 The sadness of her human lot,  
 She saw and heard, but heeded not.

She strove to drown her sense of  
 wrong,  
 And, in her old and simple way,  
 To teach her bitter heart to pray.

Poor child ! the prayer, begun in faith,  
 Grew to a low, despairing cry  
 Of utter misery : "Let me die !

"Oh ! take me from the scornful  
 eyes,  
 And hide me where the cruel speech  
 And mocking finger may not reach !

"I dare not breathe my mother's  
 name :  
 A daughter's right I dare not crave  
 To weep above her unblest grave !

" Let me not live until my heart,  
With few to pity, and with none  
To love me, hardens into stone.

" O God ! have mercy on Thy child,  
Whose faith in Thee grows weak  
and small,  
And take me ere I lose it all ! "

A shadow on the moonlight fell,  
And murmuring wind and wave  
became  
A voice whose burden was her name.

Had then God heard her ? Had He  
sent  
His angel down ? In flesh and  
blood,  
Before her Esek Harden stood !

He laid his hand upon her arm :  
" Dear Mabel, this no more shall  
be ;  
Who scoffs at you, must scoff at me.

" You know rough Esek Harden well ;  
And if he seems no suitor gay,  
And if his hair is touched with gray,

" The maiden grown shall never find  
His heart less warm than when she  
smiled,  
Upon his knees, a little child ! "

Her tears of grief were tears of joy,  
As, folded in his strong embrace,  
She looked in Esek Harden's face.

" O truest friend of all ! " she said.  
" God bless you for your kindly  
thought,  
And make me worthy of my lot ! "

He led her through his dewy fields,  
To where the swinging lanterns  
glowed,  
And through the doors the huskers  
showed.

" Good friends and neighbours ! "  
Esek said,  
" I'm weary of this lonely life ;  
In Mabel see my chosen wife !

" She greets you kindly, one and  
all ;  
The past is past, and all offence  
Falls harmless from her innocence.

" Henceforth she stands no more  
alone ;  
You know what Esek Harden is :—  
He brooks no wrong to him or  
his."

Now let the merriest tales be told,  
And let the sweetest songs be sung  
That ever made the old heart  
young !

For now the lost has found a home ;  
And a lone hearth shall brighter  
burn,  
As all the household joys return !

Oh, pleasantly the harvest moon,  
Between the shadow of the mows,  
Looked on them through the great  
elm-boughs !

On Mabel's curls of golden hair,  
On Esek's shaggy strength it fell ;  
And the wind whispered, " It is  
well ! "

### THE GARRISON OF CAPE ANN

FROM the hills of home forth looking,  
far beneath the tent-like span  
Of the sky, I see the white gleam of  
the headland of Cape Ann.  
Well I know its coves and beaches to  
the ebb-tide glimmering down,  
And the white-walled hamlet children  
of its ancient fishing-town.

Long has passed the summer morning,  
and its memory waxes old,  
When along yon breezy headlands  
with a pleasant friend I strolled.  
Ah ! the autumn sun is shining, and  
the ocean wind blows cool,  
And the golden-rod and aster bloom  
around thy grave, Rantoul !

With the memory of that morning  
 by the summer sea I blend  
 A wild and wondrous story, by the  
 younger Mather penned,  
 In that quaint *Magnalia Christi*,  
 with all strange and marvellous  
 things,  
 Heaped up, huge and undigested, like  
 the chaos Ovid sings.

Dear to me these far, faint glimpses  
 of the dual life of old,  
 Inward, grand with awe and rever-  
 ence; outward, mean and coarse  
 and cold;  
 Gleams of mystic beauty playing over  
 dull and vulgar clay;  
 Golden-threaded fancies weaving in a  
 web of hoddin gray.

The great eventful Present hides the  
 Past; but through the din  
 Of its loud life hints and echoes from  
 the life behind steal in;  
 And the lore of home and fireside,  
 and the legendary rhyme,  
 Make the task of duty lighter which  
 the true man owes his time.

So, with something of the feeling  
 which the Covenanter knew,  
 When with pious chisel wandering  
 Scotland's moorland graveyards  
 through,  
 From the graves of old traditions I  
 part the blackberry-vines,  
 Wipe the moss from off the head-  
 stones, and retouch the faded  
 lines.

\* \* \*

Where the sea-waves back and for-  
 ward, hoarse with rolling pebbles,  
 ran,  
 The garrison-house stood watching on  
 the grey rocks of Cape Ann;  
 On its windy site uplifting gabled  
 roof and palisade,  
 And rough walls of unhewn timber  
 with the moonlight overlaid.

On his slow round walked the sentry,  
 south and eastward looking forth  
 O'er a rude and broken coast-line,  
 white with breakers stretching  
 north,—  
 Wood and rock and gleaming sand-  
 drift, jagged capes, with bush  
 and tree,  
 Leaning inland from the smiting of  
 the wild and gusty sea.

Before the deep-mouthed chimney,  
 dimly lit by dying brands,  
 Twenty soldiers sat and waited, with  
 their muskets in their hands;  
 On the rough-hewn oaken table the  
 venison haunch was shared,  
 And the pewter tankard circled slowly  
 round from beard to beard.

Long they sat and talked together,—  
 talked of wizards Satan-sold;  
 Of all ghostly sights and noises,—  
 signs and wonders manifold;  
 Of the spectre-ship of Salem, with  
 the dead men in her shrouds,  
 Sailing sheer above the water in the  
 loom of morning clouds;

Of the marvellous valley hidden in  
 the depths of Gloucester woods,  
 Full of plants that love the summer,—  
 blooms of warmer latitudes;  
 Where the Arctic birch is braided by  
 the tropic's flowery vines,  
 And the white magnolia-blossoms  
 star the twilight of the pines!

But their voices sank yet lower, sank  
 to husky tones of fear,  
 As they spake of present tokens of  
 the powers of evil near;  
 Of a spectral host, defying stroke of  
 steel and aim of gun;  
 Never yet was ball to slay them in  
 the mould of mortals run!

Thrice, with plumes and flowing  
 scalp-locks, from the midnight  
 wood they came,—  
 Thrice around the block-house march-  
 ing, met, unharmed, its volleyed  
 flame;

Then, with mocking laugh and gesture,  
sunk in earth or lost in air,

All the ghostly wonder vanished, and  
the moonlit sands lay bare.

Midnight came; from out the forest  
moved a dusky mass that soon  
Grew to warriors, plumed and painted,  
grimly marching in the moon.

"Ghosts or witches," said the captain,  
"thus I foil the Evil One!"  
And he rammed a silver button, from  
his doublet, down his gun.

Once again the spectral horror moved  
the guarded wall about;

Once again the levelled muskets  
through the palisades flashed out,

With that deadly aim the squirrel on  
his tree-top might not shun,  
Nor the beach-bird seaward flying  
with his slant wing to the sun.

Like the idle rain of summer sped the  
harmless shower of lead,  
With a laugh of fierce decision, once  
again the phantoms fled;  
Once again, without a shadow on the  
sands the moonlight lay,  
And the white smoke curling through  
it drifted slowly down the bay!

"God preserve us!" said the captain;  
"never mortal foes were there:

They have vanished with their leader,  
Prince and Power of the air!  
Lay aside your useless weapons; skill  
and prowess naught avail;  
They who do the devil's service wear  
their master's coat of mail!"

So the night grew near to cock-crow,  
when again a warning call  
Roused the score of weary soldiers  
watching round the dusky hall:  
And they looked to flint and priming,  
and they longed for break of day;  
But the captain closed his Bible: "Let  
us cease from man, and pray!"

To the men who went before us,  
all the unseen powers seemed near,

And their steadfast strength of courage  
struck its roots in holy fear.

Every hand forsook the musket, every  
head was bowed and bare,

Every stout knee pressed the flag-  
stones, as the captain led in prayer.

Ceased thereat the mystic march-  
ing of the spectres round the wall,

But a sound abhorred, unearthly,  
smote the ears and hearts of all,—

Howls of rage and shrieks of anguish!  
Never after mortal man

Saw the ghostly leaguers marching  
round the block-house of Cape Ann.

So to us who walk in summer through  
the cool and sea-blown town,

From the childhood of its people  
comes the solemn legend down.

Not in vain the ancient fiction, in  
whose moral lives the youth

And the fitness and the freshness of  
an undecaying truth.

Soon or late to all our dwellings come  
the spectres of the mind,

Doubts and fears and dread fore-  
bodings, in the darkness un-  
defined;

Round us throng the grim projections  
of the heart and of the brain,

And our pride of strength is weak-  
ness, and the cunning hand is vain.

In the dark we cry like children; and  
no answer from on high

Breaks the crystal spheres of silence,  
and no white wings downward fly;

But the heavenly help we pray for  
comes to faith, and not to sight,

And our prayers themselves drive  
backward all the spirits of the night!



THE PROPHECY OF SAMUEL  
SEWALL

1697.

Up and down the village streets  
 Strange are the forms my fancy  
 meets,  
 For the thoughts and things of to-  
 day are hid,  
 And through the veil of a closed lid  
 The ancient worthies I see again :  
 I hear the tap of the elder's cane,  
 And his awful periwig I see,  
 And the silver buckles of shoe and  
 knee.  
 Stately and slow, with thoughtful  
 air,  
 His black cap hiding his whitened  
 hair,  
 Walks the Judge of the great Assize,  
 Samuel Sewall the good and wise.  
 His face with lines of firmness wrought,  
 He wears the look of a man un-  
 bought,  
 Who swears to his hurt and changes  
 not ;  
 Yet, touched and softened neverthe-  
 less  
 With the grace of Christian gentle-  
 ness,  
 The face that a child would climb to  
 kiss !  
 True and tender and brave and just,  
 That man might honour and woman  
 trust.

Touching and sad, a tale is told,  
 Like a penitent hymn of the Psalmist  
 old,  
 Of the fast which the good man life-  
 long kept  
 With a haunting sorrow that never  
 slept,  
 As the circling year brought round  
 the time  
 Of an error that left the sting of  
 crime,  
 When he sat on the bench of the  
 witchcraft courts,  
 With the laws of Moses and Hale's  
 Reports,

And spake, in the name of both, the  
 word  
 That gave the witch's neck to the  
 cord,  
 And piled the oaken planks that  
 pressed  
 The feeble life from the warlock's  
 breast !  
 All the day long, from dawn to  
 dawn,  
 His door was bolted, his curtain  
 drawn ;  
 No foot on his silent threshold trod,  
 No eye looked on him save that of  
 God,  
 As he baffled the ghosts of the dead  
 with charms  
 Of penitent tears, and prayers, and  
 psalms,  
 And, with precious proofs from the  
 sacred word  
 Of the boundless pity and love of the  
 Lord,  
 His faith confirmed and his trust re-  
 newed  
 That the sin of his ignorance, sorely  
 rued,  
 Might be washed away in the mingled  
 flood  
 Of his human sorrow and Christ's  
 dear blood !

Green for ever the memory be  
 Of the Judge of the old Theocracy,  
 Whom even his errors glorified,  
 Like a far-seen, sunlit mountain-side  
 By the cloudy shadows which o'er it  
 glide !  
 Honour and praise to the Puritan  
 Who the halting step of his age outran,  
 And, seeing the infinite worth of  
 man  
 In the priceless gift the Father gave,  
 In the infinite love that stooped to  
 save,  
 Dared not brand his brother a slave !  
 " Who doth such wrong," he was  
 wont to say,  
 In his own quaint, picture-loving  
 way,  
 " Flings up to Heaven a hand-grenade  
 Which God shall cast down upon his  
 head ! "

Widely as heaven and hell, contrast  
 That brave old jurist of the past  
 And the cunning trickster and knave  
 of courts  
 Who the holy features of Truth dis-  
 torts,—  
 Ruling as right the will of the strong,  
 Poverty crime, and weakness wrong ;  
 Wide-eared to power, to the wronged  
 and weak  
 Deaf as Egypt's gods of leek ;  
 Scoffing aside at party's nod  
 Order of nature and law of God ;  
 For whose dabbled ermine respect  
 were waste,  
 Reverence folly, and awe misplaced ;  
 Justice of whom 'twere vain to seek  
 As from Koordish robber or Syrian  
 Sheik !  
 Oh, leave the wretch to his bribes  
 and sins,  
 Let him rot in the web of lies he spins !  
 To the saintly soul of the early day,  
 To the Christian judge, let us turn  
 and say :  
 " Praise and thanks for an honest  
 man !—  
 Glory to God for the Puritan ! "

I see, far southward, this quiet  
 day,  
 The hills of Newbury rolling away,  
 With the many tints of the season gay,  
 Dreamily blending in autumn mist  
 Crimson, and gold, and anethyst.  
 Long and low, with dwarf trees  
 crowned,  
 Plum Island lies, like a whale a-  
 ground,  
 A stone's toss over the narrow sound.  
 Inland, as far as the eye can go,  
 The hills curve round like a bended  
 bow ;  
 A silver arrow from out them sprung,  
 I see the shine of the Quasycung ;  
 And, round and round, over valley  
 and hill,  
 Old roads winding, as old roads will,  
 Here to a ferry, and there to a mill ;  
 And glimpses of chimneys and gabled  
 eaves,  
 Through green elm arches and maple  
 leaves,—

Old homesteads sacred to all that  
 can  
 Gladden or sadden the heart of man,—  
 Over whose thresholds of oak and  
 stone  
 Life and Death have come and gone !  
 There pictured tiles in the fireplace  
 show,  
 Great beams sag from the ceiling low,  
 The dresser glitters with polished  
 wares,  
 The long clock ticks on the foot-worn  
 stairs,  
 And the low, broad chimney shows  
 the crack  
 By the earthquake made a century  
 back.  
 Up from their midst springs the  
 village spire  
 With the crest of its cock in the sun  
 afire ;  
 Beyond are orchards and planting  
 lands,  
 And great salt marshes and glimmer-  
 ing sands,  
 And, where north and south the coast-  
 lines run,  
 The blink of the sea in breeze and sun !

I see it all like a chart unrolled,  
 But my thoughts are full of the past  
 and old,  
 I hear the tales of my boyhood told ;  
 And the shadows and shapes of early  
 days  
 Flit dimly by in the veiling haze,  
 With measured movement and rhyth-  
 mic chime  
 Weaving like shuttles my web of  
 rhyme.  
 I think of the old man wise and good  
 Who once on yon misty hillsides  
 stood,  
 (A poet who never measured rhyme,  
 A seer unknown to his dull-eared  
 time,)  
 And, propped on his staff of age,  
 looked down,  
 With his boyhood's love on his native  
 town,  
 Where, written, as if on its hills and  
 plains,  
 His burden of prophecy yet remains,

For the voices of wood, and wave,  
and wind  
To read in the ear of the musing  
mind :—

“ As long as Plum Island, to guard  
the coast  
As God appointed, shall keep its  
post ;  
As long as a salmon shall haunt the  
deep  
Of Merrimack River, or sturgeon  
leap ;  
As long as pickerel swift and slim,  
Or red-backed perch, in Crane Pond  
swim ;  
As long as the annual sea-fowl know  
Their time to come and their time to  
go ;  
As long as cattle shall roam at will  
The green, grass meadows by Turkey  
Hill ;  
As long as sheep shall look from the  
side  
Of Oldtown Hill on marshes wide,  
And Parker River, and salt-sea tide ;  
As long as a wandering pigeon shall  
search  
The fields below from his white oak  
perch,  
When the barley-harvest is ripe and  
shorn,  
And the dry husks fall from the  
standing corn ;  
As long as Nature shall not grow  
old,  
Nor drop her work from her doting  
hold,  
And her care for the Indian corn forget,  
And the yellow rows in pairs to set ;—  
So long shall Christians here be born,  
Grow up and ripen as God's sweet  
corn !—  
By the beak of bird, by the breath of  
frost,  
Shall never a holy ear be lost,  
But, husked by Death in the Planter's  
sight,  
Be sown again in the fields of light ! ”

The Island still is purple with  
plums,  
Up the river the salmon comes,

The sturgeon leaps and the wild-fowl  
feeds  
On hillside berries and marish seeds,—  
All the beautiful signs remain,  
From spring-time sowing to autumn  
rain  
The good man's vision returns again !  
And let us hope, as well we can,  
That the Silent Angel who garners  
man  
May find some grain as of old he found  
In the human cornfield ripe and sound,  
And the Lord of the Harvest deign  
to own  
The precious seed by the fathers sown !

SKIPPER IRESON'S RIDE

Or all the rides since the birth of time,  
Told in story or sung in rhyme,—  
On Apuleius's Golden Ass,  
Or one-eyed Calendar's horse of brass,  
Witch astride of a human back,  
Islam's prophet on Al-Borák,—  
The strangest ride that ever was sped  
Was Ireson's, out from Marblehead !  
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,  
Tarred and feathered and carried  
in a cart  
By the women of Marblehead !

Body of turkey, head of owl,  
Wings a-droop like a rained-on fowl,  
Feathered and ruffled in every part,  
Skipper Ireson stood in the cart.  
Scores of women, old and young,  
Strong of muscle, and glib of tongue,  
Pushed and pulled up the rocky lane,  
Shouting and singing the shrill re-  
frain :  
“ Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd  
horrt,  
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a  
corrt  
By the women o' Morble'ead ! ”

Wrinkled scolds with hands on hips,  
Girls in bloom of cheek and lips,  
Wild-eyed, free-limbed, such as chase  
Bacchus round some antique vase,

Brief of skirt, with ankles bare,  
Loose of kerchief and loose of hair,  
With conch-shells blowing and fish-  
horns' twang,

Over and over the Mænads sang :

"Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd  
horrt,

Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a  
corrt

By the women o' Morble'ead !"

Small pity for him !—He sailed away  
From a leaking ship, in Chaleur  
Bay,—

Sailed away from a sinking wreck,  
With his own town's-people on her  
deck !

"Lay by ! lay by !" they called to  
him.

Back he answered, "Sink or swim !  
Brag of your catch of fish again !"

And off he sailed through the fog and  
rain !

Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard  
heart,

Tarred and feathered and carried  
in a cart

By the women of Marblehead !

Fathoms deep in dark Chaleur  
That wreck shall lie for evermore.  
Mother and sister, wife and maid,  
Looked from the rocks of Marblehead  
Over the moaning and rainy sea,—  
Looked for the coming that might  
not be !

What did the winds and the sea-birds  
say

Of the cruel captain who sailed  
away ?—

Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard  
heart,

Tarred and feathered and carried  
in a cart

By the women of Marblehead !

Through the street, on either side,  
Up flew windows, doors swung wide ;  
Sharp-tongued spinsters, old wives  
gray,

Treble lent the fish-horn's bray.  
Sea-worn grandsires, cripple-bound,  
Hulks of old sailors run aground,

Shook head, and fist, and hat, and  
cane,  
And cracked with curses the hoarse  
refrain :

"Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd  
horrt,

Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a  
corrt

By the women o' Morble'ead !"

Sweetly along the Salem road  
Bloom of orchard and lilac showed.  
Little the wicked skipper knew  
Of the fields so green and the sky so  
blue.

Riding there in his sorry trim,  
Like an Indian idol glum and grim,  
Scarcely he seemed the sound to  
hear

Of voices shouting, far and near .

"Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd  
horrt,

Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a  
corrt

By the women o' Morble'ead !"

"Hear me, neighbours !" at last he  
cried,—

"What to me is this noisy ride ?

What is the shame that clothes the  
skin

To the nameless horror that lives  
within !

Waking or sleeping, I see a wreck,  
And hear a cry from a reeling deck !  
Hate me and curse me,—I only  
dread

The hand of God and the face of the  
dead !"

Said old Floyd Ireson, for his hard  
heart,

Tarred and feathered and carried in  
a cart

By the women of Marblehead !

Then the wife of the skipper lost at  
sea

Said, "God has touched him !—why  
should we ?"

Said an old wife mourning her only  
son,

"Cut the rogue's tether and let him  
run !"

So with soft relentings and rude  
 excuse,  
 Half scorn, half pity, they cut him  
 loose,  
 And gave him a cloak to hide him in.  
 And left him alone with his shame and  
 sin.

Poor Floyd Ireson, for his hard  
 heart,  
 Tarred and feathered and carried in  
 a cart  
 By the women of Marblehead !

TELLING THE BEES<sup>53</sup>

HERE is the place ; right over the hill  
 Runs the path I took :  
 You can see the gap in the old wall  
 still,  
 And the stepping-stones in the  
 shallow brook.

There is the house, with the gate red-  
 barred,  
 And the poplars tall ;  
 And the barn's brown length, and the  
 cattle-yard,  
 And the white horns tossing above  
 the wall.

There are the beehives ranged in the  
 sun ;  
 And down by the brink  
 Of the brook are her poor flowers,  
 weed-o'-errun,  
 Pansy and daffodil, rose and pink.

A year has gone, as the tortoise goes,  
 Heavy and slow ;  
 And the same rose blows, and the  
 same sun glows,  
 And the same brook sings of a year  
 ago.

There's the same sweet clover-smell  
 in the breeze ;  
 And the June sun warm  
 Tangles his wings of fire in the trees,  
 Setting, as then, over Fernside  
 farm.

I mind me how with a lover's care  
 From my Sunday coat  
 I brushed off the burrs, and smoothed  
 my hair,  
 And cooled at the brookside my  
 brow and throat.

Since we parted, a month had passed,—  
 To love, a year ;  
 Down through the beeches I looked  
 at last  
 On the little red gate and the well-  
 sweep near.

I can see it all now,—the slantwise  
 rain  
 Of light through the leaves,  
 The sundown's blaze on her window-  
 pane,  
 The bloom of her roses under the  
 eaves.

Just the same as a month before,—  
 The house and the trees,  
 The barn's brown gable, the vine by  
 the door,—  
 Nothing changed but the hives of  
 bees.

Before them, under the garden wall,  
 Forward and back,  
 Went drearily singing the chore-girl\*  
 small,  
 Draping each hive with a shred of  
 black.

Trembling, I listened : the summer  
 sun  
 Had the chill of snow ;  
 For I knew she was telling the bees  
 of one  
 Gone on the journey we all must  
 go !

Then I said to myself, " My Mary  
 weeps  
 For the dead to-day :  
 Haply her blind old grandsire sleeps  
 The fret and the pain of his age  
 away."

\* The chore-girl is the one who does odd  
 jobs—"chores"—about the house, the same  
 as the English *charwoman*.

But her dog whined low; on the door-  
way sill,  
With his cane to his chin,  
The old man sat; and the chore-girl  
still  
Sung to the bees stealing out and in.

And the song she was singing ever  
since  
In my ear sounds on:—  
“Stay at home, pretty bees, fly not  
hence!  
Mistress Mary is dead and gone!”

### THE SYCAMORES

IN the outskirts of the village,  
On the river's winding shores,  
Stand the Occidental plane-trees,  
Stand the ancient sycamores.

One long century hath been numbered,  
And another half-way told,  
Since the rustic Irish gleeman  
Broke from them the virgin mould.

Deftly set to Celtic music,  
At his violin's sound they grew,  
Through the moonlit eves of summer,  
Making Amphyon's fable true.

Rise again, thou poor Hugh Tallant!  
Pass in jerkin green along,  
With thy eyes brimful of laughter,  
And thy mouth as full of song.

Pioneer of Erin's outcasts,  
With his fiddle and his pack;  
Little dreamed the village Saxons  
Of the myriads at his back.

How hewrought with spade and fiddle,  
Delved by day and sang by night,  
With a hand that never wearied,  
And a heart for ever light,—

Still the gay tradition mingles  
With a record grave and drear,  
Like the rolic air of Cluny,  
With the solemn march of Mear.

When the box-tree, white with blossoms,  
Made the sweet May woodlands  
glad,  
And the Aronia by the river  
Lighted up the swarming shad.

And the bulging nets swept shore-  
ward,  
With their silver-sided haul,  
Midst the shouts of dripping fishers,  
He was merriest of them all.

When, among the jovial huskers,  
Love stole in at Labour's side  
With the lusty airs of England  
Soft his Celtic measures vied.

Songs of love and wailing lyke-wake,  
And the merry fair's carouse;  
Of the wild Red Fox of Erin  
And the Woman of Three Cows.

By the blazing hearths of winter,  
Pleasant seemed his simple tales,  
Midst the grimmer Yorkshire legends  
And the mountain myths of Wales.

How the souls in Purgatory  
Scrambled up from fate forlorn,  
On St. Keven's sackcloth ladder,  
Slyly hitched to Satan's horn.

Of the fiddler who at Tara  
Played all night to ghosts of kings;  
Of the brown dwarfs, and the fairies  
Dancing in their moorland rings!

Jolliest of our birds of singing,  
Best he loved the Bob-o-link.  
“Hush!” he'd say, “the tipsy  
fairies!  
Hear the little folks in drink!”

Merry-faced, with spade and fiddle,  
Singing through the ancient town,  
Only this, of poor Hugh Tallant,  
Hath Tradition handed down.

Not a stone his grave discloses;  
But if yet his spirit walks,  
'Tis beneath the trees he planted,  
And when Bob-o-Lincoln talks;

Green memorials of the gleeman !  
Linking still the river-shores,  
With their shadows cast by sunset,  
Stand Hugh Tallant's sycamores !

When the Father of his Country  
Through the north-land riding  
came,  
And the roofs were starred with  
banners,  
And the steeples rang acclaim,—

When each war-scarred Continental,  
Leaving smithy, mill, and farm,  
Waved his rusted sword in welcome,  
And shot off his old king's arm,—

Slowly passed that august Presence  
Down the thronged and shouting  
street ;  
Village girls as white as angels,  
Scattering flowers around his feet.

Midway, where the plane-tree's shadow  
Deepest fell, his rein he drew :  
On his stately head, uncovered,  
Cool and soft the west-wind blew.

And he stood up in his stirrups,  
Looking up and looking down  
On the hills of Cold and Silver  
Rimming round the little town,—

On the river, full of sunshine,  
To the lap of greenest vales  
Winding down from wooded head-  
lands,  
Willow-skirted, white with sails.

And he said, the landscape sweeping  
Slowly with his ungloved hand,  
"I have seen no prospect fairer  
In this goodly Eastern land."

Then the bugles of his escort  
Stirred to life the cavalcade :  
And that head, so bare and stately,  
Vanished down the depths of shade.

Ever since, in town and farm-house,  
Life has had its ebb and flow ;  
Thrice hath passed the human harvest  
To its garner green and low.

But the trees the gleeman planted,  
Though the changes, changeless  
stand ;  
As the marble calm of Tadmor  
Marks the desert's shifting sand.

Still the level moon at rising  
Silvers o'er each stately shaft ;  
Still beneath them, half in shadow,  
Singing, glides the pleasure craft.

Still beneath them, arm-enfolded,  
Love and Youth together stray ;  
While, as heart to heart beats faster,  
More and more their feet delay.

Where the ancient cobbler, Keezar,  
On the open hillside wrought,  
Singing, as he drew his stitches,  
Songs his German masters taught,

Singing, with his grey hair floating  
Round his rosy ample face,—  
Now a thousand Saxon-craftsmen  
Stitch and hammer in his place.

All the pastoral lanes so grassy  
Now are Traffic's dusty streets ;  
From the village, grown a city,  
Fast the rural grace retreats.

But, still green, and tall, and stately,  
On the river's winding shores,  
Stand the Occidental plane-trees,  
Stand Hugh Tallant's sycamores.

## THE DOUBLE-HEADED SNAKE OF NEWBURY

"Concerning y<sup>e</sup> Amphisbæna, as soon as  
I received your commands, I made diligent  
inquiry : . . . he assured me y<sup>e</sup> it had really  
two heads, one at each end ; two mouths,  
two stings or tongues."—Rev. CHRISTOPHER  
TOPPAN to COTTON MATHER.

FAR away in the twilight time  
Of every people, in every clime,  
Dragons and griffins and monsters  
dire,  
Born of water, and air, and fire,

Or nursed, like the Python, in the  
mud  
And ooze of the old Deucalion flood,  
Crawl and wriggle and foam with  
rage,  
Through dusk tradition and ballad  
age.  
So from the childhood of Newbury  
town  
And its time of fable the tale comes  
down  
Of a terror which haunted bush and  
brake,  
The Amphisbæna, the Double Snake !

Thou who makest the tale thy mirth,  
Consider that strip of Christian earth  
On the desolate shore of a sailless sea,  
Full of terror and mystery,  
Half redeemed from the evil hold  
Of the wood so dreary, and dark, and  
old,  
Which drank with its lips of leaves  
the dew  
When Time was young, and the world  
was new,  
And wove its shadows with sun and  
moon,  
Ere the stones of Cheops were squared  
and hewn.  
Think of the sea's dread monotone,  
Of the mournful wail from the pine-  
wood blown,  
Of the strange, vast splendours that  
lit the North,  
Of the troubled throes of the quaking  
earth,  
And the dismal tales the Indian told,  
Till the settler's heart at his hearth  
grew cold,  
And he shrank from the tawny  
wizard's boasts,  
And the hovering shadows seemed full  
of ghosts,  
And above, below, and on every side,  
The fear of his creed seemed verified ;—  
And think, if his lot were now thine  
own,  
To grope with terrors nor named nor  
known,  
How laxer muscle and weaker nerve  
And a feebler faith thy need might  
serve ;

And own to thyself the wonder more  
That the snake had two heads, and  
not a score !  
Whether he lurked in the Oldtown  
fen  
Or the grey earth-flax of the Devil's  
Den,  
Or swam in the wooded Artichoke,  
Or coiled by the Northman's Written  
Rock,  
Nothing on record is left to show ;  
Only the fact that he lived, we know,  
And left the cast of a double head  
In the scaly mask which he yearly  
shed.  
For he carried a head where his tail  
should be,  
And the two, of course, could never  
agree,  
But wriggled about with main and  
might,  
Now to the left and now to the right ;  
Pulling and twisting this way and  
that,  
Neither knew what the other was at.  
A snake with two heads, lurking so  
near !—  
Judge of the wonder, guess at the  
fear !  
Think what ancient gossips might say,  
Shaking their heads in their dreary  
way,  
Between the meetings on Sabbath-  
day !  
How urchins, searching at day's de-  
cline  
The Common Pasture for sheep or  
kine,  
The terrible double-ganger heard  
In leafy rustle or whirl of bird !  
Think what a zest it gave to the sport,  
In berry-time, of the younger sort,  
As over pastures blackberry-twined,  
Reuben and Dorothy lagged behind,  
And closer and closer, for fear of  
harm,  
The maiden clung to her lover's arm ;  
And how the spark, who was forced  
to stay,  
By his sweetheart's fears, till the break  
of day,  
Thanked the snake for the fond delay !



Far and wide the tale was told,  
Like a snowball growing while it  
rolled.

The nurse hushed with it the baby's  
cry ;

And it served, in the worthy minister's  
eye,

To paint the primitive serpent by.  
Cotton Mather came galloping down  
All the way to Newbury town,  
With his eyes agog and his ears set  
wide,

And his marvellous inkhorn at his  
side ;

Stirring the while in the shallow pool  
Of his brains for the lore he learned  
at school,

To garnish the story, with here a  
streak

Of Latin, and there another of Greek :  
And the tales he heard and the notes  
he took,

Behold ! are they not in his Wonder-  
Book ?

Stories, like dragons, are hard to kill.  
If the snake does not, the tale runs  
still

In Byfield Meadows, on Pipestave  
Hill.

And still, whenever husband and wife  
Publish the shame of their daily strife,  
And, with mad cross-purpose, tug and  
strain,

At either end of the marriage-chain,  
The gossips say, with a knowing shake  
Of their grey heads, "Look at the  
Double Snake !"

One in body and two in will,  
The Amphibæna is living still !"

### THE SWAN SONG OF PARSON AVERY.

WHEN the reaper's task was ended,  
and the summer wearing late,  
Parson Avery sailed from Newbury,  
with his wife and children eight,  
Dropping down the river-harbour in  
the shallop "Watch and Wait."

Pleasantly lay the clearings in the  
mellow summer-morn,  
With the newly-planted orchards  
dropping their fruits first-born,  
And the homesteads like green islands  
amid a sea of corn.

Broad meadows reached out seaward  
the tided creeks between,  
And hills rolled wave-like inland, with  
oaks and walnuts green ;—  
A fairer home, a goodlier land, his  
eyes had never seen.

Yet away sailed Parson Avery, away  
where duty led,  
And the voice of God seemed calling,  
to break the living bread  
To the souls of fishers starving on the  
rocks of Marblehead.

All day they sailed : at nightfall the  
pleasant land-breeze died,  
The blackening sky, at midnight, its  
starry lights denied,  
And far and low the thunder of tem-  
pest prophesied !

Blotted out were all the coast-lines,  
gone were rock, and wood, and  
sand ;

Grimly anxious stood the skipper with  
the rudder in his hand,  
And questioned of the darkness what  
was sea and what was land.

And the preacher heard his dear  
ones, nestled round him, weeping  
sore :

"Never heed, my little children !  
Christ is walking on before  
To the pleasant land of heaven, where  
the sea shall be no more."

All at once the great cloud parted, like  
a curtain drawn aside,  
To let down the torch of lightning on  
the terror far and wide ;  
And the thunder and the whirlwind  
together smote the tide.

There was wailing in the shallop,  
 woman's wail and man's despair,  
 A crash of breaking timbers on the  
 rocks so sharp and bare,  
 And, through it all, the murmur of  
 Father Avery's prayer.

From his struggle in the darkness  
 with the wild waves and the  
 blast,  
 On a rock, where every billow broke  
 above him as it passed,  
 Alone, of all his household, the man  
 of God was cast.

There a comrade heard him pray-  
 ing, in the pause of wave and  
 wind :

"All my own have gone before me,  
 and I linger just behind ;  
 Not for life I ask, but only for the  
 rest Thy ransomed find !

"In this night of death I challenge  
 the promise of Thy word !—  
 Let me see the great salvation of which  
 mine ears have heard !—

Let me pass from hence forgiven,  
 through the grace of Christ, our  
 Lord !

"In the baptism of these waters wash  
 white my every sin,  
 And let me follow up to Thee my  
 household and my kin !  
 Open the sea-gate of Thy heaven, and  
 let me enter in !"

When the Christian sings his death-  
 song, all the listening heavens  
 draw near,  
 And the angels, leaning over the walls  
 of crystal, hear  
 How the notes so faint and broken  
 swell to music in God's ear.

The ear of God was open to His  
 servant's last request ;  
 As the strong wave swept him down-  
 ward the sweet hymn upward  
 pressed,  
 And the soul of Father Avery went,  
 singing, to its rest.

There was wailing on the mainland,  
 from the rocks of Marblehead ;  
 In the stricken church of Newbury  
 the notes of prayer were read ;  
 And long, by board and hearthstone,  
 the living mourned the dead.

And still the fishers outbound, or  
 scudding from the squall,  
 With grave and reverend faces, the  
 ancient tale recall,  
 When they see the white waves break-  
 ing on the Rock of Avery's Fall !

### THE TRUCE OF PISCATAQUA

1675.

RAZE these long blocks of brick and  
 stone,

These huge mill-monsters overgrown ;  
 Blot out the humbler piles as well,  
 Where, moved like living shuttles,  
 dwell

The weaving genii of the bell ;  
 Tear from the wild Cocheco's track  
 The dams that hold its torrents back ;  
 And let the loud-rejoicing fall  
 Plunge, roaring, down its rocky wall ;  
 And let the Indian's paddle play  
 On the unbridged Piscataqua !  
 Wide over hill and valley spread  
 Once more the forest, dusk and dread,  
 With here and there a clearing cut  
 From the walled shadows round it  
 shut ;

Each with its farm-house builded  
 rude,  
 By English yeoman squared and  
 hewed,  
 And the grim, flankered block-house  
 bound

With bristling palisades around.  
 So, haply shall before thine eyes  
 The dusty veil of centuries rise,  
 The old, strange scenery overlay  
 The tamer pictures of to-day,  
 While, like the actors in a play,  
 Pass in their ancient guise along  
 The figures of my border song :

What time beside Cocheco's flood  
The white man and the red man stood,  
With words of peace and brotherhood ;  
When passed the sacred calumet  
From lip to lip with fire-draught wet,  
And, puffed in scorn, the peace-pipe's  
    smoke,  
Through the grey beard of Waldron  
    broke,  
And Squando's voice, in suppliant plea  
For mercy, struck the haughty key  
Of one who held, in any fate,  
His native pride inviolate !

" Let your ears be opened wide !  
He who speaks has never lied.  
Waldron of Piscataqua,  
Hear what Squando has to say !

" Squando shuts his eyes and sees  
Far off, Saco's hemlock-trees.  
In his wigwam, still as stone,  
Sits a woman all alone,

" Wampum beads and birchen strands  
Dropping from her careless hands,  
Listening ever for the fleet  
Patter of a dead child's feet !

" When the moon a year ago  
Told the flowers the time to blow,  
In that lonely wigwam smiled  
Menewee, our little child.

" Ere that moon grew thin and old,  
He was lying stiff and cold ;  
Sent before us, weak and small,  
When the Master did not call !

" On his little grave I lay ;  
Three times went and came the day ;  
Thrice above me blazed the noon,  
Thrice upon me wept the moon.

" In the third night-watch I heard,  
Far and low, a spirit-bird ;  
Very mournful, very wild,  
Sang the totem of my child.

" ' Menewee, poor Menewee,  
Walks a path he cannot see :  
Let the white man's wigwam light  
With its blaze his steps aright.

" ' All uncalled, he dares not show  
Empty hands to Manito :  
Better gifts he cannot bear  
Than the scalps his slayers wear.' "

" All the while the totem sang,  
Lightning blazed and thunder rang ;  
And a black cloud, reaching high,  
Pulled the white moon from the  
    sky.

" I, the medicine-man, whose ear  
All that spirits hear can hear,—  
I, whose eyes are wide to see  
All the things that are to be,—

" Well I knew the dreadful signs  
In the whispers of the pines,  
In the river roaring loud,  
In the mutter of the cloud.

" At the breaking of the day,  
From the grave I passed away ;  
Flowers bloomed round me, birds sang  
    glad,  
But my heart was hot and mad.

" There is rust on Squando's knife,  
From the warm, red springs of  
    life ;  
On the funeral hemlock-trees  
Many a scalp the totem sees.

" Blood for blood ! But evermore  
Squando's heart is sad and sore ;  
And his poor squaw waits at home  
For the feet that never come !

" Waldron of Cocheco, hear !  
Squando speaks, who laughs at  
    fear ;  
Take the captives he has ta'en ;  
Let the land have peace again ! "

As the words died on his tongue,  
Wide apart his warriors swung ;  
Parted, at the sign he gave,  
Right and left, like Egypt's wave.

And, like Israel passing free  
Through the prophet-charmed sea,  
Captive mother, wife, and child  
Through the dusky terror filed.

One alone, a little maid,  
 Middleway her steps delayed,  
 Glancing, with quick, troubled sight,  
 Round about from red to white.

Then his hand the Indian laid  
 On the little maiden's head,  
 Lightly from her forehead fair  
 Smoothing back her yellow hair.

" Gift or favour ask I none ;  
 What I have is all my own :  
 Never yet the birds have sung,  
 ' Squando hath a beggar's tongue.' "

" Yet for her who waits at home  
 For the dead who cannot come,  
 Let the little Gold-hair be  
 In the place of Menewee !

" Mishanock, my little star !  
 Come to Saco's pines afar ;  
 Where the sad one waits at home,  
 Wequashim, my moonlight, come ! "

" What ! " quoth Waldron, " leave a  
 child  
 Christian-born to heathens wild ?  
 As God lives, from Satan's hand  
 I will pluck her as a brand ! "

" Hear me, white man ! " Squando  
 cried ;  
 " Let the little one decide.  
 Wequashim, my moonlight, say,  
 Wilt thou go with me, or stay ? "

Slowly, sadly, half afraid,  
 Half regretfully, the maid  
 Owned the ties of blood and race,—  
 Turned from Squando's pleading face.

Not a word the Indian spoke,  
 But his wampum chain he broke,  
 And the beaded wonder hung  
 On that neck so fair and young.

Silence-shod, as phantoms seem  
 In the marches of a dream,  
 Single-filed, the grim array  
 Through the pine-trees wound away.

Doubting, trembling, sore amazed,  
 Through her tears the young child  
 gazed.  
 " God preserve her ! " Waldron said ;  
 " Satan hath bewitched the maid ! "

Years went and came. At close of  
 day  
 Singing came a child from play,  
 Tossing from her loose-locked head  
 Gold in sunshine, brown in shade.

Pride was in the mother's look,  
 But her head she gravely shook,  
 And with lips that fondly smiled  
 Feigned to chide her truant child.

Unabashed, the maid began :  
 " Up and down the brook I ran,  
 Where, beneath the bank so steep,  
 Lie the spotted trout asleep.

" ' Chip ! ' went squirrel on the wall,  
 After me I heard him call,  
 And the cat-bird on the tree  
 Tried his best to mimic me.

" Where the hemlocks grew so dark  
 That I stopped to look and hark,  
 On a log, with feather-hat,  
 By the path, an Indian sat.

" Then I cried, and ran away ;  
 But he called, and bade me stay ;  
 And his voice was good and mild  
 As my mother's to her child.

And he took my wampum chain,  
 Looked and looked it o'er again ;  
 Gave me berries, and, beside,  
 On my neck a plaything tied. "

Straight the mother stooped to see  
 What the Indian's gift might be,  
 On the braid of wampum hung,  
 Lo ! a cross of silver swung.

Well she knew its graven sign,  
 Squando's bird and totem pine ;  
 And, a mirage of the brain,  
 Flowed her childhood back again.

Flashed the roof the sunshine through,  
 Into space the walls outgrew;  
 On the Indian's wigwam-mat,  
 Blossom-crowned, again she sat.

Cool she felt the west-wind blow,  
 In her ear the pines sang low,  
 And, like links from out a chain,  
 Dropped the years of care and pain.

From the outward toil and din,  
 From the griefs that gnaw within,  
 To the freedom of the woods  
 Called the birds, and winds, and  
 floods.

Well, O painful minister !  
 Watch thy flock, but blame not her,  
 If her ear grew sharp to hear  
 All their voices whispering near.

Blame her not, as to her soul  
 All the desert's glamour stole,  
 That a tear for childhood's loss  
 Dropped upon the Indian's cross.

When, that night, the Book was  
 read,  
 And she bowed her widowed head,  
 And a prayer for each loved name  
 Rose like incense from a flame,

To the listening ear of Heaven,  
 Lo ! another name was given :  
 " Father, give the Indian rest !  
 Bless him ! for his love has blest ! "

### MY PLAYMATE

THE pines were dark on Ramoth  
 hill,  
 Their song was soft and low ;  
 The blossoms in the sweet May  
 wind  
 Were falling like the snow.

The blossoms drifted at our feet,  
 The orchard birds sang clear ;  
 The sweetest and the saddest day  
 It seemed of all the year.

For, more to me than birds or flowers,  
 My playmate left her home,  
 And took with her the laughing  
 spring,  
 The music and the bloom.

She kissed the lips of kith and kin,  
 She laid her hand in mine :  
 What more could ask the bashful  
 boy  
 Who fed her father's kine ?

She left us in the bloom of May :  
 The constant years told o'er  
 Their seasons with as sweet May  
 morns,  
 But she came back no more.

I walk, with noiseless feet, the round  
 Of uneventful years ;  
 Still o'er and o'er I sow the spring  
 And reap the autumn ears.

She lives where all the golden year  
 Her summer roses blow ;  
 The dusky children of the sun  
 Before her come and go.

There haply with her jewelled hands  
 She smoothes her silken gown,—  
 No more the homespun lap wherein  
 I shook the walnuts down.

The wild grapes wait us by the brook,  
 The brown nuts on the hill,  
 And still the May-day flowers make  
 sweet  
 The woods of Follymill.

The lilies blossom in the pond,  
 The bird builds in the tree,  
 The dark pines sing on Ramoth hill  
 The slow song of the sea.

I wonder if she thinks of them,  
 And how the old time seems,—  
 If ever the pines of Ramoth wood  
 Are sounding in her dreams.

I see her face, I hear her voice :  
 Does she remember mine ?  
 And what to her is now the boy  
 Who fed her father's kine ?

What cares she that the orioles  
 build  
 For other eyes than ours,—  
 That other hands with nuts are filled,  
 And other laps with flowers?

O playmate in the golden time !  
 Our mossy seat is green,  
 Its fringing violets blossom yet,  
 The old trees o'er it lean.

The winds so sweet with birch and  
 fern  
 A sweeter memory blow ;  
 And there in spring the veeries sing  
 The song of long ago.

And still the pines of Ramoth wood  
 Are moaning like the sea,—  
 The moaning of the sea of change  
 Between myself and thee !



### THE SHADOW AND THE LIGHT

"And I sought, whence is Evil: I set  
 before the eye of my spirit the whole crea-  
 tion ; whatsoever we see therein,—sea, earth,  
 air, stars, trees, moral creatures,—yea, what-  
 soever there is we do not see,—angels and  
 spiritual powers. Where is evil, and whence  
 comes it, since God the Good hath created  
 all things? Why made He anything at all of  
 evil, and not rather by His Almighty power  
 cause it not to be? These thoughts I turned  
 in my miserable heart, overcharged with  
 most gnawing cares." "And, admonished to  
 return to myself, I entered even into my  
 inmost soul, Thou being my guide, and  
 beheld even beyond my soul and mind the  
 Light unchangeable. He who knows the  
 Truth knows what that Light is, and he that  
 knows it knows Eternity! O Truth, who art  
 Eternity! Love, who art Truth! Eternity,  
 who art Love! And I beheld that Thou  
 madest all things good, and to Thee is no-  
 thing whatsoever evil. From the angel to  
 the worm, from the first motion to the last,  
 Thou settest each in its place, and every-  
 thing is good in its kind. Woe is me!—  
 how high art Thou in the highest, how deep  
 in the deepest! and Thou never departest  
 from us and we scarcely return to Thee."—  
 AUGUSTINE'S *Soliloquies*, Book VII.

THE fourteen centuries fall away  
 Between us and the Afric saint,  
 And at his side we urge, to-day,  
 The immemorial quest and old com-  
 plaint.

No outward sign to us is given,—  
 From sea or earth comes no reply ;  
 Hushed as the warm Numidian  
 heaven  
 He vainly questioned bends our frozen  
 sky.

No victory comes of all our strife,—  
 From all we grasp the meaning  
 slips ;  
 The Sphinx sits at the gate of life,  
 With the old question on her awful  
 lips,

In paths unknown we hear the feet  
 Of fear before, and guilt behind ;  
 We pluck the wayside fruit, and eat  
 Ashes and dust beneath its golden rind.

From age to age descends unchecked  
 The sad bequest of sire to son,  
 The body's taint, the mind's de-  
 fect,—  
 Through every web of life the dark  
 threads run.

Oh, why and whither?—God knows  
 all ;  
 I only know that He is good,  
 And that whatever may befall  
 Or here or there, must be the best  
 that could.

Between the dreadful cherubim  
 A Father's face I still discern,  
 As Moses looked of old on Him,  
 And saw His glory into goodness turn !

For He is merciful as just ;  
 And so, by faith correcting sight,  
 I bow before His will, and trust  
 Howe'er they seem He doeth all  
 things right.

And dare to hope that He will make  
The rugged smooth, the doubtful  
plain ;  
His mercy never quite forsake ;  
His healing visit every realm of pain ;

That suffering is not His revenge  
Upon His creatures weak and  
frail,  
Sent on a pathway new and strange  
With feet that wander and with eyes  
that fail ;

That, o'er the crucible of pain,  
Watches the tender eye of Love  
The slow transmuting of the chain  
Whose links are iron below to gold  
above !

Ah me ! we doubt the shining skies,  
Seen through our shadows of  
offence,  
And drown with our poor childish  
cries  
The cradle-hymn of kindly Provi-  
dence.

And still we love the evil cause,  
And of the just effect complain :  
We tread upon life's broken laws,  
And murmur at our self-inflicted pain ;

We turn as from the light, and find  
Our spectral shapes before us  
thrown,  
As they who leave the sun behind  
Walk in the shadows of themselves  
alone.

And scarce by will or strength of  
ours  
We set our faces to the day ;  
Weak, wavering, blind, the Eternal  
Powers  
Alone can turn us from ourselves  
away.

Our weakness is the strength of sin,  
But love must needs be stronger  
far,  
Outreaching all and gathering in  
The erring spirit and the wandering  
star.

A Voice grows with the growing  
years ;  
Earth, hushing down her bitter  
cry,  
Looks upwards from her graves, and  
hears,  
"The Resurrection and the Life am I."

O Love Divine !—whose constant  
beam  
Shines on the eyes that will not  
see,  
And waits to bless us, while we  
dream,  
Thou leavest us because we turn from  
Thee !

All souls that struggle and aspire,  
All hearts of prayer by Thee are  
lit ;  
And, dim or clear, Thy tongues of  
fire  
On dusty tribes and twilight centuries  
sit.

Nor bounds, nor clime, nor creed  
Thou know'st,  
Wide as our need Thy favours fall ;  
The white wings of the Holy Ghost  
Stoop, seen or unseen, o'er the heads  
of all.

O Beauty, old yet ever new !  
Eternal Voice, and Inward Word,  
The Logos of the Greek and Jew,  
The old sphere-music which the  
Samian heard !

Truth which the sage and prophet  
saw,  
Long sought without, but found  
within,  
The Law of Love beyond all law,  
The Life o'erflooding mortal death and  
sin !

Shine on us with the light which  
glowed  
Upon the trance-bound shep-  
herd's way,  
Who saw the Darkness overflowed  
And drowned by tides of everlasting  
Day.

Shine, light of God!—make broad  
thy scope  
To all who sin and suffer ; more  
And better than we dare to hope  
With Heaven's compassion make our  
longings poor !

### THE GIFT OF TRITEMIUS

TRITEMIUS OF HERBIPOLIS, one  
day,  
While kneeling at the altar's foot to  
pray,  
Alone with God, as was his pious  
choice,  
Heard from without a miserable  
voice,  
A sound which seemed of all sad  
things to tell,  
As of a lost soul crying out of hell.

Thereat the Abbot paused ; the chain  
whereby  
His thoughts went upward broken by  
that cry ;  
And, looking from the casement, saw  
below  
A wretched woman, with grey hair  
a-flow,  
And withered hands held up to him,  
who cried  
For alms as one who might not be  
denied.

She cried, " For the dear love of Him  
who gave  
His life for ours, my child from bon-  
dage save,—  
My beautiful, brave first-born, chained  
with slaves  
In the Moor's galley, where the sun-  
smit waves  
Lap the white walls of Tunis !"—  
" What I can  
I give," Tritemius said : " my prayers."  
—" O man  
Of God !" she cried, for grief had  
made her bold,  
" Mock me not thus ; I ask not prayers,  
but gold.

Words will not serve me, alms alone  
suffice ;  
Even while I speak perchance my  
first-born dies."

" Woman !" Tritemius answered,  
" from our door  
None go unfed ; hence are we always  
poor,  
A single soldo is our only store.  
Thou hast our prayers ;—what can we  
give thee more ?"

" Give me," she said, " the silver  
candlesticks  
On either side of the great crucifix.  
God well may spare them on His  
errands sped,  
Or He can give you golden ones in-  
stead."

Then spake Tritemius, " Even as thy  
word,  
Woman, so be it ! (Our most gracious  
Lord,  
Who loveth mercy more than sacri-  
fice,  
Pardon me if a human soul I prize  
Above the gifts upon His altar  
piled !)  
Take what thou askest, and redeem  
thy child."

But his hand trembled as the holy  
alms  
He placed within the beggar's eager  
palms ;  
And as she vanished down the linden  
shade  
He bowed his head and for forgiveness  
prayed.

So the day passed, and when the twi-  
light came  
He woke to find the chapel all aflame,  
And, dumb with grateful wonder, to  
behold  
Upon the altar candlesticks of gold !





## THE EVE OF ELECTION

FROM gold to gray  
 Our mild sweet day  
 Of Indian summer fades too soon ;  
 But tenderly  
 Above the sea  
 Hangs, white and calm, the hunter's  
 moon.

In its pale fire  
 The village spire  
 Shows like the zodiac's spectral lance ;  
 The painted walls  
 Whereon it falls  
 Transfigured stand in marble trance !

O'er fallen leaves  
 The west-wind grieves,  
 Yet comes a seed-time round again ;  
 And morn shall see  
 The State sown free  
 With baleful tares or healthful grain.

Along the street  
 The shadows meet  
 Of Destiny, whose hands conceal  
 The moulds of fate  
 That shape the State,  
 And make or mar the common weal.

Around I see  
 The powers that be ;  
 I stand by Empire's primal springs ;  
 And princes meet,  
 In every street,  
 And hear the tread of uncrowned kings !

Hark ! through the crowd  
 The laugh runs loud,  
 Beneath the sad, rebuking moon.  
 God save the land  
 A careless hand  
 May shake or swerve ere morrow's  
 noon !

No jest is this ;  
 One cast amiss  
 May blast the hope of Freedom's year.  
 Oh, take me where  
 Are hearts of prayer,  
 And foreheads bowed in reverent fear !

Not lightly fall  
 Beyond recall  
 The written scrolls a breath can float ;  
 The crowning fact  
 The kingliest act  
 Of Freedom, is the freeman's vote !

For pearls that gem  
 A diadem  
 The diver in the deep sea dies ;  
 The regal right  
 We boast to-night  
 Is ours through costlier sacrifice ;

The blood of Vane,  
 His prison pain  
 Who traced the path the Pilgrim trod,  
 And hers whose faith  
 Drew strength from death,  
 And prayed her Russell up to God !

Our hearts grow cold,  
 We lightly hold  
 A right which brave men died to  
 gain ;  
 The stake, the cord,  
 The axe, the sword,  
 Grim nurses at its birth of pain

The shadow rend,  
 And o'er us bend,  
 O martyrs, with your crowns and  
 palms,—  
 Breathe through these throngs  
 Your battle songs,  
 Your scaffold prayers, and dungeon  
 psalms !

Look from the sky,  
 Like God's great eye,  
 Thou solemn noon, with searching  
 beam,  
 Till in the sight  
 Of thy pure light  
 Our mean self-seeking meaner seem.

Shame from our hearts  
 Unworthy arts,  
 The fraud designed, the purpose  
 dark ;  
 And smite away  
 The hands we lay  
 Profanely on the sacred ark.

To party claims  
And private aims,  
Reveal that august face of Truth,  
Whereto are given  
The age of heaven,  
The beauty of immortal youth.

So shall our voice  
Of sovereign choice  
Swell the deep bass of duty done,  
And strike the key  
Of time to be,  
When God and man shall speak as one!

### THE OVER-HEART

"For of Him, and through Him, and to  
Him are all things, to whom be glory for  
ever!" —PAUL.

ABOVE, below, in sky and sod,  
In leaf and spar, in star and man,  
Well might the wise Athenian scan  
The geometric signs of God,  
The measured order of His plan.

And India's mystics sang aright  
Of the One Life pervading all,—  
One Being's tidal rise and fall  
In soul and form, in sound and  
sight,—  
Eternal outflow and recall.

God is : and man in guilt and fear  
The central fact of Nature owns ;—  
Kneels, trembling, by his altar-  
stones,  
And darkly dreams the ghastly smear  
Of blood appeases and atones.

Guilt shapes the Terror : deep within  
The human heart the secret lies  
Of all the hideous deities ;  
And, painted on a ground of sin,  
The fabled gods of torment rise !

And what is He?—The ripe grain  
nods,  
The sweet dews fall, the sweet  
flowers blow ;  
But darker signs His presence show :

The earthquake and the storm are  
God's,  
And good and evil interflow.

O hearts of love ! O souls that turn  
Like sunflowers to the pure and  
best !

To you the truth is manifest :  
For they the mind of Christ discern  
Who lean like John upon His breast !

In Him of whom the sibyl told,  
For whom the prophet's harp was  
toned,  
Whose need the sage and magian  
owned,  
The loving heart of God behold,  
The hope for which the ages  
groaned !

Fade, pomp of dreadful imagery  
Wherewith mankind have deified  
Their hate, and selfishness, and  
pride !  
Let the scared dreamer wake to see  
The Christ of Nazareth at his side !

What doth that holy Guide require?—  
No rite of pain, nor gift of blood,  
But man a kindly brotherhood,  
Looking, where duty is desire,  
To Him, the beautiful and good.

Gone be the faithlessness of fear,  
And let the pitying heaven's sweet  
rain  
Wash out the altar's bloody stain ;  
The law of Hatred disappear,  
The law of Love alone remain.

How fall the idols false and grim !—  
And lo ! their hideous wreck above  
The emblems of the Lamb and Dove !  
Man turns from God, not God from  
him ;  
And guilt, in suffering, whispers  
Love !

The world sits at the feet of Christ,  
Unknowing, blind, and unconsolated ;  
It yet shall touch His garment's fold,  
And feel the heavenly Alchemist  
Transform its very dust to gold.

The theme befitting angel tongues  
 Beyond a mortal's scope has grown.  
 O heart of mine ! with reverence  
 own  
 The fulness which to it belongs,  
 And trust the unknown for the  
 known.

IN REMEMBRANCE OF  
 JOSEPH STURGE

IN the fair land o'erwatched by Ischia's  
 mountains,  
 Across the charmed bay  
 Whose blue waves keep with Capri's  
 silver fountains  
 Perpetual holiday,

A king lies dead, his wafer duly eaten,  
 His gold-bought masses given ;  
 And Rome's great altar smokes with  
 gums to sweeten  
 Her foulest gift to Heaven.

And while all Naples thrills with  
 mute thanksgiving,  
 The court of England's queen  
 For the dead monster so abhorred  
 while living  
 In mourning garb is seen.

With a true sorrow God rebukes that  
 feigning ;  
 By lone Edgbaston's side  
 Stands a great city in the sky's sad  
 raining,  
 Bareheaded and wet-eyed !

Silent for once the restless hive of  
 labour,  
 Save the low funeral tread,  
 Or voice of craftsman whispering to  
 his neighbour  
 The good deeds of the dead.

For him no minster's chant of the  
 immortals  
 Rose from the lips of sin ;  
 No mitred priest swung back the  
 heavenly portals  
 To let the white soul in.

But Age and Sickness framed their  
 tearful faces  
 In the low hovel's door,  
 And prayers went up from all the  
 dark by-places  
 And Ghettos of the poor.

The pallid toiler and the negro chattel,  
 The vagrant of the street,  
 The human dice wherewith in games  
 of battle  
 The lords of earth compete,

Touched with a grief that needs no  
 outward draping,  
 All swelled the long lament  
 Of grateful hearts, instead of marble,  
 shaping  
 His viewless monument !

For never yet, with ritual pomp and  
 splendour,  
 In the long heretofore,  
 A heart more loyal, warm, and true,  
 and tender,  
 Has England's turf closed o'er.

And if there fell from out her grand  
 old steeples  
 No crash of brazen wail,  
 The murmurous woe of kindreds,  
 tongues, and peoples  
 Swept in on every gale.

It came from Holstein's birchen-  
 belted meadows,  
 And from the tropic calms  
 Of Indian islands in the sun-smit  
 shadows  
 Of Occidental palms ;

From the locked roadsteads of the  
 Bothnian peasants,  
 And harbours of the Finn,  
 Where war's worn victims saw his  
 gentle presence  
 Come sailing, Christ-like, in,

To seek the lost, to build the old  
 waste places,  
 To link the hostile shores  
 Of severing seas, and sow with Eng-  
 land's daisies  
 The moss of Finland's moors.

Thanks for the good man's beautiful  
example,

Who in the vilest saw  
Some sacred crypt or altar of a temple  
Still vocal with God's law ;

And heard with tender ear the spirit  
sighing

As from its prison cell,  
Praying for pity, like the mournful  
crying  
Of Jonah out of hell.

Not his the golden pen's or lip's per-  
suasion,

But a fine sense of right,  
And Truth's directness, meeting each  
occasion  
Straight as a line of light.

His faith and works, like streams that  
intermingle,

In the same channel ran :  
The crystal clearness of an eye kept  
single  
Shamed all the frauds of man.

The very gentlest of all human natures  
He joined to courage strong,

And love outreaching unto all God's  
creatures  
With sturdy hate of wrong.

Tender as woman ; manliness and  
meekness

In him were so allied  
That they who judged him by his  
strength or weakness  
Saw but a single side.

Men failed, betrayed him, but his zeal  
seemed nourished

By failure and by fall ;  
Still a large faith in human-kind he  
cherished,  
And in God's love for all.

And now he rests : his greatness an  
his sweetness

No more shall seem at strife ;  
And death has moulded into calm  
completeness  
The statue of his life.

Where the dew's glisten and the song-  
birds warble,

His dust to dust is laid,  
In Nature's keeping, with no pomp of  
marble  
To shame his modest shade.

The forges glow, the hammers all are  
ringing ;

Beneath its smoky vale.  
Hard by, the city of his love is  
swinging  
Its clamorous iron flail.

But round his grave are quietude and  
beauty,

And the sweet heaven above,—  
The fitting symbols of a life of duty  
Transfigured into love !

### TRINITAS

AT morn I prayed, " I fain would see  
How Three are One, and One is Three ;  
Read the dark riddle unto me."

I wandered forth, the sun and air  
I saw bestowed with equal care  
On good and evil, foul and fair.

No partial favour dropped the rain ;—  
Alike the righteous and profane  
Rejoiced above their heading grain.

And my heart murmured, " Is it meet  
That blindfold Nature thus should  
treat  
With equal hand the tares and wheat?"

A presence melted through my mood,—  
A warmth, a light, a sense of good,  
Like sunshine through a winter wood.

I saw that presence, mailed complete  
In her white innocence, pause to greet  
A fallen sister of the street.

Upon her bosom snowy pure  
The lost one clung, as if secure  
From inward guilt or outward lure.

"Beware!" I said; "in this I see  
No gain to her, but loss to thee:  
Who touches pitch defiled must be."

I passed the haunts of shame and sin,  
And a voice whispered, "Who therein  
Shall these lost souls to Heaven's  
peace win?"

"Who there shall hope and health  
dispense,  
And lift the ladder up from thence  
Whose rounds are prayers of peni-  
tence?"

I said, "No higher life they know;  
These earth-worms love to have it so.  
Who stoops to raise them sinks as  
low."

That night with painful care I read  
What Hippo's saint and Calvin said,—  
The living seeking to the dead!

In vain I turned in weary quest,  
Old pages, where (God give them  
rest!)

The poor creed-mongers dreamed and  
guessed.

And still I prayed, "Lord, let me see  
How Three are One, and One is Three;  
Read the dark riddle unto me!"

Then something whispered, "Dost  
thou pray  
For what thou hast? This very day  
The holy Three have crossed thy way.

"Did not the gifts of sun and air  
To good and ill alike declare  
The all-compassionate Father's care?"

"In the white soul that stooped to  
raise  
The lost one from her evil ways,  
Thou saw'st the Christ whom angels  
praise!

"A bodiless Divinity,  
The still small Voice that spake to  
thee  
Was the Holy Spirit's mystery!

"O blind of sight, of faith how small!  
Father, and Son, and Holy Call;—  
This day thou hast denied them all!

"Revealed in love and sacrifice,  
The Holiest passed before thine eyes,  
One and the same, in threefold guise.

"The equal Father in rain and sun,  
His Christ in the good to evil done,  
His Voice in thy soul;—and the Three  
are One!"

I shut my grave Aquinas fast;  
The monkish gloss of ages past,  
The schoolman's creed aside I cast.

And my heart answered, "Lord, I see  
How Three are One, and One is  
Three;  
Thy riddle hath been read to me!"

## THE OLD BURYING-GROUND

OUR vales are sweet with fern and  
rose,  
Our hills are maple-crowned;  
But not from them our fathers chose  
The village burying-ground.

The dreariest spot in all the land  
To Death they set apart;  
With scanty grace from Nature's hand,  
And none from that of Art.

A winding wall of mossy stone,  
Frost-flung and broken, lines  
A lonesome acre thinly grown  
With grass and wandering vines.

Without the wall a birch-tree shows  
Its drooped and tasselled head;  
Within, a stag-horned sumach grows,  
Fern-leafed, with spikes of red.

There, sheep that graze the neigh-  
bouring plain  
Like white ghosts come and go,  
The farm-horse drags his fetlock chain,  
The cow-bell tinkles slow.

Low moans the river from its bed,  
 The distant pines reply ;  
 Like mourners shrinking from the  
 dead,  
 They stand apart and sigh.

Unshaded smites the summer sun,  
 Unchecked the winter blast ;  
 The school-girl learns the place to  
 shun,  
 With glances backward cast.

For thus our fathers testified,—  
 That he might read who ran,—  
 The emptiness of human pride,  
 The nothingness of man.

They dared not plant the grave with  
 flowers,  
 Nor dress the funeral sod,  
 Where, with a love as deep as ours,  
 They left their dead with God.

The hard and thorny path they kept  
 From beauty turned aside ;  
 Nor missed they over those who slept  
 The grace to life denied.

Yet still the wilding flowers would  
 blow,  
 The golden leaves would fall,  
 The seasons come, the seasons go,  
 And God be good to all.

Above the graves the blackberry hung  
 In bloom and green its wreath,  
 And harebells swung as if they rung  
 The chimes of peace beneath.

The beauty Nature loves to share,  
 The gifts she hath for all,  
 The common light, the common air,  
 O'ercrept the graveyard's wall.

It knew the glow of eventide,  
 The sunrise and the noon,  
 And glorified and sanctified  
 It slept beneath the moon.

With flowers or snow-flakes for its sod,  
 Around the seasons ran,  
 And evermore the love of God  
 Rebuked the fear of man.

We dwell with fears on either hand,  
 Within a daily strife,  
 And spectral problems waiting stand  
 Before the gates of life.

The doubts we vainly seek to solve,  
 The truths we know, are one ;  
 The known and nameless stars re-  
 volve  
 Around the Central Sun.

And if we reap as we have sown  
 And take the dole we deal,  
 The law of pain is love alone,  
 The wounding is to heal.

Unharm'd from change to change we  
 glide,  
 We fall as in our dreams ;  
 The far-off terror at our side  
 A smiling angel seems.

Secure on God's all-tender heart  
 Alike rest great and small ;  
 Why fear to lose our little part,  
 When He is pledged for all ?

O fearful heart and troubled brain !  
 Take hope and strength from  
 this,—

That Nature never hints in vain,  
 Nor prophesies amiss.

Her wild birds sing the same sweet  
 stave,  
 Her lights and airs are given  
 Alike to playground and the grave ;  
 And over both is Heaven.

### THE PIPES AT LUCKNOW

PIPES of the misty moorlands,  
 Voice of the glens and hills ;  
 The droning of the torrents,  
 The treble of the rills !  
 Not the braes of broom and heather,  
 Nor the mountains dark with  
 rain,  
 Nor maiden bower, nor border tower,  
 Have heard your sweetest strain !

Dear to the Lowland reaper,  
And plaided mountaineer,—  
To the cottage and the castle  
The Scottish pipes are dear ;—  
Sweet sounds the ancient pibroch  
O'er mountain, loch, and glade ;  
But the sweetest of all music  
The pipes at Lucknow played.

Day by day the Indian tiger  
Louder yelled, and nearer crept ;  
Round and round the jungle-serpent  
Near and nearer circles swept.  
"Pray for rescue, wives and mothers,—  
Pray to-day !" the soldier said ;  
"To-morrow, death's between us  
And the wrong and shame we  
dread."

Oh, they listened, looked, and waited,  
Till their hope became despair ;  
And the sobs of low bewailing  
Filled the pauses of their prayer.  
Then up spake a Scottish maiden,  
With her ear unto the ground :  
"Dinna ye hear it?—dinna ye hear it?  
The pipes of Havelock sound !"

Hushed the wounded man his groan-  
ing ;  
Hushed the wife her little ones ;  
Alone they heard the drum-roll  
And the roar of Sepoy guns.  
But to sounds of home and child-  
hood  
The Highland ear was true ;—  
As her mother's cradle-crooning  
The mountain pipes she knew.

Like the march of soundless music  
Through the vision of the seer,  
More of feeling than of hearing,  
Of the heart than of the ear,  
She knew the droning pibroch,  
She knew the Campbell's call :  
"Hark ! hear ye no' MacGregor's,—  
The grandest o' them all !"

Oh, they listened, dumb and breath-  
less,  
And they caught the sound at last ;  
Faint and far beyond the Goomtee  
Rose and fell the piper's blast !

Then a burst of wild thanksgiving  
Mingled woman's voice and man's ;  
"God be praised !—the march of  
Havelock !  
The piping of the clans !"

Louder, nearer, fierce as vengeance,  
Sharp and shrill as swords at strife,  
Came the wild MacGregor's clan-call,  
Stinging all the air to life.  
But when the far-off dust-cloud  
To plaided legions grew,  
Full tenderly and blithesomely  
The pipes of rescue blew !

Round the silver domes of Lucknow,  
Moslem mosque and Pagan shrine,  
Breathed the air to Britons dearest,  
The air of Auld Lang Syne.  
O'er the cruel roll of war-drums  
Rose that sweet and homelike  
strain ;  
And the tartan clove the turban,  
As the Goomtee cleaves the plain.

Dear to the corn-land reaper  
And plaided mountaineer,—  
To the cottage and the castle  
The piper's song is dear.  
Sweet sounds the Gaelic pibroch  
O'er mountain, glen, and glade ;  
But the sweetest of all music  
The pipes at Lucknow played !

## MY PSALM

I MOURN no more my vanished years :  
Beneath a tender rain,  
An April rain of smiles and tears,  
My heart is young again.

The west-winds blow, and, singing low,  
I hear the glad streams run ;  
The windows of my soul I throw  
Wide open to the sun.

No longer forward nor behind  
I look in hope or fear ;  
But, grateful, take the good I find,  
The best of now and here.

I plough no more a desert land,  
To harvest weed and tare ;  
The manna dropping from God's hand  
Rebukes my painful care.

I break my pilgrim staff,—I lay  
Aside the toiling oar ;  
The angel sought so far away  
I welcome at my door.

The airs of spring may never play  
Among the ripening corn,  
Nor freshness of the flowers of May  
Blow through the autumn moan ;

Yet shall the blue-eyed gentian look  
Through fringed lids to heaven,  
And the pale aster in the brook  
Shall see its image given ;—

The woods shall wear their robes of  
praise,  
The south-wind softly sigh,  
And sweet, calm days in golden haze  
Melt down the amber sky.

Not less shall manly deed and word  
Rebuke an age of wrong ;  
The graven flowers that wreath the  
sword  
Make not the blade less strong.

But smiting hands shall learn to  
heal,—  
To build as to destroy ;  
Nor less my heart for others feel  
That I the more enjoy.

All as God wills, who wisely heeds  
To give or to withhold,  
And knoweth more of all my needs  
Than all my prayers have told !

Enough that blessings undeserved  
Have marked my erring track ;—  
That wheresoe'er my feet have  
swerved,  
His chastening turned me back ;—

That more and more a Providence  
Of love is understood,  
Making the springs of time and sense  
Sweet with eternal good ;—

That death seems but a covered way  
Which opens into light,  
Wherein no blinded child can stray  
Beyond the Father's sight ;—

That care and trial seem at last,  
Through Memory's sunset air,  
Like mountain-ranges overpast,  
In purple distance fair ;—

That all the jarring notes of life  
Seem blending in a psalm,  
And all the angles of its strife  
Slow rounding into calm.

And so the shadows fall apart,  
And so the west-winds play ;  
And all the windows of my heart  
I open to the day.

### LE MARAIS DU CYGNE\*

A BLUSH as of roses  
Where rose never grew !  
Great drops on the bunch grass,  
But not of the dew !  
A taint in the sweet air  
For wild bees to shun !  
A stain that shall never  
Bleach out in the sun !

Back, steed of the prairies !  
Sweet song-bird, fly back !  
Wheel hither, bald vulture !  
Grey wolf, call thy pack !  
The foul human vultures  
Have feasted and fled ;  
The wolves of the Border  
Have crept from the dead.

From the hearths of their cabins.  
The fields of their corn,  
Unwarned and unweaponed,  
The victims were torn,—  
By the whirlwind of murder  
Swooped up and swept on  
To the low, reedy fen-lands,  
The Marsh of the Swan.

\* The massacre of unarmed and unoffending men, in Southern Kansas, took place near the Marais du Cygne of the French *voyageurs*.



With a vain plea for mercy  
 No stout knee was crooked ;  
 In the mouths of the rifles  
 Right manly they looked.  
 How paled the May sunshine,  
 O Marais du Cygne !  
 On death for the strong life,  
 On red grass for green !

In the homes of their rearing,  
 Yet warm with their lives,  
 Ye wait the dead only,  
 Poor children and wives !  
 Put out the red forge-fire,  
 The smith shall not come ;  
 Unyoke the brown oxen,  
 The ploughman lies dumb.

Wind slow from the Swan's Marsh,  
 O dreary death-train,  
 With pressed lips as bloodless  
 As lips of the slain !  
 Kiss down the young eyelids,  
 Smooth down the grey hairs ;  
 Let tears quench the curses  
 That burn through your prayers.

Strong man of the prairies,  
 Mourn bitter and wild !  
 Wail, desolate woman !  
 Weep, fatherless child !  
 But the grain of God springs up  
 From ashes beneath,  
 And the crown of His harvest  
 Is life out of death.

Not in vain on the dial  
 The shade moves along,  
 To point the great contrasts  
 Of right and of wrong :  
 Free homes and free altars,  
 Free prairie and flood,—  
 The reeds of the Swan's Marsh,  
 Whose bloom is of blood !

On the lintels of Kansas  
 That blood shall not dry ;  
 Henceforth the Bad Angel  
 Shall harmless go by ;  
 Henceforth to the sunset,  
 Unchecked on her way,  
 Shall Liberty follow  
 The march of the day.

"THE ROCK" IN EL GHOR

DEAD Petra in her hill-tomb sleeps,  
 Her stones of emptiness remain ;  
 Around her sculptured mystery sweeps  
 The lonely waste of Edom's plain.

From the doomed dwellers in the cleft  
 The bow of vengeance turns not  
 back ;  
 Of all her myriads none are left  
 Along the Wady Mousa's track.

Clear in the hot Arabian day  
 Her arches spring, her statues  
 climb ;  
 Unchanged, the graven wonders pay  
 No tribute to the spoiler, Time !

Unchanged the awful lithograph  
 Of power and glory undertrod,—  
 Of nations scattered like the chaff  
 Blown from the threshing-floor of  
 God.

Yet shall the thoughtful stranger turn  
 From Petra's gates, with deeper awe  
 To mark afar the burial urn  
 Of Aaron on the cliffs of Hor ;

And where upon its ancient guard  
 Thy Rock, El Ghor, is standing  
 yet,—  
 Looks from its turrets desertward,  
 And keeps the watch that God has  
 set.

The same as when in thunders loud  
 It heard the voice of God to man,—  
 As when it saw in fire and cloud  
 The angels walk in Israel's van !

Or when from Ezion-Geber's way  
 It saw the long procession file,  
 And heard the Hebrew timbrels play  
 The music of the lordly Nile ;

Or saw the tabernacle pause,  
 Cloud-bound, by Kadesh Barnea's  
 wells,  
 While Moses graved the sacred laws,  
 And Aaron swung his golden bells.

Rock of the desert, prophet-sung !  
 How grew its shadowing pile at  
 length,  
 A symbol, in the Hebrew tongue,  
 Of God's eternal love and strength.

On lip of bard and scroll of seer,  
 From age to age went down the  
 name,  
 Until the Shiloh's promised year,  
 And Christ, the Rock of Ages, came !

The path of life we walk to-day  
 Is strange as that the Hebrews trod ;  
 We need the shadowing rock, as  
 they, —  
 We need, like them, the guides of  
 God.

God send His angels, Cloud and Fire,  
 To lead us o'er the desert sand !  
 God give our hearts their long desire,  
 His shadow in a weary land !

### ON A PRAYER-BOOK

*With its Frontispiece, Ary Scheffer's  
 "Christus Consolator," Americanised  
 by the Omission of the Black Man.*

O ARY SCHEFFER ! when beneath  
 thine eye,  
 Touched with the light that cometh  
 from above,  
 Grew the sweet picture of the dear  
 Lord's love,  
 No dream hadst thou that Christian  
 hands would tear  
 Therefrom the token of His equal  
 care,  
 And make thy symbol of His truth  
 a lie !  
 The poor, dumb slave whose shackles  
 fall away  
 In His compassionate gaze, grubbed  
 smoothly out,  
 To mar no more the exercise devout  
 Of sleek oppression kneeling down to  
 pray  
 Where the great oriel stains the  
 Sabbath day !

Let whoso can before such praying-  
 books  
 Kneel on his velvet cushion ; I, for  
 one,  
 Would sooner bow, a Parsee, to the  
 sun,  
 Or tend a prayer-wheel in Thibetan  
 brooks,  
 Or beat a drum on Yedo's temple-  
 floor.  
 No falsèr idol man has bowed before,  
 In Indian groves, or islands of the  
 sea,  
 Than that which through the quaint-  
 carved Gothic door  
 Looks forth, — a Church without  
 humanity !  
 Patron of pride, and prejudice, and  
 wrong, —  
 The rich man's charm and fetish of  
 the strong,  
 The Eternal Fulness meted, clipped,  
 and shorn,  
 The seamless robe of equal mercy  
 torn,  
 The dear Christ hidden from His  
 kindred flesh,  
 And, in His poor ones, crucified  
 afresh !  
 Better the simple Lama scattering  
 wide,  
 Where sweeps the storm Alechan's  
 steppes along,  
 His paper horses for the lost to ride,  
 And wearying Buddha with his  
 prayers to make  
 The figures living for the traveller's  
 sake,  
 Than he who hopes with cheap praise  
 to beguile  
 The ear of God, dishonouring man  
 the while ;  
 Who dreams the pearl gate's hinges,  
 rusty grown,  
 Are moved by flattery's oil of tongue  
 alone ;  
 That in the scale Eternal Justice bears  
 The generous deed weighs less than  
 selfish prayers,  
 And words intoned with graceful  
 unction move  
 The Eternal Goodness more than lives  
 of truth and love.

Alas, the Church! — The reverend  
 head of Jay,  
 Enhaloed with its saintly silvered  
 hair,  
 Adorns no more the places of her  
 prayer;  
 And brave young Tyng, too early  
 called away,  
 Troubles the Haman of her courts  
 no more  
 Like the just Hebrew at the As-  
 syrian's door;  
 And her sweet ritual, beautiful but  
 dead  
 As the dry husk from which the  
 grain is shed,  
 And holy hymns, from which the  
 life devout  
 Of saints and martyrs has well-nigh  
 gone out,  
 Like candles dying in exhausted  
 air,  
 For Sabbath use in measured grists  
 are ground;  
 And, ever while the spiritual mill  
 goes round,  
 Between the upper and the nether  
 stones,  
 Unseen, unheard, the wretched  
 bondman groans,  
 And urges his vain plea, prayer-  
 smothered, anthem-drowned! —  
 O heart of mine, keep patience! —  
 Looking forth,  
 As from the Mount of Vision, I  
 behold,  
 Pure, just, and free, the Church of  
 Christ on earth, —  
 The martyr's dream, the golden  
 age foretold!  
 And found, at last, the mystic Graal  
 I see,  
 Brimmed with His blessing, pass  
 from lip to lip  
 In sacred pledge of human fellow-  
 ship;  
 And over all the songs of angels  
 hear, —  
 Songs of the love that casteth out  
 all fear, —  
 Songs of the Gospel of Humanity!  
 Lo! in the midst, with the same  
 look He wore,

Healing and blessing on Gennes-  
 aret's shore,  
 Folding together, with the all-  
 tender might  
 Of His great love, the dark hands  
 and the white,  
 Stands the Consoler, soothing every  
 pain,  
 Making all burdens light, and break-  
 ing every chain.

## TO J. T. F.

ON A BLANK LEAF OF "POEMS  
 PRINTED, NOT PUBLISHED."

WELL thought! who would not rather  
 hear  
 The songs to Love and Friendship  
 sung,  
 Than those which move the stranger's  
 tongue,  
 And feed his unselected ear?

Our social joys are more than fame;  
 Life withers in the public look.  
 Why mount the pillory of a book,  
 Or barter comfort for a name?

Who in a house of glass would dwell,  
 With curious eyes at every pane?  
 To ring him in and out again,  
 Who wants the public crier's bell?

To see the angel in one's way,  
 Who wants to play the ass's part, —  
 Bear on his back the wizard Art,  
 And in his service speak or bray?

And who his manly locks would  
 shave,  
 And quench the eyes of common sense,  
 To share the noisy recompense  
 That mocked the shorn and blinded  
 slave?

The heart has needs beyond the head,  
 And, starving in the plenitude  
 Of strange gifts, craves its common  
 food, —  
 Our human nature's daily bread.

We are but men : no gods are we,  
To sit in mid-heaven, cold and  
bleak,

Each separate, on his painful peak,  
Thin-cloaked in self-complacency !

Better his lot whose axe is swung  
In Wartburg woods, or that poor girl's  
Who by the Ilm her spindle whirls  
And sings the songs that Luther sung,

Than his who, old, and cold, and  
vain,

At Weimar sat, a demigod,  
And bowed with Jove's imperial nod  
His votaries in and out again !

Ply, Vanity, thy wingèd feet !  
Ambition, hew thy rocky stair !  
Who envies him who feeds on air  
The icy splendour of his seat ?

I see your Alps, above me, cut  
The dark, cold sky ; and dim and  
lone

I see ye sitting,—stone on stone,—  
With human senses dulled and shut.

I could not reach you, if I would,  
Nor sit among your cloudy shapes ;  
And (spare the fable of the grapes  
And fox) I would not if I could.

Keep to your lofty pedestals !  
The safer plain below I choose :  
Who never wins can rarely lose,  
Who never climbs as rarely falls.

Let such as love the eagle's scream  
Divide with him his home of ice :  
For me shall gentler notes suffice,—  
The valley-song of bird and stream ;

The pastoral bleat, the drone of bees,  
The flail-beat chiming far away,  
The cattle-low, at shut of day,  
The voice of God in leaf and breeze !

Then lend thy hand, my wiser friend,  
And help me to the vales below,  
(In truth, I have not far to go,)  
Where sweet with flowers the fields  
extend.

### THE PALM-TREE

Is it the palm, the cocoa-palm,  
On the Indian Sea, by the isles of  
balm ?

Or is it a ship in the breezeless calm ?

A ship whose keel is of palm beneath,  
Whose ribs of palm have a palm-bark  
sheath,  
And a rudder of palm it steereth with.

Branches of palm are its spars and rails,  
Fibres of palm are its woven sails,  
And the rope is of palm that idly  
trails !

What does the good ship bear so well ?  
The cocoanut with its stony shell,  
And the milky sap of its inner cell.

What are its jars, so smooth and fine,  
But hollowed nuts, filled with oil and  
wine,  
And the cabbage that ripens under  
the Line ?

Who smokes his nargileh, cool and  
calm ?  
The master, whose cunning and skill  
could charm  
Cargo and ship from the bounteous  
palm.

In the cabin he sits on a palm-mat  
soft,  
From a beaker of palm his drink is  
quaffed,  
And a palm-thatch shields from the  
sun aloft !

His dress is woven of palmy strands,  
And he holds a palm-leaf scroll in his  
hands,  
Traced with the Prophet's wise com-  
mands !

The turban folded about his head  
Was daintily wrought of the palm-  
leaf braid,  
And the fan that cools him of palm  
was made.

Of threads of palm was the carpet spun  
Whereon he kneels when the day is  
done,  
And the foreheads of Islam are bowed  
as one !

To him the palm is a gift divine,  
Wherein all uses of man combine,—  
House, and raiment, and food, and  
wine !

And, in the hour of his great release,  
His need of the palm shall only  
cease  
With the shroud wherein he lieth in  
peace.

"Allah il Allah !" he sings his psalm,  
On the Indian Sea, by the isles of  
balm ;  
"Thanks to Allah who gives the  
palm !"

## LINES

*Read at the Boston Celebration of the  
Hundredth Anniversary of the Birth  
of Robert Burns, 25th, 1st mo., 1859.*

How sweetly come the holy psalms  
From saints and martyrs down,  
The waving of triumphal palms  
Above the thorny crown !  
The choral praise, the chanted prayers  
From harps by angels strung,  
The hunted Cameron's mountain airs,  
The hymns that Luther sung !

Yet, jarring not the heavenly notes,  
The sounds of earth are heard,  
As through the open minster floats  
The song of breeze and bird !  
Not less the wonder of the sky  
That daisies bloom below ;  
The brook sings on, though loud and  
high  
The cloudy organs blow !

And, if the tender ear be jarred  
That, haply, hears by turns  
The saintly harp of Olney's bard,  
The pastoral pipe of Burns,

No discord mars His perfect plan  
Who gave them both a tongue ;  
For he who sings the love of man  
The love of God hath sung !

To-day be every fault forgiven  
Of him in whom we joy !  
We take, with thanks, the gold of  
Heaven  
And leave the earth's alloy.  
Be ours his music as of spring,  
His sweetness as of flowers,  
The songs the bard himself might sing  
In holier ears than ours.

Sweet airs of love and home, the hum  
Of household melodies,  
Come singing, as the robins come  
To sing in door-yard trees.  
And, heart to heart, two nations lean,  
No rival wreaths to twine,  
But blending in eternal green  
The holly and the pine !

## THE RED RIVER VOYAGEUR

OUT and in the river is winding  
The links of its long, red chain  
Through belts of dusky pine-land  
And gusty leagues of plain.

Only, at times, a smoke-wreath  
With the drifting cloud-rack joins,—  
The smoke of the hunting-lodges  
Of the wild Assiniboins !

Drearily blows the north-wind  
From the land of ice and snow ;  
The eyes that look are weary,  
And heavy the hands that row.

And with one foot on the water,  
And one upon the shore,  
The Angel of Shadow gives warning  
That day shall be no more.

Is it the clang of wild-geese ?  
Is it the Indian's yell,  
That lends to the voice of the north-  
wind  
The tones of a far-off bell ?

The voyageur smiles as he listens  
To the sound that grows apace ;  
Well he knows the vesper ringing  
Of the bells of St. Boniface.

The bells of the Roman Mission,  
That call from their turrets twain,  
To the boatman on the river,  
To the hunter on the plain !

Even so in our mortal journey  
The bitter north winds blow,  
And thus upon life's Red River  
Our hearts, as oarsmen, row.

And when the Angel of Shadow  
Rests his feet on wave and shore,  
And our eyes grow dim with watching,  
And our hearts faint at the oar,

Happy is he who heareth  
The signal of his release  
In the bells of the Holy City,  
The chimes of eternal peace !

### KENOZA LAKE

As Adam did in Paradise,  
To-day the primal right we claim :  
Fair mirror of the woods and skies,  
We give to thee a name.

Lake of the pickerel !—let no more  
The echoes answer back, " Great  
Pond,"

But sweet Kenoza, from thy shore  
And watching hills beyond,

Let Indian ghosts, if such there be  
Who ply unseen their shadowy  
lines,

Call back the ancient name to thee,  
As with the voice of pines.

The shores we trod as barefoot  
boys,

The nutted woods we wandered  
through,  
To friendship, love, and social joys  
We consecrate anew.

Here shall the tender song be sung,  
And memory's dirges soft and low,  
And wit shall sparkle on the tongue,  
And mirth shall overflow,

Harmless as summer lightning plays  
From a low, hidden cloud by night,  
A light to set the hills ablaze,  
But not a bolt to smite.

In sunny South and prairied West  
Are exiled hearts remembering still,  
As bees their hive, as birds their nest,  
The homes of Haverhill.

They join us in our rites to-day ;  
And, listening, we may hear, ere  
long,  
From inland lake and ocean bay,  
The echoes of our song.

Kenoza ! o'er no sweeter lake  
Shall morning break or noon-cloud  
sail,—

No fairer face than thine shall take  
The sunset's golden veil.

Long be it ere the tide of trade  
Shall break with harsh-resounding  
din

The quiet of thy banks of shade,  
And hills that fold thee in.

Still let thy woodlands hide the hare,  
The shy loon sound his trumpet-  
note,

Wing-weary from his fields of air,  
The wild-geese on thee float.

Thy peace rebuke our feverish stir,  
Thy beauty our deforming strife ;  
Thy woods and waters minister  
The healing of their life.

And sinless Mirth, from care released  
Behold, unawed, thy mirrored sky,  
Smiling as smiled on Cana's feast  
The Master's loving eye.

And when the summer day grows dim,  
And light mists walk thy mimic sea,  
Revive in us the thought of Him  
Who walked on Galilee !

TO G. B. C.

So spake Esaias : so, in words of  
flame,  
Tekoa's prophet-herdsman smote with  
blame  
The traffickers in men, and put to  
shame,  
All earth and heaven before,  
The sacerdotal robbers of the poor.

All the dread Scripture lives for thee  
again,  
To smite like lightning on the hands  
profane  
Lifted to bless the slave-whip and the  
chain.  
Once more the old Hebrew tongue  
Bends with the shafts of God a bow  
new-strung !

Take up the mantle which the pro-  
phets wore ;  
Warn with their warnings, — show  
the Christ once more  
Bound, scourged, and crucified in His  
blameless poor ;  
And shake above our land  
The unquenched bolts that blazed in  
Hosea's hand !

Not vainly shalt thou cast upon our  
years  
The solemn burdens of the Orient  
seers,  
And smite with truth a guilty nation's  
ears.  
Mightier was Luther's word  
Than Seckingen's mailed arm or  
Hutton's sword !

THE SISTERS

A PICTURE BY BARRY.

THE shade for me, but over thee  
The lingering sunshine still ;  
As, smiling, to the silent stream  
Comes down the singing rill.

So come to me, my little one, —  
My years with thee I share,  
And mingle with a sister's love  
A mother's tender care.

But keep the smile upon thy lip,  
The trust upon thy brow ;  
Since for the dear one God hath  
called  
We have an angel now.

Our mother from the fields of heaven  
Shall still her ear incline ;  
Nor need we fear her human love  
Is less for love divine.

The songs are sweet they sing beneath  
The trees of life so fair,  
But sweetest of the songs of heaven  
Shall be her children's prayer.

Then, darling, rest upon my breast,  
And teach my heart to lean  
With thy sweet trust upon the arm  
Which folds us both unseen !

LINES

*For the Agricultural and Horticultural  
Exhibition at Amesbury and Salis-  
bury, Sept. 28, 1858.*

THIS day, two hundred years ago,  
The wild grape by the river's side,  
And tasteless groundnut trailing low,  
The table of the woods supplied.

Unknown the apple's red and gold,  
The blushing tint of peach and pear ;  
The mirror of the Powow told  
No tale of orchards ripe and rare.

Wild as the fruits he scorned to till,  
These vales the idle Indian trod ;  
Nor knew the glad, creative skill, —  
The joy of him who toils with God.

O Painter of the fruits and flowers !  
We thank Thee for Thy wise design  
Whereby these human hands of ours  
In Nature's garden work with Thine.

And thanks that from our daily need  
The joy of simple faith is born ;  
That he who smites the summer weed,  
May trust Thee for the autumn corn.

Give fools their gold, and knaves their  
power ;  
Let fortune's bubbles rise and fall ;  
Who sows a field, or trains a flower,  
Or plants a tree, is more than all.

For he who blesses most is blest ;  
And God and man shall own his  
worth  
Who toils to leave as his bequest  
An added beauty to the earth.

And, soon or late, to all that sow,  
The time of harvest shall be given ;  
The flower shall bloom, the fruit shall  
grow,  
If not on earth, at last in heaven.

### THE PREACHER

Its windows flashing to the sky,  
Beneath a thousand roofs of brown,  
Far down the vale, my friend and I  
Beheld the old and quiet town ;  
The ghostly sails that out at sea  
Flapped their white wings of mystery,  
The beaches glimmering in the sun,  
And the low wooded capes that run  
Into the sea-mist north and south ;  
The sand-bluffs at the river's mouth ;  
The swinging chain-bridge, and, afar,  
The foam-line of the harbour-bar.

Over the woods and meadow-lands  
A crimson-tinted shadow lay  
Of clouds, through which the set-  
ting day  
Flung a slant glory far away.  
It glittered on the wet sea-sands,  
It flamed upon the city's panes,  
Smote the white sails of ships that  
wore  
Outward or in, and gilded o'er  
The steeples with their veering  
vanes !

Awhile my friend with rapid search  
O'eran the landscape. "Yonder  
spire

Over grey roofs, a shaft of fire ;  
What is it, pray?"—"The White-  
field Church !  
Walled about by its basement stones,  
There rests the marvellous prophet's  
bones."

Then as our homeward way we walked,  
Of the great preacher's life we talked ;  
And through the mystery of our  
theme

The outward glory seemed to stream,  
And Nature's self interpreted  
The doubtful record of the dead ;  
And every level beam that smote  
The sails upon the dark afloat  
A symbol of the light became  
Which touched the shadows of our  
blame  
With tongues of Pentecostal flame.

Over the roofs of the pioneers  
Gathers the moss of a hundred years,  
On man and his works has passed the  
change

Which needs must be in a century's  
range.

The land lies open and warm in the  
sun,

Anvils clamour and mill-wheels run,—  
Flocks on the hillsides, herds on the  
plain,

The wilderness gladdened with fruit  
and grain !

But the living faith of the settlers  
old

A dead profession their children  
hold ;

To the lust of office and greed of trade  
A stepping-stone is the altar made.

The Church, to place and power the  
door,

Rebukes the sin of the world no more,  
Nor sees its Lord in the homeless  
poor.

Everywhere is the grasping hand,  
And eager adding of land to land ;  
And earth, which seemed to the  
fathers meant

But as a pilgrim's wayside tent,—



A nightly shelter to fold away  
 When the Lord should call at the  
     break of day,—  
 Solid and steadfast seems to be,  
 And Time has forgotten Eternity !

But fresh and green from the rotting  
     roots  
 Of primal forests the young growth  
     shoots ;  
 From the death of the old the new  
     proceeds ;  
 And the life of truth from the rot of  
     creeds :  
 On the ladder of God, which upward  
     leads,  
 The steps of progress are human needs.  
 For His judgments still are a mighty  
     deep,  
 And the eyes of His providence never  
     sleep ;  
 When the night is darkest He gives  
     the morn ;  
 When the famine is sorest, the wine  
     and corn !

In the church of the wilderness  
     Edwards wrought,  
 Shaping his creed at the forge of  
     thought ;  
 And with Thor's own hammer welded  
     and bent  
 The iron links of his argument,  
 Which strove to grasp in its mighty  
     span  
 The purpose of God and the fate of  
     man !  
 Yet faithful still, in his daily round  
 To the weak, and the poor, and sin-  
     sick found,  
 The schoolman's lore and the casuist's  
     art  
 Drew warmth and life from his fer-  
     vent heart.  
 Had he not seen in the solitudes  
 Of his deep and dark Northampton  
     woods  
 A vision of love about him fall ?  
 Not the blinding splendour which fell  
     on Saul,  
 But the tenderer glory that rests on  
     them  
 Who walk in the New Jerusalem,

Where never the sun nor moon are  
     known,  
 But the Lord and His love are the  
     light alone !  
 And watching the sweet, still counte-  
     nance  
 Of the wife of his bosom rapt in  
     trance,  
 Had he not treasured each broken  
     word  
 Of the mystical wonderseen and heard ;  
 And loved the beautiful dreamer more  
 That thus to the desert of earth, she  
     bore  
 Clusters of Eschol from Canaan's  
     shore ?

As the barley-winnower, holding with  
     pain  
 Aloft in waiting his chaff and grain,  
 Joyfully welcomes the far-off breeze  
 Sounding the pine-tree's slender keys,  
 So he who had waited long to hear  
 The sound of the Spirit drawing near,  
 Like that which the son of Iddo heard  
 When the feet of angels the myrtles  
     stirred,  
 Felt the answer of prayer, at last,  
 As over his church the afflatus passed,  
 Breaking its sleep as breezes break  
 To sun-bright ripples a stagnant lake.

At first a tremor of silent fear,  
 The creep of the flesh at danger near,  
 A vague foreboding and discontent,  
 Over the hearts of the people went.  
 All nature warned in sounds and signs :  
 The wind in the tops of the forest  
     pines  
 In the name of the Highest called to  
     prayer,  
 As the muezzin calls from the minaret  
     stair.  
 Through ceiled chambers of secret sin  
 Sudden and strong the light shone in ;  
 A guilty sense of his neighbour's needs  
 Startled the man of tittle-deeds ;  
 The trembling hand of the worldling  
     shook  
 The dust of years from the Holy Book ;  
 And the psalms of David, forgotten  
     long,  
 Took the place of the scoffer's song.

The impulse spread like the outward  
course

Of waters moved by a central force :  
The tide of spiritual life rolled down  
From inland mountains to seaboard  
town.

Prepared and ready the altar stands  
Waiting the prophet's outstretched  
hands.

And prayer availing, to downward  
call

The fiery answer in view of all.  
Hearts are like wax in the furnace,  
who

Shall mould, and shape, and cast them  
anew ?

Lo ! by the Merrimack WHITEFIELD  
stands

In the temple that never was made by  
hands,—

Curtains of azure, and crystal wall,  
And dome of the sunshine over all !—  
A homeless pilgrim, with dubious  
name

Blown about on the winds of fame ;  
Now as an angel of blessing classed,  
And now as a mad enthusiast.

Called in his youth to sound and  
gauge

The moral lapse of his race and age,  
And, sharp as truth, the contrast  
draw

Of human frailty and perfect law ;  
Possessed by the one dread thought  
that lent

Its goad to his fiery temperament,  
Up and down the world he went,  
A John the Baptist crying,—Repent !

No perfect whole can our nature make ;  
Here or there the circle will break ;  
The orb of life as it takes the light  
On one side leaves the other in night.  
Never was saint so good and great  
As to give no chance at St. Peter's gate  
For the plea of the devil's advocate.  
So, incomplete by his being's law,  
The marvellous preacher had his flaw :  
With step unequal, and lame with  
faults,

His shade on the path of History  
halts.

Wisely and well said the Eastern bard :  
Fear is easy, but love is hard,—

Easy to glow with the Santon's rage,  
And walk on the Meccan pilgrimage ;  
But he is greatest and best who can  
Worship Allah by loving man.

Thus he,—to whom, in the painful  
stress

Of zeal on fire from its own excess,  
Heaven seemed so vast and earth so  
small

That man was nothing, since God was  
all,—

Forgot, as the best at times have done,  
That the love of the Lord and of man  
are one.

Little to him whose feet unshod  
The thorny path of the desert trod,  
Careless of pain, so it led to God,  
Seemed the hunger-pang and the poor  
man's wrong,

The weak ones trodden beneath the  
strong.

Should the worm be chooser?—the  
clay withstand

The shaping will of the potter's hand ?

In the Indian fable Arjoon hears  
The scorn of a god rebuke his fears :  
" Spare thy pity ! " Krishna saith ;  
" Not in thy sword is the power of  
death !

All is illusion,—loss but seems ;  
Pleasure and pain are only dreams ;  
Who deems he slayeth doth not kill ;  
Who counts as slain is living still.  
Strike, nor fear thy blow is crime ;  
Nothing dies but the cheats of time ;  
Slain or slayer, small the odds  
To each, immortal as Indra's gods ! "

So by Savannah's banks of shade,  
The stones of his mission the preacher  
laid

On the heart of the negro crushed and  
rent,

And made of his blood the wall's  
cement ;

Bade the slave-ship speed from coast  
to coast

Fanned by the wings of the Holy  
Ghost ;

And begged, for the love of Christ,  
 the gold  
 Coined from the hearts in its groan-  
 ing hold.  
 What could it matter, more or less  
 Of stripes, and hunger, and weariness?  
 Living or dying, bond or free,  
 What was time to eternity?

Alas for the preacher's cherished  
 schemes!  
 Mission and church are now but  
 dreams;  
 Nor prayer nor fasting availed the plan  
 To honour God through the wrong of  
 man.

Of all his labours no trace remains  
 Save the bondman lifting his hands  
 in chains.

The woof he wove in the righteous  
 warp

Of freedom-loving Oglethorpe,  
 Clothes with curses the goodly land,  
 Changes its greenness and bloom to  
 sand;

And a century's lapse reveals once  
 more

The slave-ship stealing to Georgia's  
 shore.

Father of Light! how blind is he  
 Who sprinkles the altar he rears to  
 Thee

With the blood and tears of humanity!

He erred: shall we count his gifts as  
 naught?

Was the work of God in him un-  
 wrought?

The servant may through his deafness  
 err,

And blind may be God's messenger;  
 But the errand is sure they go upon,—  
 The word is spoken, the deed is done.  
 Was the Hebrew temple less fair and  
 good

That Solomon bowed to gods of wood?  
 For his tempted heart and wandering  
 feet,

Were the songs of David less pure and  
 sweet?

So in light and shadow the preacher  
 went,

God's erring and human instrument;

And the hearts of the people where he  
 passed  
 Swayed as the reeds sway in the blast,  
 Under the spell of a voice which  
 took

In its compass the flow of Siloa's  
 brook,

And the mystical chime of the bells  
 of gold

On the ephod's hem of the priest of  
 old,—

Now the roll of thunder, and now the  
 awe

Of the trumpet heard in the Mount of  
 Law.

A solemn fear on the listening crowd  
 Fell like the shadow of a cloud.

The sailor reeling from out the ships  
 Whose masts stood thick in the river  
 slips

Felt the jest and the curse die on his  
 lips.

Listened the fisherman rude and hard,  
 The calker rough from the builder's  
 yard,

The man of the market left his load,  
 The teamster leaned on his bending  
 goad,

The maiden, and youth beside her,  
 felt

Their hearts in closer union melt,  
 And saw the flowers of their love in  
 bloom

Down the endless vistas of life to  
 come.

Old age sat feebly brushing away  
 From his ears the scanty locks of  
 gray;

And careless boyhood, living the free  
 Unconscious life of bird and tree,

Suddenly awakened to a sense  
 Of sin and its guilty consequence.

It was as if an angel's voice  
 Called the listeners up for their final  
 choice;

As if a strong hand rent apart  
 The veils of sense from soul and heart,  
 Showing in light ineffable

The joys of heaven and woes of hell! .  
 All about in the misty air

The hills seemed kneeling in silent  
 prayer;

The rustle of leaves, the moaning  
 sedge,  
 The water's lap on its gravelled edge,  
 The wailing pines, and, far and faint,  
 The wood-dove's note of sad complaint,—  
 To the solemn voice of the preacher  
 lent  
 An undertone as of low lament ;  
 And the rote of the sea from its sandy  
 coast,  
 On the easterly wind, now heard, now  
 lost,  
 Seemed the murmurous sound of the  
 judgment host.

Yet wise men doubted, and good men  
 wept,  
 As that storm of passion above them  
 swept,  
 And, comet-like, adding flame to  
 flame,  
 The priests of the new Evangel came,—  
 Davenport, flashing upon the crowd,  
 Charged like summer's electric cloud,  
 Now holding the listener still as death  
 With terrible warnings under breath,  
 Now shouting for joy, as if he viewed  
 The vision of Heaven's beatitude !  
 And Celtic Tenant, his long coat bound  
 Like a monk's with leathern girdle  
 round,  
 Wild with the toss of unshorn hair,  
 And wringing of hands, and eyes  
 aglare,  
 Groaning under the world's despair !  
 Grave pastors, grieving their flocks to  
 lose,  
 Prophesied to the empty pews  
 That gourds would wither, and mush-  
 rooms die,  
 And noisiest fountains run soonest dry,  
 Like the spring that gushed in New-  
 bury Street,  
 Under the tramp of the earthquake's  
 feet,  
 A silver shaft in the air and light,  
 For a single day, then lost in night,  
 Leaving only, its place to tell,  
 Sandy fissure and sulphurous smell.  
 With zeal wing-clipped and white-  
 heat cool,  
 Moved by the spirit in grooves of rule,

No longer harried, and cropped and  
 fleeced,  
 Flogged by sheriff and cursed by  
 priest,  
 But by wiser counsels left at ease  
 To settle quietly on his lees,  
 And, self-concentred, to count as done  
 The work which his fathers scarce  
 begun,  
 In silent protest of letting alone,  
 The Quaker kept the way of his  
 own,—  
 A non-conductor among the wires,  
 With coat of asbestos proof to fires.  
 And quite unable to mend his pace  
 To catch the falling manna of grace,  
 He hugged the closer his little store  
 Of faith, and silently prayed for more.  
 And vague of creed and barren of rite,  
 But holding, as in his Master's sight,  
 Act and thought in the inner light,  
 The round of his simple duties walked,  
 And strove to live what the others  
 talked.

And who shall marvel if evil went  
 Step by step with the good intent,  
 And with love and meekness, side by  
 side,  
 Lust of the flesh and spiritual pride?—  
 That passionate longings and fancies  
 vain  
 Set the heart on fire and crazed the  
 brain?—  
 That over the holy oracles  
 Folly sported with cap and bells?—  
 That goodly women and learned men  
 Marvelling told with tongue and pen  
 How unweaned children chirped like  
 birds  
 Texts of Scripture and solemn words,  
 Like the infant seers of the rocky glens  
 In the Puy de Dome of wild Cevennes :  
 Or baby Lamas who pray and preach  
 From Tartar cradles in Buddha's  
 speech?

In the war which Truth or Freedom  
 wages  
 With impious fraud and the wrong of  
 ages,  
 Hate and malice and self-love mar  
 The notes of triumph with painful jar,

And the helping angels turn aside  
Their sorrowing faces the shame to  
hide.

Never on custom's oilèd grooves  
The world to a higher level moves,  
But grates and grinds with friction  
hard

On granite boulder and flinty shard.  
The heart must bleed before it feels;  
The pool be troubled before it heals;  
Ever by losses the right must gain,  
Every good have its birth of pain;  
The active Virtues blush to find  
The Vices wearing their badge behind,  
And Graces and Charities feel the fire  
Wherein the sins of the age expire:  
The fiend still rends as of old he rent  
The tortured body from which he  
went.

But time tests all. In the over-drift  
And flow of the Nile, with its annual  
gift,

Who cares for the Hadji's relics sunk?  
Who thinks of the drowned-out Cop-  
tic monk?

The tide that loosens the temple's  
stones,

And scatters the sacred ibis-bones,  
Drives away from the valley-land  
That Arab robber, the wandering  
sand,

Moistens the fields that know no  
rain,

Fringes the desert with belts of grain,  
And bread to the sower brings again.  
So the flood of emotion deep and  
strong

Troubled the land as it swept along,  
But left a result of holier lives,  
Tenderer mothers and worthier wives.  
The husband and father whose chil-  
dren fled

And sad wife wept when his drunken  
tread

Frightened peace from his roof-tree's  
shade,

And a rock of offence his hearthstone  
made,

In a strength that was not his own,  
began

To rise from the brute's to the plane  
of man.

Old friends embraced, long held  
apart

By evil counsel and pride of heart;  
And penitence saw through misty  
tears

In the bow of hope on its cloud of  
fears,

The promise of Heaven's eternal  
years,—

The peace of God for the world's  
annoy,—

Beauty for ashes, and oil of joy!

Under the church of Federal Street,  
Under the tread of its Sabbath feet,  
Walled about by its basement stones,  
Lie the marvellous preacher's bones.  
No saintly honours to them are shown,  
No sign nor miracle have they known;  
But he who passes the ancient church  
Stops in the shade of its belfry-porch,  
And ponders the wonderful life of  
him

Who lies at rest in that charnel dim.  
Long shall the traveller strain his eye  
From the railroad car, as it plunges  
by,

And the vanishing town behind him  
search

For the slender spire of the Whitefield  
Church;

And feel for one moment the ghosts  
of trade,

And fashion, and folly, and pleasure  
laid,

By the thought of that life of pure  
intent,

That voice of warning yet eloquent,  
Of one on the errands of angels sent.  
And if where he laboured the flood of  
sin

Like a tide from the harbour-bar sets  
in,

And over a life of time and sense  
The church-spires lift their vain de-  
fence,

As if to scatter the bolts of God  
With the points of Calvin's thunder-  
rod,—

Still, as the gem of its civic crown,  
Precious beyond the world's renown,  
His memory hallows the ancient  
town!

*THE QUAKER ALUMNI*<sup>54</sup>

FROM the well-springs of Hudson, the  
 sea-cliffs of Maine,  
 Grave men, sober matrons, you gather  
 again ;  
 And, with hearts warmer grown as  
 your heads grow more cool,  
 Play over the old game of going to  
 school.

All your strifes and vexations, your  
 whims and complaints,  
 (You were not saints yourselves, if  
 the children of saints !)  
 All your petty self-seekings and rival-  
 ries done,  
 Round the dear Alma Mater your  
 hearts beat as one !

How widely soe'er you have strayed  
 from the fold,  
 Though your "thee" has grown  
 "you," and your drab blue and  
 gold,  
 To the old friendly speech and the  
 garb's sober form,  
 Like the heart of Argyle to the tartan,  
 you warm.

But, the first greetings over, you glance  
 round the hall ;  
 Your hearts call the roll, but they  
 answer not all :  
 Through the turf green above them  
 the dead cannot hear ;  
 Name by name, in the silence, falls  
 sad as a tear !

In love, let us trust, they were sum-  
 moned so soon  
 From the morning of life, while we  
 toil through its noon ;  
 They were frail like ourselves, they  
 had needs like our own,  
 And they rest, as we rest, in God's  
 mercy alone.

Unchanged by our changes of spirit  
 and frame,  
 Past, now, and henceforward the Lord  
 is the same ;

Though we sink in the darkness, His  
 arms break our fall,  
 And in death as in life, He is Father  
 of all !

We are older : our footsteps, so light  
 in the play  
 Of the far-away school-time, move  
 slower to-day ;—  
 Here a beard touched with frost, there  
 a bald, shining crown,  
 And beneath the cap's border grey  
 mingles with brown.

But faith should be cheerful, and  
 trust should be glad,  
 And our follies and sins, not our  
 years, make us sad.  
 Should the heart closer shut as the  
 bonnet grows prim,  
 And the face grow in length as the  
 hat grows in brim ?

Life is brief, duty grave ; but, with  
 rain-folded wings,  
 Of yesterday's sunshine the grateful  
 heart sings ;  
 And we, of all others, have reason to pay  
 The tribute of thanks, and rejoice on  
 our way ;

For the counsels that turned from the  
 follies of youth ;  
 For the beauty of patience, the white-  
 ness of truth ;  
 For the wounds of rebuke, when love  
 tempered its edge ;  
 For the household's restraint, and the  
 discipline's hedge ;

For the lessons of kindness vouchsafed  
 to the least  
 Of the creatures of God, whether  
 human or beast,  
 Bringing hope to the poor, lending  
 strength to the frail,  
 In the lanes of the city, the slave-hut,  
 and jail ;

For a womanhood higher and holier,  
 by all  
 Her knowledge of good, than was Eve  
 ere her fall,—

Whose task-work of duty moves  
lightly as play,  
Serene as the moonlight and warm as  
the day ;

And, yet more, for the faith which  
embraces the whole,  
Of the creeds of the ages the life and  
the soul,  
Wherein letter and spirit the same  
channel run,  
And man has not severed what God  
has made one !

For a sense of the Goodness revealed  
everywhere,  
As sunshine impartial, and free as the  
air ;  
For a trust in humanity, Heathen or  
Jew,  
And a hope for all darkness The  
Light shineth through.

Who scoffs at our birthright?—the  
words of the seers,  
And the songs of the bards in the  
twilight of years,  
All the foregleams of wisdom in  
santon and sage,  
In prophet and priest, are our true  
heritage.

The Word which the reason of Plato  
discerned ;  
The truth, as whose symbol the  
Mithra-fire burned ;  
The soul of the world which the Stoic  
but guessed,  
In the Light Universal the Quaker  
confessed !

No honours of war to our worthies  
belong ;  
Their plain stem of life never flowered  
into song ;  
But the fountains they opened still  
gush by the way,  
And the world for their healing is  
better to-day.

He who lies where the minster's  
groined arches curve down  
To the tomb-crowded transept of  
England's renown.

The glorious essayist, by genius en-  
throned,  
Whose pen as a sceptre the Muses all  
owned,—

Who through the world's pantheon  
walked in his pride,  
Setting new statues up, thrusting old  
ones aside,  
And in fiction the pencils of history  
dipped,  
To gild o'er or blacken each saint in  
his crypt,—

How vainly he laboured to sully with  
blame  
The white bust of Penn, in the niche  
of his fame !  
Self-will is self-wounding, perversity  
blind :  
On himself fell the stain for the  
Quaker designed !

For the sake of his true-hearted father  
before him ;  
For the sake of the dear Quaker  
mother that bore him ;  
For the sake of his gifts, and the  
works that outlive him,  
And his brave words for freedom, we  
freely forgive him !

There are those that take note that  
our numbers are small,—  
New Gibbons who write our decline  
and our fall ;  
But the Lord of the seed-field takes  
care of His own,  
And the world shall yet reap what  
our sowers have sown.

The last of the sect to his fathers may  
go  
Leaving only his coat for some Barnum  
to show ;  
But the truth will outlive him, and  
broaden with years,  
Till the false dies away, and the  
wrong disappears.

Nothing fails of its end. Out of  
sight sinks the stone,  
In the deep sea of time, but the circles  
sweep on,

Till the low-rippled murmurs along  
the shores run,  
And the dark and dead waters leap  
glad in the sun.

Meanwhile shall we learn, in our ease  
to forget

To the martyrs of Truth and of  
Freedom our debt?—

Hide their words out of sight, like  
the garb that they wore,

And for Barclay's Apology offer one  
more?

Shall we fawn round the priestcraft  
that glutted the shears,

And festooned the stocks with our  
grandfathers' ears?—

Talk of Woolman's unsoundness?—  
count Penn heterodox?

And take Cotton Mather in place of  
George Fox?—

Make our preachers war-chaplains?—  
quote Scripture to take

The hunted slave back, for Onesimus'  
sake?—

Go to burning church-candles, and  
chanting in choir,

And on the old meeting-house stick  
up a spire?

No! the old paths we'll keep until  
better are shown,

Credit good where we find it, abroad  
or our own;

And while "Lo here" and "Lo  
there" the multitude call,

Be true to ourselves, and do justice  
to all.

The good round about us we need not  
refuse,

Nor talk of our Zion as if we were  
Jews;

But why shirk the badge which our  
fathers have worn,

Or beg the world's pardon for having  
been born?

We need not pray over the Pharisee's  
prayer,

Nor claim that our wisdom is Ben-  
jamin's share.

Truth to us and to others is equal and  
one:

Shall we bottle the free air, or hoard  
up the sun?

Well know we our birthright may  
serve but to show

How the meanest of weeds in the  
richest soil grow;

But we need not disparage the good  
which we hold;

Though the vessels be earthen, the  
treasure is gold!

Enough and too much of the sect and  
the name.

What matters our label, so truth be  
our aim?

The creed may be wrong, but the life  
may be true,

And hearts beat the same under drab  
coats or blue.

So the man *be* a man, let him worship,  
at will,

In Jerusalem's courts, or on Gerizim's  
hill.

When she makes up her jewels, what  
cares yon good town

For the Baptist of WAYLAND, the  
Quaker of BROWN?

And this green, favoured island, so  
fresh and sea-blown,

When she counts up the worthies her  
annals have known,

Never waits for the pitiful gaugers of  
sect

To measure her love, and mete out  
her respect.

Three shades at this moment seem  
walking her strand,

Each with head halo-crowned, and  
with palms in his hand,—

Wise Berkeley, grave Hopkins, and,  
smiling serene

On prelate and puritan, Channing is  
seen.

One holy name bearing, no longer  
they need

Credentials of party, and pass-words  
of creed:



The new song they sing hath a three-  
fold accord,  
And they own one baptism, one faith,  
and one Lord !

But the golden sands run out : occa-  
sions like these  
Glide swift into shadow, like sails on  
the seas :  
While we sport with the mosses and  
pebbles ashore,  
They lessen and fade, and we see them  
no more.

Forgive me, dear friends, if my  
vagrant thoughts seem  
Like a school-boy's who idles and  
plays with his theme.  
Forgive the light measure whose  
changes display  
The sunshine and rain of our brief  
April day.

There are moments in life when the  
lip and the eye  
Try the question of whether to smile  
or to cry ;  
And scenes and reunions that prompt  
like our own  
The tender in feeling, the playful in  
tone.

I, who never sat down with the boys  
and the girls  
At the feet of your Slocums, and  
Cartlands, and Earles,—  
By courtesy only permitted to lay  
On your festival's altar my poor gift,  
to-day,—

I would joy in your joy : let me have  
a friend's part  
In the warmth of your welcome of  
hand and of heart,—  
On your playground of boyhood un-  
bend the brow's care,  
And shift the old burdens our shoulders  
must bear.

Long live the good School ! giving  
out year by year  
Recruits to true manhood and woman-  
hood dear :

Brave boys, modest maidens, in beauty  
sent forth,  
The living epistles and proof of its  
worth !

In and out let the young life as  
steadily flow  
As in broad Narragansett the tides  
come and go ;  
And its sons and its daughters in  
prairie and town  
Remember its honour, and guard its  
renown.

Not vainly the gift of its founder was  
made ;  
Not prayerless the stones of its corner  
were laid :  
The blessing of Him whom in secret  
they sought  
Has owned the good work which the  
fathers have wrought.

To Him be the glory for ever !—We  
bear  
To the Lord of the Harvest our wheat  
with the tare.  
What we lack in our work may He  
find in our will,  
And winnow in mercy our good from  
the ill !

### BROWN OF OSSAWATOMIE

JOHN BROWN of Ossawatomie spake  
on his dying day :  
“ I will not have to shrive my soul a  
priest in Slavery's pay.  
But let some poor slave-mother whom  
I have striven to free,  
With her children from the gallows'-  
stair put up a prayer for me ! ”

John Brown of Ossawatomie, they led  
him out to die ;  
And lo ! a poor slave-mother with her  
little child pressed nigh.  
Then the bold, blue eye grew tender,  
and the old harsh face grew mild,  
Ashestooped between the jeering ranks  
and kissed the negro's child !

The shadows of his stormy life that  
moment fell apart;  
And they who blamed the bloody  
hand forgave the loving heart.  
That kiss from all its guilty means  
redeemed the good intent,  
And round the grisly fighter's hair  
the martyr's aureole bent!

Perish with him the folly that seeks  
through evil good!  
Long live the generous purpose un-  
stained with human blood!  
Not the raid of midnight terror, but  
the thought which underlies;  
Not the borderer's pride of daring,  
but the Christian's sacrifice.

Nevermore may yon Blue Ridges the  
Northern rifle hear,  
Nor see the light of blazing homes  
flash on the negro's spear.  
But let the free-winged angel Truth  
their guarded passes scale,  
To teach that right is more than  
might, and justice more than mail!

So vainly shall Virginia set her battle  
in array;  
In vain her trampling squadrons  
knead the winter snow with clay.  
She may strike the pouncing eagle,  
but she dares not harm the dove;  
And every gate she bars to Hate shall  
open wide to Love!

### FROM PERUGIA

"The thing which has the most dissevered  
the people from the Pope,—the *unforgivable*  
thing,—the breaking-point between him and  
them,—has been the encouragement and pro-  
motion he gave to the officer under whom  
were executed the slaughters of Perugia.  
That made the breaking-point in many  
honest hearts that had clung to him before."  
—HARRIET BEECHER STOWE'S "Letters  
from Italy."

THE tall, sallow guardsmen their  
horse-tails have spread,  
Flaming out in their violet, yellow,  
and red;

And behind go the lackeys in crimson  
and buff,  
And the chamberlains gorgeous in  
velvet and ruff;  
Next, in red-legged pomp, come the  
cardinals forth,  
Each a lord of the Church and a  
prince of the earth.

What's this squeak of the fife, and  
this batter of drum?  
Lo! the Swiss of the Church from  
Perugia come,—  
The militant angels, whose sabres  
drive home  
To the hearts of the malcontents,  
cursed and abhorred,  
The good Father's missives, and  
"Thus saith the Lord!"  
And lend to his logic the point of  
the sword!

O maids of Etruria, gazing forlorn  
O'er dark Thrasymenus, dishevelled  
and torn!  
O fathers, who pluck at your grey  
beards for shame!  
O mothers, struck dumb by a woe  
without name!  
Well ye know how the Holy Church  
hiring behaves,  
And his tender compassion of prisons  
and graves!

There they stand, the hired stabbers,  
the blood-stains yet fresh,  
That splashed like red wine from the  
vintage of flesh,—  
Grim instruments, careless as pincers  
and rack  
How the joints tear apart, and the  
strained sinews crack;  
But the hate that glares on them is  
sharp as their swords,  
And the sneer and the scowl print  
the air with fierce words!

Off with hats, down with knees, shout  
your vivas like mad!  
Here's the Pope in his holiday right-  
eousness clad,

From shorn crown to toe-nail, kiss-  
worn to the quick,  
Of sainthood in purple the pattern  
and pick,  
Who the rôle of the priest and the  
soldier unites,  
And, praying like Aaron, like Joshua  
fights !

Is this Pio Nono the gracious, for  
whom  
We sang our hosannas and lighted all  
Rome ;  
With whose advent we dreamed the  
new era began  
When the priest should be human,  
the monk be a man ?  
Ah, the wolf's with the sheep, and  
the fox with the fowl,  
When Freedom we trust to the  
crozier and cowl !

Stand aside, men of Rome ! Here's  
a hangman-faced Swiss—  
(A blessing for him surely can't go  
amiss)—  
Would kneel down the sanctified  
slipper to kiss.  
Short shrift will suffice him,—he's  
blest beyond doubt ;  
But there's blood on his hands which  
would scarcely wash out,  
Though Peter himself held the bap-  
tismal spout !

Make way for the next ! Here's  
another sweet son !  
What's this mastiff-jawed rascal in  
epaulets done ?  
He did, whispers rumour (its truth  
God forbid !)  
At Perugia what Herod at Bethlehem  
did.  
And the mothers ?—Don't name  
them !—these humours of war  
They who keep him in service must  
pardon him for.

Hist ! here's the arch knave in a  
cardinal's hat,  
With the heart of a wolf, and the  
stealth of a cat

(As if Judas and Herod together were  
rolled),  
Who keeps, all as one, the Pope's  
conscience and gold,  
Mounts guard on the altar, and pil-  
fers from thence,  
And flatters St. Peter while stealing  
his pence !

Who doubts Antonelli ! Have mir-  
acles ceased  
When robbers say mass, and Barabbas  
is priest ?  
When the Church eats and drinks, at  
its mystical board,  
The true flesh and blood carved and  
shed by its sword,  
When its martyr, unsinged, claps the  
crown on his head,  
And roasts, as his proxy, his neigh-  
bour instead !

There ! the bells jow and jangle the  
same blessed way  
That they did when they rang for  
Bartholomew's day.  
Hark ! the tallow-faced monsters, nor  
women nor boys,  
Vex the air with a shrill, sexless  
horror of noise.  
*Te Deum laudamus !*—All round  
without stint  
The incense-pot swings with a taint  
of blood in't !

And now for the blessing ! Of little  
account,  
You know, is the old one they heard  
on the Mount.  
Its Giver was landless, His raiment  
was poor,  
No jewelled tiara His fishermen  
wore ;  
No incense, no lackeys, no riches, no  
home,  
No Swiss guards !—We order things  
better at Rome.

So bless us the strong hand, and  
curse us the weak ;  
Let Austria's vulture have food for  
her beak ;

Let the wolf-whelp of Naples play  
 Bomba again,  
 With his death-cap of silence, and  
 halter, and chain ;  
 Put reason, and justice, and truth  
 under ban ;  
 For the sin unforgiven is freedom for  
 man !

### FOR AN AUTUMN FESTIVAL

THE Persian's flowery gifts, the shrine  
 Of fruitful Ceres, charm no more ;  
 The woven wreaths of oak and pine  
 Are dust along the Isthmian shore.

But beauty hath its homage still,  
 And nature holds us still in debt ;  
 And woman's grace and household  
 skill,  
 And manhood's toil, are honoured  
 yet.

And we, to-day, amidst our flowers  
 And fruits, have come to own again  
 The blessings of the summer hours,  
 The early and the latter rain ;

To see our Father's hand once more  
 Reverse for us the plenteous horn  
 Of autumn, filled and running o'er  
 With fruit, and flower, and golden  
 corn !

Once more the liberal year laughs out  
 O'er richer stores than gems or  
 gold ;  
 Once more with harvest-song and  
 shout  
 Is Nature's bloodless triumph told.

Our common mother rests and sings,  
 Like Ruth, among her garnered  
 sheaves ;  
 Her lap is full of goodly things,  
 Her brow is bright with autumn  
 leaves.

O favours every year made new !  
 O gifts with rain and sunshine  
 sent !  
 The bounty overruns our due,  
 The fulness shames our discontent.

We shut our eyes, the flowers bloom  
 on ;  
 We murmur, but the corn-ears fill ;  
 We choose the shadow, but the sun  
 That casts it shines behind us still.

God gives us with our rugged soil  
 The power to make it Eden-fair,  
 And richer fruits to crown our toil  
 Than summer-wedded islands bear.

Who murmurs at his lot to-day ?  
 Who scorns his native fruit and  
 bloom ?  
 Or sighs for dainties far away,  
 Beside the bounteous board of  
 home ?

Thank Heaven, instead, that Free-  
 dom's arm  
 Can change a rocky soil to gold,—  
 That brave and generous lives can  
 warm  
 A clime with northern ices cold.

And let these altars, wreathed with  
 flowers  
 And piled with fruits, awake again  
 Thanksgivings for the golden hours  
 The early and the latter rain !



# IN WAR TIME

## BALLADS AND OCCASIONAL POEMS

[1863]

TO SAMUEL E. SEWALL

AND

HARRIET W. SEWALL

OF MELROSE.

OLOR ISCANUS queries : "Why should  
we  
Vex at the land's ridiculous miserie ?"  
So on his Usk banks, in the blood-red  
dawn  
Of England's civil strife, did careless  
Vaughan  
Bemock his times. O friends of many  
years !  
Though faith and trust are stronger  
than our fears,  
And the signs promise peace with  
liberty,  
Not thus we trifle with our country's  
tears  
And sweat of agony. The future's  
gain  
Is certain as God's truth ; but, mean-  
while, pain  
Is bitter and tears are salt : our voices  
take  
A sober tone ; our very household  
songs  
Are heavy with a nation's griefs and  
wrongs ;  
And innocent mirth is chastened for  
the sake  
Of the brave hearts that never more  
shall beat,  
The eyes that smile no more, the un-  
returning feet !

THY WILL BE DONE

WE see not, know not ; all our way  
Is night,—with Thee alone is day :  
From out the torrent's troubled drift,  
Above the storm our prayers we lift,  
Thy will be done !

The flesh may fail, the heart may faint,  
But who are we to make complaint,  
Or dare to plead, in times like these  
The weakness of our love of ease ?  
Thy will be done !

We take with solemn thankfulness  
Our burden up, nor ask it less,  
And count it joy that even we  
May suffer, serve, or wait for Thee,  
Whose will be done !

Though dim as yet in tint and line,  
We trace Thy picture's wise design,  
And thank Thee that our age supplies  
Its dark relief of sacrifice.  
Thy will be done !

And if, in our unworthiness,  
Thy sacrificial wine we press ;  
If from Thy ordeal's heated bars  
Our feet are seamed with crimson  
scars,  
Thy will be done !

If, for the age to come, this hour  
Of trial hath vicarious power,  
And, blest by Thee, our present pain,  
Be Liberty's eternal gain,  
Thy will be done !

Strike, Thou the Master, we Thy  
 keys,  
 The anthem of the destinies !  
 The minor of Thy loftier strain,  
 Our hearts shall breathe the old refrain,  
 Thy will be done !

### A WORD FOR THE HOUR

THE firmament breaks up. In black  
 eclipse  
 Light after light goes out. One evil  
 star,  
 Luridly glaring through the smoke of  
 war,  
 As in the dream of the Apocalypse,  
 Drags others down. Let us not  
 weakly weep  
 Nor rashly threaten. Give us grace  
 to keep  
 Our faith and patience ; wherefore  
 should we leap  
 On one hand into fratricidal fight,  
 Or, on the other, yield eternal right,  
 Frame lies of law, and good and ill  
 confound ?  
 What fear we ? Safe on Freedom's  
 vantage-ground  
 Our feet are planted : let us there  
 remain  
 In unvengeful calm, no means un-  
 tried  
 Which truth can sanction, no just  
 claim denied,  
 The sad spectators of a suicide !  
 They break the links of Union : shall  
 we light  
 The fires of hell to weld anew the  
 chain  
 On that red anvil where each blow  
 is pain ?  
 Draw we not even now a freer breath,  
 As from our shoulders falls a load of  
 death  
 Loathsome as that the Tuscan's  
 victim bore  
 When keen with life to a dead horror  
 bound ?  
 Why take we up the accursed thing  
 again ?

Pity, forgive, but urge them back no  
 more  
 Who, drunk with passion, flaunt dis-  
 union's rag  
 With its vile reptile-blazon. Let us  
 press  
 The golden cluster on our brave old  
 flag  
 In closer union, and, if numbering  
 less,  
 Brighter shall shine the stars which  
 still remain.

16th, 1st mo., 1861.

### "EIN FESTE BURG IST UNSER GOTT"

(LUTHER'S HYMN)

WE wait beneath the furnace-blast  
 The pangs of transformation ;  
 Not painlessly doth God recast  
 And mould anew the nation.  
 Hot burns the fire  
 Where wrongs expire ;  
 Nor spares the hand  
 That from the land  
 Uproots the ancient evil.

The hand-breadth cloud the sages  
 feared  
 Its bloody rain is dropping ;  
 The poisoned plant the fathers spared  
 All else is overtopping.  
 East, West, South, North,  
 It curses the earth ;  
 All justice dies,  
 And fraud and lies  
 Live only in its shadow.

What gives the wheat-field blades of  
 steel ?  
 What points the rebel cannon ?  
 What sets the roaring rabble's heel  
 On the old star-spangled pennon ?  
 What breaks the oath  
 Of the men o' the South ?  
 What whets the knife  
 For the Union's life ?—  
 Hark to the answer : Slavery !

Then waste no blows on lesser foes  
 In strife unworthy freemen.  
 God lifts to-day the veil, and shows  
 The features of the demon !  
 O North and South,  
 Its victims both,  
 Can ye not cry,  
 " Let Slavery die ! "  
 And union find in freedom ?

What though the cast-out spirit tear  
 The nation in his going ?  
 We who have shared the guilt must  
 share  
 The pang of his o'erthrowing ;  
 Whate'er the loss,  
 Whate'er the cross,  
 Shall they complain  
 Of present pain  
 Who trust in God's hereafter ?

For who that leans on His right  
 arm  
 Was ever yet forsaken ?  
 What righteous cause can suffer  
 harm  
 If He its part has taken ?  
 Though wild and loud,  
 And dark the cloud,  
 Behind its folds  
 His hand upholds  
 The calm sky of to-morrow !

Above the maddening cry for blood,  
 Above the wild war-drumming,  
 Let Freedom's voice be heard, with  
 good  
 The evil overcoming.  
 Give prayer and purse  
 To stay the Curse  
 Whose wrong we share,  
 Whose shame we bear,  
 Whose end shall gladden Heaven !

In vain the bells of war shall ring  
 Of triumphs and revenges,  
 While still is spared the evil thing  
 That severs and estranges.  
 But blest the ear  
 That yet shall hear  
 The jubilant bell  
 That rings the knell  
 Of Slavery for ever !

Then let the selfish lip be dumb,  
 And hushed the breath of sighing ;  
 Before the joy of peace must come  
 The pains of purifying.  
 God give us grace  
 Each in his place  
 To bear his lot,  
 And, murmuring not,  
 Endure and wait and labour !

## TO JOHN C. FREMONT

THY error, Fremont, simply was to act  
 A brave man's part, without the  
 statesman's tact,  
 And, taking counsel but of common  
 sense,  
 To strike at cause as well as conse-  
 quence.  
 Oh, never yet since Roland wound  
 his horn  
 At Roncesvalles, has a blast been  
 blown  
 Far-heard, wide-echoed, startling as  
 thine own,  
 Heard from the van of Freedom's hope  
 forlorn !  
 It had been safer, doubtless, for the  
 time,  
 To flatter treason, and avoid offence  
 To that Dark Power whose underlying  
 crime  
 Heaves upward its perpetual turbu-  
 lence.  
 But if thine be the fate of all who  
 break  
 The ground for truth's seed, or fore-  
 run their years  
 Till lost in distance, or with stout  
 hearts make  
 A lane for freedom through the level  
 spears,  
 Still take thou courage ! God has  
 spoken through thee,  
 Irrevocable, the mighty words, Be  
 free !  
 The land shakes with them, and the  
 slave's dull ear  
 Turns from the rice-swamp stealthily  
 to hear.

Who would recall them now must  
 first arrest  
 The winds that blow down from the  
 free North-west,  
 Ruffling the Gulf ; or like a scroll roll  
 back  
 The Mississippi to its upper springs.  
 Such words fulfil their prophecy, and  
 lack  
 But the full time to harden into things.

### THE WATCHERS

BESIDE a stricken field I stood ;  
 On the torn turf, on grass and wood,  
 Hung heavily the dew of blood.

Still in their fresh mounds lay the  
 slain,  
 But all the air was quick with pain  
 And gusty sighs and tearful rain.

Two angels, each with drooping head  
 And folded wings and noiseless tread,  
 Watched by that valley of the dead.

The one, with forehead saintly bland  
 And lips of blessing, not command,  
 Leaned, weeping, on her olive wand.

The other's brows were scarred and  
 knit,  
 His restless eyes were watch-fires lit,  
 His hands for battle-gauntlets fit.

"How long!"—I knew the voice of  
 Peace,—

"Is there no respite?—no release?—  
 When shall the hopeless quarrel  
 cease?"

"O Lord, how long!—One human  
 soul  
 Is more than any parchment scroll,  
 Or any flag Thy winds unroll.

"What price was Ellsworth's, young  
 and brave?  
 How weigh the gift that Lyon gave,  
 Or count the cost of Winthrop's grave?"

"O brother! if thine eye can see,  
 Tell how and when the end shall be,  
 What hope remains for thee and me."

Then Freedom sternly said: "I shun  
 No strife nor pang beneath the sun,  
 When human rights are staked and  
 won.

"I knelt with Ziska's hunted flock,  
 I watched in Toussaint's cell of rock,  
 I walked with Sidney to the block.

"The moor of Marston felt my tread,  
 Through Jersey snows the march I  
 led,  
 My voice Magenta's charges sped.

"But now, through weary day and  
 night,  
 I watch a vague and aimless fight  
 For leave to strike one blow aright.

"On either side my foe they own:  
 One guards through love his ghastly  
 throne,  
 And one through fear to reverence  
 grown.

"Why wait we longer, mocked, be-  
 trayed  
 By open foes, or those afraid  
 To speed thy coming through my aid?"

"Why watch to see who win or  
 fall?—  
 I shake the dust against them all,  
 I leave them to their senseless brawl."

"Nay," Peace implored: "yet longer  
 wait;  
 The doom is near, the stake is great:  
 God knoweth if it be too late.

"Still wait and watch; the way pre-  
 pare  
 Where I with folded wings of prayer  
 May follow, weaponless and bare."

"Too late!" the stern, sad voice  
 replied,  
 "Too late!" its mournful echo sighed  
 In low lament the answer died.



A rustling as of wings in flight,  
An upward gleam of lessening white,  
So passed the vision, sound and sight.

But round me, like a silver bell  
Rung down the listening sky to tell  
Of holy help, a sweet voice fell.

"Still hope and trust," it sang; "the  
rod  
Must fall, the wine-press must be trod,  
But all is possible with God!"

### TO ENGLISHMEN

You flung your taunt across the wave;  
We bore it as became us,  
Well knowing that the fettered slave  
Left friendly lips no option save  
To pity or to blame us.

You scoffed our plea. "Mere lack  
of will,  
Not lack of power," you told us:  
We showed our free-state records;  
still  
You mocked, confounding good and  
ill,  
Slave-haters and slave-holders.

We struck at Slavery; to the verge  
Of power and means we checked it;  
Lo!—presto, change! its claims you  
urge,  
Send greetings to it o'er the surge,  
And comfort and protect it.

But yesterday you scarce could shake,  
In slave-abhorring rigour,  
Our Northern palms for conscience'  
sake:

To-day you clasp the hands that ache  
With "walloping the nigger!"<sup>85</sup>

O Englishmen, in hope and creed,  
In blood and tongue our brothers!  
We too are heirs of Runnymede;  
And Shakespeare's fame and Crom-  
well's deed  
Are not alone our mother's.

"Thicker than water," in one ill  
Through centuries of story  
Our Saxon blood has flowed, and still  
We share with you its good and ill,  
The shadow and the glory.

Joint heirs and kinsfolk, leagues of  
wave  
Nor length of years can part us:  
Your right is ours to shrine and grave,  
The common freehold of the brave,  
The gift of saints and martyrs.

Our very sins and follies teach  
Our kindred frail and human:  
We carp at faults with bitter speech,  
The while, for one unshamed by each,  
We have a score in common.

We bowed the heart, if not the  
knee,  
To England's Queen, God bless  
her!  
We praised you when your slaves  
went free:  
We seek to unchain ours. Will ye  
Join hands with the oppressor?

And is it Christian England cheers  
The bruiser, not the bruised?  
And must she run, despite the tears  
And prayers of eighteen hundred  
years,  
Amuck in Slavery's crusade?

O black disgrace! O shame and loss  
Too deep for tongue to phrase on!  
Tear from your flag its holy cross,  
And in your van of battle toss  
The pirate's skull-bone blazon!

### ASTRÆA AT THE CAPITOL

ABOLITION OF SLAVERY IN THE  
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, 1862.

WHEN first I saw our banner wave  
Above the nation's council-hall,  
I heard beneath its marble wall  
The clanking fetters of the slave!

In the foul market-place I stood,  
 And saw the Christian mother sold,  
 And childhood with its locks of  
 gold,  
 Blue-eyed and fair with Saxon blood.

I shut my eyes, I held my breath,  
 And, smothering down the wrath  
 and shame  
 That set my Northern blood aflame,  
 Stood silent,—where to speak was  
 death.

Beside me gloomed the prison-cell  
 Where wasted one in slow decline  
 For uttering simple words of mine,  
 And loving freedom all too well.

The flag that floated from the dome  
 Flapped menace in the morning  
 air ;  
 I stood a perilled stranger where  
 The human broker made his home.

For crime was virtue: Gown and  
 Sword  
 And Law their threefold sanction  
 gave,  
 And to the quarry of the slave  
 Went hawking with our symbol-bird.

On the oppressor's side was power ;  
 And yet I knew that every wrong,  
 However old, however strong,  
 But waited God's avenging hour.

I knew that truth would crush the  
 lie,—  
 Somehow, some time, the end would  
 be ;  
 Yet scarcely dared I hope to see  
 The triumph with my mortal eye.

But now I see it ! In the sun  
 A free flag floats from yonder dome,  
 And at the nation's hearth and  
 home  
 The justice long delayed is done.

Not as we hoped, in calm of prayer,  
 The message of deliverance comes,  
 But heralded by roll of drums  
 On waves of battle-troubled air !—

Midst sounds that madden and appal,  
 The song that Bethlehem's shep-  
 herds knew !

The harp of David melting through  
 The demon-agonies of Saul !

Not as we hoped ;—but what are we ?  
 Above our broken dreams and  
 plans  
 God lays, with wiser hand than  
 man's,  
 The corner-stones of liberty.

I cavil not with Him : the voice  
 That freedom's blessed gospel tells  
 Is sweet to me as silver bells,  
 Rejoicing !—yea, I will rejoice !

Dear friends still toiling in the sun,—  
 Ye dearer ones who, gone before,  
 Are watching from the eternal shore  
 The slow work by your hands begun,—

Rejoice with me ! The chastening rod  
 Blossoms with love ; the furnace  
 heat  
 Grows cool beneath His blessed  
 feet  
 Whose form is as the Son of God !

Rejoice ! Our Marah's bitter springs  
 Are sweetened ; on our ground of  
 grief  
 Rise day by day in strong relief  
 The prophecies of better things.

Rejoice in hope ! The day and night  
 Are one with God, and one with  
 them  
 Who see by faith the cloudy hem  
 Of Judgment fringed with Mercy's  
 light !

### THE BATTLE AUTUMN OF

1862.

THE flags of war like storm-birds fly,  
 The charging trumpets blow ;  
 Yet rolls no thunder in the sky,  
 No earthquake strives below.

And, calm and patient, Nature keeps  
 Her ancient promise well,  
 Though o'er her bloom and greenness  
 sweeps  
 The battle's breath of hell.

And still she walks in golden hours  
 Through harvest-happy farms,  
 And still she wears her fruits and  
 flowers  
 Like jewels on her arms.

What mean the gladness of the plain,  
 This joy of eve and morn,  
 The mirth that shakes the beard of  
 grain  
 And yellow locks of corn?

Ah! eyes may well be full of tears,  
 And hearts with hate are hot;  
 But even-paced come round the years,  
 And Nature changes not.

She meets with smiles our bitter grief,  
 With songs our groans of pain;  
 She mocks with tint of flower and leaf  
 The war-field's crimson stain.

Still, in the cannon's pause, we hear  
 Her sweet thanksgiving-psalm;  
 Too near to God for doubt or fear,  
 She shares the eternal calm.

She knows the seed lies safe below  
 The fires that blast and burn;  
 For all the tears of blood we sow  
 She waits the rich return.

She sees with clearer eye than ours  
 The good of suffering born,—  
 The hearts that blossom like her  
 flowers,  
 And ripen like her corn.

Oh, give to us, in times like these,  
 The vision of her eyes;  
 And make her fields and fruited trees  
 Our golden prophecies!

Oh, give to us her finer ear!  
 Above this stormy din.  
 We too would hear the bells of cheer  
 Ring peace and freedom in.

MITHRIDATES AT CHIOS<sup>56</sup>

KNOW'ST thou, O slave-cursed  
 land!

How, when the Chian's cup of guilt  
 Was full to overflow, there came  
 God's justice in the sword of flame  
 That, red with slaughter to its hilt,  
 Blazed in the Cappadocian victor's  
 hand?

The heavens are still and far;  
 But, not unheard of awful Jove,  
 The sighing of the island slave  
 Was answered, when the Ægean  
 wave  
 The keels of Mithridates clove,  
 And the vines shrivelled in the breath  
 of war.

"Robbers of Chios! hark,"  
 The victor cried, "to Heaven's  
 decree!  
 Pluck your last cluster from the  
 vine,  
 Drain your last cup of Chian  
 wine!  
 Slaves of your slaves, your doom  
 shall be,  
 In Colchian mines by Phasis rolling  
 dark."

Then rose the long lament  
 From the hoar sea-god's dusky  
 caves:  
 The priestess rent her hair and  
 cried,  
 "Woe! woe! The gods are  
 sleepless eyed!"  
 And, chained and scourged, the  
 slaves of slaves,  
 The lords of Chios into exile went.

"The gods at last pay well,"  
 So Hellas sang her taunting song;  
 "The fisher in his net is caught,  
 The Chian hath his master  
 bought;"  
 And isle from isle, with laughter  
 long,  
 Took up and sped the mocking  
 parable.

Once more the slow, dumb years  
 Bring their avenging cycle round,  
 And, more than Hellas taught of  
 old,  
 Our wiser lesson shall be told,  
 Of slaves uprising, freedom-crowned,  
 To break, not wield, the scourge wet  
 with their blood and tears.

### THE PROCLAMATION

SAINT PATRICK, slave to Milcho of  
 the herds  
 Of Ballymena, wakened with these  
 words :  
 " Arise, and flee  
 Out from the land of bondage, and be  
 free ! "

Glad as a soul in pain, who hears from  
 heaven  
 The angels singing of his sins for-  
 given,  
 And, wondering, sees  
 His prison opening to their golden  
 keys,

He rose a man who laid him down a  
 slave,  
 Shook from his locks the ashes of the  
 grave,  
 And outward trod  
 Into the glorious liberty of God.

He cast the symbols of his shame  
 away ;  
 And, passing where the sleeping  
 Milcho lay,  
 Though back and limb  
 Smarted with wrong, he prayed, " God  
 pardon him ! "

So went he forth ; but in God's time  
 he came  
 To light on Uilline's hills a holy  
 flame ;  
 And, dying, gave  
 The land a saint that lost him as a  
 slave.

O dark, sad millions, patiently and  
 dumb  
 Waiting for God, your hour, at last,  
 has come,  
 And freedom's song  
 Breaks the long silence of your night  
 of wrong !

Arise and flee ! shake off the vile  
 restraint  
 Of ages ; but, like Ballymena's saint,  
 The oppressor spare,  
 Heap only on his head the coals of  
 prayer.

Go forth, like him ! like him return  
 again,  
 To bless the land whereon in bitter  
 pain  
 Ye toiled at first,  
 And heal with freedom what your  
 slavery cursed.

### ANNIVERSARY POEM

[Read at the Annual Meeting of the Friends  
 at Newport, R.I., 15th, 6th mo., 1863.]

ONCE more, dear friends, you meet  
 beneath  
 A clouded sky :  
 Not yet the sword has found its  
 sheath,  
 And on the sweet spring airs the  
 breath  
 Of war floats by.

Yet trouble springs not from the  
 ground,  
 Nor pain from chance ;  
 The Eternal order circles round,  
 And wave and storm find mete and  
 bound  
 In Providence.

Full long our feet the flowery ways  
 Of peace have trod,  
 Content with creed and garb and  
 phrase ;  
 A harder path in earlier days  
 Led up to God.

Too cheaply truths, once purchased  
 dear,  
 Are made our own ;  
 Too long the world has smiled to hear  
 Our boast of full corn in the ear  
 By others sown ;

To see us stir the martyr fires  
 Of long ago,  
 And wrap our satisfied desires  
 In the singed mantles that our sires  
 Have dropped below.

But now the cross our worthies bore  
 On us is laid ;  
 Profession's quiet sleep is o'er,  
 And in the scale of Truth once more  
 Our faith is weighed.

The cry of innocent blood at last  
 Is calling down  
 An answer in the whirlwind-blast,  
 The thunder and the shadow cast  
 From Heaven's dark frown.

The land is red with judgments.  
 Who  
 Stands guiltless forth ?  
 Have *we* been faithful as we knew  
 To God and to our brother true,  
 To Heaven and Earth ?

How faint, through din of merchan-  
 dise  
 And count of gain,  
 Have seemed to us the captive's cries !  
 How far away the tears and sighs  
 Of souls in pain !

This day the fearful reckoning comes  
 To each and all ;  
 We hear amidst our peaceful homes  
 The summons of the conscript drums,  
 The bugle's call.

Our path is plain ; the war-net draws  
 Round us in vain,  
 While, faithful to the Higher Cause,  
 We keep our fealty to the laws  
 Through patient pain.

The levelled gun, the battle-brand,  
 We may not take ;  
 But, calmly loyal, we can stand  
 And suffer with our suffering land  
 For conscience' sake.

Why ask for ease where all is pain ?  
 Shall *we* alone  
 Be left to add our gain to gain,  
 When over Armageddon's plain  
 The trump is blown ?

To suffer well is well to serve ;  
 Safe in our Lord  
 The rigid lines of law shall curve  
 To spare us ; from our heads shall  
 swerve  
 Its smiting sword.

And light is mingled with the gloom,  
 And joy with grief ;  
 Divinest compensations come,  
 Through thorns of judgment mercies  
 bloom  
 In sweet relief.

Thanks for our privilege to bless,  
 By word and deed,  
 The widow in her keen distress,  
 The childless and the fatherless,  
 The hearts that bleed !

For fields of duty, opening wide,  
 Where all our powers  
 Are tasked the eager steps to guide  
 Of millions on a path untried :  
 THE SLAVE IS OURS !

Ours by traditions dear and old,  
 Which make the race  
 Our wards to cherish and uphold,  
 And cast their freedom in the mould  
 Of Christian grace.

And we may tread the sick-bed  
 floors  
 Where strong men pine,  
 And, down the groaning corridors,  
 Pour freely from our liberal stores  
 The oil and wine.

Who murmurs that in these dark days  
His lot is cast ?  
God's hand within the shadow lays  
The stones whereon His gates of praise  
Shall rise at last.

Turn and o'turn, O outstretched  
Hand !  
Nor stint, nor stay ;  
The years have never dropped their  
sand  
On mortal issue vast and grand  
As ours to-day.

Already, on the sable ground  
Of man's despair  
Is Freedom's glorious picture found,  
With all its dusky hands unbound,  
Upraised in prayer.

Oh, small shall seem all sacrifice  
And pain and loss,  
When God shall wipe the weeping  
eyes,  
For suffering give the victor's prize,  
The crown for cross !

### AT PORT ROYAL

THE tent-lights glimmer on the land,  
The ship-lights on the sea ;  
The night-wind smoothes with drifting  
sand  
Our track on lone Tybee.

At last our grating keels outslide,  
Our good boats forward swing ;  
And while we ride the land-locked  
tide,  
Our negroes row and sing.

For dear the bondman holds his gifts  
Of music and of song ;  
The gold that kindly Nature sifts  
Among his sands of wrong ;

The power to make his toiling days  
And poor home-comforts please ;  
The quaint relief of mirth that plays  
With sorrow's minor keys.

Another glow than sunset's fire  
Has filled the West with light,  
Where field and garner, barn and  
byre,  
Are blazing through the night.

The land is wild with fear and hate,  
The rout runs mad and fast ;  
From hand to hand, from gate to  
gate  
The flaming brand is passed.

The lurid glow falls strong across  
Dark faces broad with smiles :  
Not theirs the terror, hate, and loss  
That fire yon blazing piles.

With oar-strokes timing to their song,  
They weave in simple lays  
The pathos of remembered wrong,  
The hope of better days,—

The triumph-note that Miriam sung,  
The joy of uncaged birds :  
Softening with Afric's mellow tongue  
Their broken Saxon words.

### SONG OF THE NEGRO BOATMEN.

Oh, praise an' tanks ! De Lord He  
come  
To set de people free ;  
An' massa tink it day ob doom,  
An' we ob jubilee.  
De Lord dat heap de Red Sea waves  
He jus' as 'trong as den ;  
He say de word : we las' night slaves ;  
To-day, de Lord's freemen.  
De yam will grow, de cotton blow,  
We'll hab de rice an' corn :  
Oh nebber you fear, if nebber you  
hear  
De driber blow his horn !

Ole massa on he trabbels gone ;  
He leaf de land behind :  
De Lord's breff blow him furdur on,  
Like corn-shuck in de wind.  
We own de hoe, we own de plough,  
We own de hands dat hold ;  
We sell de pig, we sell de cow,  
But nebber chile be sold.

De yam will grow, de cotton  
blow,  
We'll hab de rice an' corn :  
Oh nebber you fear, if nebber you  
hear  
De driver blow his horn !

We pray de Lord : He gib us signs  
Dat some day we be free ;  
De norf-wind tell it to de pines,  
De wild-duck to de sea ;  
We tink it when de church-bell ring,  
We dream it in de dream ;  
De rice-bird mean it when he sing,  
De eagle when he scream.

De yam will grow, de cotton  
blow,  
We'll hab de rice an' corn :  
Oh nebber you fear, if nebber you  
hear  
De driver blow his horn !

We know de promise nebber fail  
An' nebber lie de word ;  
So like de 'postles in de jail,  
We waited for de Lord :  
An' now He open ebery door,  
An' trow away de key ;  
He tink we lub Him so before,  
We lub Him better free.

De yam will grow, de cotton  
blow,  
He'll gib de rice an' corn :  
Oh nebber you fear, if nebber you  
hear  
De driver blow his horn !

\* \* \*

So sing our dusky gondoliers ;  
And with a secret pain,  
And smiles that seem akin to tears,  
We hear the wild refrain.

We dare not shate the negro's trust,  
Nor yet his hope deny ;  
We only know that God is just,  
And every wrong shall die.

Rude seems the song ; each swarthy  
face,  
Flame-lighted, ruder still :  
We start to think that hapless race  
Must shape our good or ill ;

That laws of changeless justice bind  
Oppressor with oppressed :  
And, close as sin and suffering joined,  
We march to Fate abreast.

Sing on, poor hearts ! your chant shall  
be  
Our sign of blight or bloom,—  
The Vala-song of Liberty,  
Or death-rune of our doom !

BARBARA FRIETCHIE

Up from the meadows rich with corn,  
Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand  
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,  
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,

Fair as the garden of the Lord  
To the eyes of the famished rebel  
horde,

On that pleasant morn of the early  
fall  
When Lee marched over the moun-  
tain-wall,—

Over the mountains winding down,  
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,  
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind : the sun  
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,  
Bowed with her fourscore years and  
ten ;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,  
She took up the flag the men hauled  
down ;

In her attic window the staff she set,  
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,  
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right  
He glanced : the old flag met his sight.

"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks  
stood fast.

"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle blast.

It shivered the window, pane and  
sash ;

It rent the banner with seam and  
gash.

Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff  
Dame Barbara snatched the silken  
scarf.

She leaned far out on the window-sill,  
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old grey  
head,

But spare your country's flag," she  
said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,  
Over the face of the leader came ;

The nobler nature within him stirred  
To life at that woman's deed and  
word :

"Who touches a hair of yon grey head  
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

All day long through Frederick street  
Sounded the tread of marching feet :

All day long that free flag tost  
Over the heads of the rebel host ;

Ever its torn folds rose and fell  
On the loyal winds that loved it well ;

And through the hill-gaps sunset  
light

Shone over it with a warm good-  
night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,  
And the Rebel rides on his raids no  
more.

Honour to her ! and let a tear  
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,  
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave !

Peace and order and beauty draw  
Round thy symbol of light and law ;

And ever the stars above look down  
On thy stars below in Frederick  
town !



### COBBLER KEEZAR'S VISION\*

THE beaver cut his timber  
With patient teeth that day,  
The minks were fish-wards, and the  
crows  
Surveyors of highway,—

When Keezar sat on the hillside  
Upon his cobbler's form,  
With a pan of coals on either hand  
To keep his waxed-ends warm.

And there, in the golden weather,  
He stitched and hammered and  
sung ;  
In the brook he moistened his leather,  
In the pewter mug his tongue.

Well he knew the tough old Teuton  
Who brewed the stoutest ale,  
And he paid the goodwife's reckoning  
In the coin of song and tale.

\* Cobbler Keezar was a noted character among the first settlers in the valley of the Merrimack.



The songs they still are singing  
 Who dress the hills of vine,  
 The tales that haunt the Brocken  
 And whisper down the Rhine.

Woody and wild and lonesome,  
 The swift stream wound away,  
 Through birches and scarlet maples  
 Flashing in foam and spray,—

Down on the sharp-horned ledges  
 Plunging in steep cascade,  
 Tossing its white-maned waters  
 Against the hemlock's shade.

Woody and wild and lonesome,  
 East and west and north and south;  
 Only the village of fishers  
 Down at the river's mouth;

Only here and there a clearing,  
 With its farm-house rude and new,  
 And tree-stumps, swart as Indians,  
 Where the scanty harvest grew.

No shout of home-bound reapers,  
 No vintage-song he heard,  
 And on the green no dancing feet  
 The merry violin stirred.

"Why should folk be glum," said  
 Keezar,  
 "When Nature herself is glad,  
 And the painted woods are laughing  
 At the faces so sour and sad?"

Small heed had the careless cobbler  
 What sorrow of heart was theirs  
 Who travailed in pain with the births  
 of God,  
 And planted a State with prayers,—

Hunting of witches and warlocks,  
 Smiting the heathen horde,—  
 One hand on the mason's trowel,  
 And one on the soldier's sword!

But give him his ale and cider,  
 Give him his pipe and song,  
 Little he cared for Church or State,  
 Or the balance of right and wrong.

"'Tis work, work, work," he mut-  
 tered,—

"And for rest a snuffle of psalms!"  
 He smote on his leathern apron  
 With his brown and waxen palms.

"Oh for the purple harvests  
 Of the days when I was young!  
 For the merry grape-stained maidens,  
 And the pleasant songs they sung!"

"Oh for the breath of vineyards,  
 Of apples and nuts and wine!  
 For an oar to row and a breeze to blow  
 Down the grand old river Rhine!"

A tear in his blue eye glistened,  
 And dropped on his beard so gray.  
 "Old, old am I," said Keezar,  
 "And the Rhine flows far away!"

But a cunning man was the cobbler;  
 He could call the birds from the  
 trees,  
 Charm the black snake out of the  
 ledges,  
 And bring back the swarming bees.

All the virtues of herbs and metals,  
 All the lore of the woods, he knew,  
 And the arts of the Old World mingled  
 With the marvels of the New.

Well he knew the tricks of magic,  
 And the lapstone on his knee  
 Had the gift of the Mormon's goggles  
 Or the stone of Doctor Dee.

For the mighty master Agrippa  
 Wrought it with spell and rhyme  
 From a fragment of mystic moonstone  
 In the tower of Nettesheim.

To a cobbler Minnesinger  
 The marvellous stone gave he,—  
 And he gave it, in turn, to Keezar,  
 Who brought it over the sea.

He held up that mystic lapstone,  
 He held it up like a lens,  
 And he counted the long years coming  
 By twenties and by tens.

"One hundred years," quoth Keezar.  
 "And fifty have I told:  
 Now open the new before me,  
 And shut me out the old!"

Like a cloud of mist, the blackness  
 Rolled from the magic stone,  
 And a marvellous picture mingled  
 The unknown and the known.

Still ran the stream to the river,  
 And river and ocean joined;  
 And there were the bluffs and the  
 blue sea-line,  
 And cold north hills behind.

But the mighty forest was broken  
 By many a steepled town,  
 By many a white-walled farm-house,  
 And many a garner brown.

Turning a score of mill-wheels,  
 The stream no more ran free;  
 White sails on the winding river,  
 White sails on the far-off sea.

Below in the noisy village  
 The flags were floating gay,  
 And shone on a thousand faces  
 The light of a holiday.

Swiftly the rival ploughmen  
 Turned the brown earth from their  
 shares;  
 Here were the farmer's treasures,  
 There were the craftsman's wares.

Golden the goodwife's butter,  
 Ruby her currant-wine;  
 Grand were the strutting turkeys,  
 Fat were the beeves and swine.

Yellow and red were the apples,  
 And the ripe pears russet-brown,  
 And the peaches had stolen blushes  
 From the girls who shook them  
 down.

And with blooms of hill and wild-  
 wood,  
 That shame the toil of art,  
 Mingled the gorgeous blossoms  
 Of the garden's tropic heart.

"What is it I see?" said Keezar:  
 "Am I here, or am I there?  
 Is it a fête at Bingen?  
 Do I look on Frankfort fair?"

"But where are the clowns and  
 puppets,  
 And imps with horns and tail?  
 And where are the Rhenish flagons?  
 And where is the foaming ale?"

"Strange things, I know, will hap-  
 pen,—  
 Strange things the Lord permits;  
 But that droughty folk should be jolly  
 Puzzles my poor old wits.

"Here are smiling manly faces,  
 And the maiden's step is gay;  
 Nor sad by thinking, nor mad by  
 drinking,  
 Nor mopes, nor fools, are they.

"Here's pleasure without regretting,  
 And good without abuse,  
 The holiday and the bridal  
 Of beauty and of use.

"Here's a priest and there is a  
 Quaker,—  
 Do the cat and dog agree?  
 Have they burned the stocks for  
 oven-wood?  
 Have they cut down the gallows-  
 tree?"

"Would the old folk know their  
 children?  
 Would they own the graceless  
 town,  
 With never a ranter to worry  
 And never a witch to drown?"

Loud laughed the cobbler Keezar,  
 Laughed like a school-boy gay;  
 Tossing his arms above him,  
 The lapstone rolled away.

It rolled down the rugged hillside,  
 It spun like a wheel bewitched,  
 It plunged through the leaning wil-  
 lows,  
 And into the river pitched.

There, in the deep, dark water  
The magic stone lies still,  
Under the leaning willows,  
In the shadow of the hill.

But oft the idle fisher  
Sits on the shadowy bank,  
And his dreams make marvellous pictures  
Where the wizard's lapstone sank.

And still, in the summer twilights,  
When the river seems to run  
Out from the inner glory,  
Warm with the melted sun,

The weary mill-girl lingers  
Beside the charmed stream,  
And the sky and the golden water  
Shape and colour her dream.

Fair wave the sunset gardens,  
The rosy signals fly;  
Her homestead beckons from the  
cloud,  
And love goes sailing by.

AMY WENTWORTH

TO W. B.

As they who watch by sick-beds find  
relief  
Unwittingly from the great stress of  
grief  
And anxious care in fantasies out-  
wrought  
From the hearth's embers flickering  
low, or caught  
From whispering wind, or tread of  
passing feet,  
Or vagrant memory calling up some  
sweet  
Snatch of old song or romance, whence  
or why  
They scarcely know or ask,—so, thou  
and I,  
Nursed in the faith that Truth alone  
is strong  
In the endurance which outwearies  
Wrong,

With meek persistence baffling brutal  
force,  
And trusting God against the uni-  
verse,—  
We, doomed to watch a strife we may  
not share  
With other weapons than the patriot's  
prayer,  
Yet owning, with full hearts and  
moistened eyes,  
The awful beauty of self-sacrifice,  
And wrung by keenest sympathy for all  
Who give their loved ones for the  
living wall  
'Twixt law and treason,—in this evil  
day  
May haply find, through automatic  
play  
Of pen and pencil, solace to our pain,  
And hearten others with the strength  
we gain.  
I know it has been said our times  
require  
No play of art, nor dalliance with the  
lyre,  
No weak essay with Fancy's chloro-  
form  
To calm the hot, mad pulses of the  
storm,  
But the stern war-blast rather, such  
as sets  
The battle's teeth of serried bayonets,  
And pictures grim as Vernet's. Yet  
with these  
Some softer tints may blend, and  
milder keys  
Relieve the storm-stunned ear. Let  
us keep sweet  
If so we may, our hearts, even while  
we eat  
The bitter harvest of our own device  
And half a century's moral cowardice.  
As Nürnberg sang while Wittenberg  
defied,  
And Kranach painted by his Luther's  
side,  
And through the war-march of the  
Puritan  
The silver stream of Marvell's music  
ran,  
So let the household melodies be sung,  
The pleasant pictures on the wall be  
hung,—

So let us hold against the hosts of night  
 And slavery all our vantage-ground  
 of light  
 Let Treason boast its savagery and  
 shake  
 From its flag-folds its symbol rattle-  
 snake,  
 Nurse its fine arts, lay human skins  
 in tan,  
 And carve its pipe-bowls from the  
 bones of man,  
 And make the tale of Fijian banquets  
 dull  
 By drinking whiskey from a loyal  
 skull,—  
 But let us guard, till this sad war  
 shall cease,  
 (God grant it soon !) the graceful arts  
 of peace :  
 No foes are conquered who the victors  
 teach  
 Their vandal manners and barbaric  
 speech.

And while, with hearts of thankful-  
 ness, we bear  
 Of the great common burden our full  
 share,  
 Let none upbraid us that the waves  
 entice  
 Thy sea-dipped pencil, or some quaint  
 device,  
 Rhythmic and sweet, beguiles my pen  
 away  
 From the sharp strifes and sorrows of  
 to-day.  
 Thus, while the east-wind keen from  
 Labrador  
 Sings in the leafless elms, and from  
 the shore  
 Of the great sea comes the monotonous  
 roar  
 Of the long-breaking surf, and all the  
 sky  
 Is grey with cloud, home-bound and  
 dull, I try  
 To time a simple legend to the sounds  
 Of winds in the woods, and waves on  
 pebbled bounds,—  
 A song for oars to chime with, such  
 as might  
 Be sung by tired sea-painters, who at  
 night

Look from their hemlock camps, by  
 quiet cove  
 Or beach, moon-lighted, on the waves  
 they love.  
 (So hast thou looked, when level  
 sunset lay  
 On the calm bosom of some Eastern  
 bay,  
 And all the spray-moist rocks and  
 waves that rolled  
 Up the white sand-slopes flashed with  
 ruddy gold.)  
 Something it has—a flavour of the  
 sea,  
 And the sea's freedom—which re-  
 minds of thee.  
 Its faded picture, dimly smiling  
 down  
 From the blurred fresco of the ancient  
 town,  
 I have not touched with warmer tints  
 in vain,  
 If, in this dark, sad year, it steals  
 one thought from pain.

\* \* \*

Her fingers shame the ivory keys  
 They dance so light along ;  
 The bloom upon her parted lips  
 Is sweeter than the song.

O perfumed suitor, spare thy smiles !  
 Her thoughts are not of thee ;  
 She better loves the salted wind,  
 The voices of the sea.

Her heart is like an outbound ship  
 That at its anchor swings ;  
 The murmur of the stranded shell  
 Is in the song she sings.

She sings, and, smiling, hears her  
 praise,  
 But dreams the while of one  
 Who watches from his sea-blown  
 deck  
 The icebergs in the sun.

She questions all the winds that  
 blow,  
 And every fog-wreath dim,  
 And bids the sea-birds flying north  
 Bear messages to him.

She speeds them with the thanks of  
men

He periled life to save,  
And grateful prayers, like holy oil  
To smooth for him the wave.

Brown Viking of the fishing-smack !  
Fair toast of all the town !—  
The skipper's jerkin ill beseems  
The lady's silken gown !

But ne'er shall Amy Wentworth wear  
For him the blush of shame  
Who dares to set his manly gifts  
Against her ancient name.

The stream is brightest at its spring,  
And blood is not like wine ;  
Nor honoured less than he who heils  
Is he who founds a line.

Full lightly shall the prize be won,  
If love be Fortune's spur ;  
And never maiden stoops to him  
Who lifts himself to her.

Her home is brave in Jaffrey Street,  
With stately stairways worn  
By feet of old Colonial knights  
And ladies gentle-born.

Still green about its ample porch  
The English ivy twines,  
Trained back to show in English oak  
The herald's carven signs.

And on her, from the wainscot old,  
Ancestral faces frown,—  
And this has worn the soldier's sword,  
And that the judge's gown.

But, strong of will and proud as they,  
She walks the gallery floor  
As if she trod her sailor's deck  
By stormy Labrador !

The sweetbrier blooms on Kittery-  
side,  
And green are Elliot's bowers ;  
Her garden is the pebbled beach,  
The mosses are her flowers.

She looks across the harbour-bar  
To see the white gulls fly ;  
His greeting from the Northern sea  
Is in their clanging cry.

She hums a song, and dreams that he,  
As in its romance old,  
Shall homeward ride with silken sails  
And masts of beaten gold !

Oh, rank is good, and gold is fair,  
And high and low mate ill ;  
But love has never known a law  
Beyond its own sweet will !

## THE COUNTESS

TO E. W.

I KNOW not, Time and Space so in-  
tervene,  
Whether, still waiting with a trust  
serene,  
Thou bearest up thy fourscore years  
and ten,  
Or, called at last, art now Heaven's  
citizen ;  
But, here or there, a pleasant thought  
of thee,  
Like an old friend, all day has been  
with me,  
The shy, still boy, for whom thy  
kindly hand  
Smoothed his hard pathway to the  
wonder-land  
Of thought and fancy, in grey man-  
hood yet  
Keeps green the memory of his early  
debt.  
To-day, when truth and falsehood  
speak their words  
Through hot-lipped cannon and the  
teeth of swords,  
Listening with quickened heart and  
ear intent  
To each sharp clause of that stern  
argument,  
I still can hear at times a softer note  
Of the old pastoral music round me  
float,

While through the hot gleam of our  
civil strife  
Looms the green mirage of a simpler  
life.

As, at his alien post, the sentinel  
Drops the old bucket in the home-  
stead well,

And hears old voices in the winds  
that toss

Above his head the live-oak's beard  
of moss,

So, in our trial-time, and under skies  
Shadowed by swords like Islam's  
paradise,

I wait and watch, and let my fancy stray  
To milder scenes and youth's Arcadian  
day ;

And howsoe'er the pencil dipped in  
dreams

Shades the brown woods or tints the  
sunset streams,

The country doctor in the foreground  
seems,

Whose ancient sulky down the village  
lanes

Dragged, like a war-car, captive ills  
and pains.

I could not paint the scenery of my  
song,

Mindless of one who looked thereon  
so long ;

Who, night and day, on duty's lonely  
round,

Made friends o' the woods and rocks,  
and knew the sound

Of each small brook, and what the  
hillside trees

Said to the winds that touched their  
leafy keys ;

Who saw so keenly and so well could  
paint

The village-folk, with all their  
humours quaint,—

The parson ambling on his wall-eyed  
roan,

Grave and erect, with white hair  
backward blown ;

The tough old boatman, half-amphi-  
bious grown ;

The muttering witch-wife of the gos-  
sip's tale,

And the loud straggler levying his  
blackmail,—

Old customs, habits, superstitions, fears,  
All that lies buried under fifty years.  
To thee, as is most fit, I bring my lay,  
And, grateful, own the debt I cannot  
pay.

\* \* \*

Over the wooded northern ridge,  
Between its houses brown,  
To the dark tunnel of the bridge  
The street comes straggling down.

You catch a glimpse, through birch  
and pine,  
Of gable, roof, and porch,  
The tavern with its swinging sign,  
The sharp horn of the church.

The river's steel-blue crescent curves  
To meet, in ebb and flow,  
The single broken wharf that serves  
For sloop and gundelow.

With salt sea-scents along its shores  
The heavy hay-boats crawl,  
The long antennæ of their oars  
In lazy rise and fall.

Along the grey abutment's wall,  
The idle shad-net dries ;  
The toll-man in his cobbler's stall  
Sits smoking with closed eyes.

You hear the pier's low undertone  
Of waves that chafe and gnaw ;  
You start,—a skipper's horn is blown  
To raise the creaking draw.

At times a blacksmith's anvil sounds  
With slow and sluggard beat,  
Or stage-coach on its dusty rounds  
Wakes up the staring street.

A place for idle eyes and ears,  
A cobwebbed nook of dreams ;  
Left by the stream whose waves are  
years  
The stranded village seems.

And there, like other moss and rust,  
The native dweller clings,  
And keeps, in uninquiring trust,  
The old, dull round of things.

The fisher drops his patient lines,  
The farmer sows his grain,  
Content to hear the murmuring pines  
Instead of railroad-train.

Go where, along the tangled steep  
That slopes against the west,  
The hamlet's buried idlers sleep  
In still profounder rest.

Throw back the locust's flowery  
plume,  
The birch's pale-green scarf,  
And break the web of brier and bloom  
From name and epitaph.

A simple muster-roll of death,  
Of pomp and romance shorn,  
The dry, old names that common  
breath  
Has cheapened and outworn.

Yet pause by one low mound, and  
part  
The wild vines o'er it laced,  
And read the words by rustic art  
Upon its headstone traced.

Haply yon white-haired villager  
Of fourscore years can say  
What means the noble name of her  
Who sleeps with common clay.

An exile from the Gascon land  
Found refuge here and rest,  
And loved, of all the village band,  
Its fairest and its best.

He knelt with her on Sabbath  
morns,  
He worshipped through her eyes,  
And on the pride that doubts and  
scorns  
Stole in her faith's surprise.

Her simple daily life he saw  
By homeliest duties tried,  
In all things by an untaught law  
Of fitness justified.

For her his rank aside he laid,  
He took the hue and tone  
Of lowly life and toil, and made  
Her simple ways his own.

Yet still, in gay and careless ease,  
To harvest-field or dance  
He brought the gentle courtesies,  
The nameless grace of France.

And she who taught him love not  
less  
From him she loved, in turn  
Caught in her sweet unconsciousness  
What love is quick to learn.

Each grew to each in pleased accord,  
Nor knew the gazing town  
If she looked upward to her lord,  
Or he to her looked down.

How sweet, when summer's day was  
o'er,  
His violin's mirth and wail,  
The walk on pleasant Newbury's  
shore,  
The river's moonlit sail !

Ah ! life is brief, though love be  
long ;  
The altar and the bier,  
The burial hymn and bridal song,  
Were both in one short year.

Her rest is quiet on the hill,  
Beneath the locust's bloom :  
Far off her lover sleeps as still  
Within his scutcheoned tomb.

The Gascon lord, the village maid,  
In death still clasp their hands ;  
The love that levels rank and grade  
Unites their severed lands.

What matter whose the hillside  
grave,  
Or whose the blazoned stone ?  
For ever to her western wave  
Shall whisper blue Garonne !

O Love!—so hallowing every soil  
That gives thy sweet flower room,  
Wherever, nursed by ease or toil,  
The human heart takes bloom!—

Plant of lost Eden, from the sod  
Of sinful earth unripen,  
White blossom of the trees of God  
Dropped down to us from heaven!—

This tangled waste of mound and  
stone  
Is holy for thy sake ;

A sweetness which is all thy own  
Breathes out from fern and brake.

And while ancestral pride shall  
twine

The Gascon's tomb with flowers,  
Fall sweetly here, O song of mine,  
With summer's bloom and showers!

And let the lines that severed seem  
Unite again in thee,  
As western wave and Gallic stream  
Are mingled in one sea !



### NAPLES [1860]

INSCRIBED TO ROBERT C. WATERSTON, OF BOSTON.

I GIVE thee joy!—I know to thee  
The dearest spot on earth must be  
Where sleeps thy loved one by the  
summer sea ;

Where, near her sweetest poet's  
tomb,  
The land of Virgil gave thee room  
To lay thy flower with her perpetual  
bloom.

I know that when the sky shut down  
Behind thee on the gleaming town,  
On Baiæ's baths and Posilippo's crown;

And, through thy tears, the mock-  
ing day  
Burned Ischia's mountain lines  
away,  
And Capri melted in its sunny bay,—

Through thy great farewell sorrow  
shot  
The sharp pang of a bitter thought  
That slaves must tread around that  
holy spot.

Thou knewest not the land was blest  
In giving thy beloved rest,  
Holding the fond hopes closer to her  
breast

That every sweet and saintly grave  
Was freedom's prophecy, and gave  
The pledge of Heaven to sanctify and  
save.

That pledge is answered. To thy  
ear  
The unchained city sends its cheer,  
And, tuned to joy, the muffled bells  
of fear

Ring Victor in. The land sits free  
And happy by the summer sea,  
And Bourbon Naples now is Italy !

She smiles above her broken chain  
The languid smile that follows pain,  
Stretching her cramped limbs to the  
sun again.

Oh, joy for all, who hear her call  
From grey Camaldoli's convent-  
wall  
And Elmo's towers to freedom's  
carnival !

A new life breathes among her vines  
And olives, like the breath of pines  
Blown downward from the breezy  
Apennines.



Lean, O my friend, to meet that  
breath,  
Rejoice as one who witnesseth  
Beauty from ashes rise, and life from  
death !

Thy sorrow shall no more be pain,  
Its tears shall fall in sunlit rain,  
Writing the grave with flowers :  
" Arisen again ! "

### THE SUMMONS

My ear is full of summer sounds,  
Of summer sights my languid eye ;  
Beyond the dusty village bounds  
I loiter in my daily rounds,  
And in the noon-time shadows lie.

I hear the wild bee wind his horn,  
The bird swings on the ripened  
wheat.

The long green lances of the corn  
Are tilting in the winds of morn,  
The locust shrills his song of heat.

Another sound my spirit hears,  
A deeper sound that drowns them  
all,—

A voice of pleading choked with  
tears,

The call of human hopes and fears,  
The Macedonian cry to Paul !

The storm-bell rings, the trumpet  
blows ;

I know the word and countersign ;  
Wherever Freedom's vanguard goes,  
Where stand or fall her friends or  
foes,

I know the place that should be  
mine.

Shamed be the hands that idly fold,  
And lips that woo the reed's accord,  
When laggard Time the hour has  
tolled

For true with false and new with  
old

To fight the battles of the Lord !

O brothers ! blest by partial Fate  
With power to match the will and  
deed,  
To him your summons comes too late  
Who sinks beneath his armour's  
weight,  
And has no answer but God-speed !

### THE WAITING

I wait and watch : before my eyes  
Methinks the night grows thin and  
gray ;

I wait and watch the eastern skies  
To see the golden spears uprise  
Beneath the oriflamme of day !

Like one whose limbs are bound in  
trance

I hear the day-sound swell and grow,  
And see across the twilight glance,  
Troop after troop, in swift advance,  
The shining ones with plumes of  
snow !

I know the errand of their feet,  
I know what mighty work is theirs ;  
I can but lift up hands unmeet,  
The threshing-floors of God to beat,  
And speed them with unworthy  
prayers.

I will not dream in vain despair  
The steps of progress wait for me :  
The puny leverage of a hair  
The planet's impulse well may spare,  
A drop of dew the tided sea.

The loss, if loss there be, is mine,  
And yet not mine if understood ;  
For one shall grasp and one resign,  
One drink life's rue, and one its wine,  
And God shall make the balance  
good.

O power to do ! O baffled will !  
O prayer and action ! ye are one.  
Who may not strive, may yet fulfil  
The harder task of standing still,  
And good but wished with God is  
done !

## MOUNTAIN PICTURES

## I.

FRANCONIA FROM THE PEMIGE-  
WASSET.

ONCE more, O Mountains of the  
North, unveil  
Your brows, and lay your cloudy  
mantles by !

And once more, ere the eyes that  
seek ye fail,

Uplift against the blue walls of the  
sky

Your mighty shapes, and let the sun-  
shine weave

Its golden net-work in your belting  
woods,

Smile down in rainbows from your  
falling floods,

And on your kingly brows at morn  
and eve

Set crowns of fire ! So shall my  
soul receive

Haply the secret of your calm and  
strength,

Your unforgotten beauty interfuse  
My common life, your glorious

shapes and hues  
And sun-dropped splendours at my

bidding come,  
Loom vast through dreams, and

stretch in billowy length  
From these sea-level of my lowland home !

They rise before me ! Last night's  
thunder-gust

Roared not in vain : for where its  
lightnings thrust

Their tongues of fire, the great peaks  
seem so near,

Burned clean of mist, so starkly bold  
and clear,

I almost pause the wind in the pines  
to hear,

The loose rock's fall, the steps of  
browsing deer.

The clouds that shattered on yon  
slide-worn walls

And splintered on the rocks their  
spears of rain

Have set in play a thousand waterfalls,

Making the dusk and silence of the  
woods

Glad with the laughter of the chasing  
floods,

And luminous with blown spray and  
silver gleams,

While, in the vales below, the dry-  
lipped streams

Sing to the freshened meadow-lands  
again.

So, let me hope, the battle-storm that  
beats

The land with hail and fire may  
pass away

With its spent thunders at the break  
of day,

Like last night's clouds, and leave, as  
it retreats,

A greener earth and fairer sky behind,  
Blown crystal-clear by Freedom's

Northern wind !

## II.

MONADNOCK FROM WACHUSET.

I WOULD I were a painter, for the sake  
Of a sweet picture, and of her who  
led,

A fitting guide, with reverential  
tread,

Into that mountain mystery. First  
a lake

Tinted with sunset ; next the wavy  
lines

Of far receding hills ; and yet  
more far,

Monadnock lifting from his night  
of pines

His rosy forehead to the evening  
star.

Beside us, purple-zoned, Wachuset laid  
His head against the West, whose

warm light made  
His aureole ; and o'er him, sharp

and clear,  
Like a shaft of lightning in mid-

launching stayed,  
A single level cloud-land, shone upon

By the fierce glances of the sunken  
sun,

Menaced the darkness with its  
golden spear !

So twilight deepened round us. Still  
 and black  
 The great woods climbed the moun-  
 tain at our back ;  
 And on their skirts, where yet the  
 lingering day  
 On the shorn greenness of the clear-  
 ing lay,  
 The brown old farm-house like a  
 bird's nest hung.  
 With home-like sounds the desert air  
 was stirred :  
 The bleat of sheep along the hill we  
 heard,  
 The bucket plashing in the cool, sweet  
 well,  
 The pasture-bars that clattered as  
 they fell ;  
 Dogs barked, fowls fluttered, cattle  
 lowed ; the gate  
 Of the barn-yard creaked beneath the  
 merry weight  
 Of sun-brown children, listening,  
 while they swung,  
 The welcome sound of supper-call  
 to hear ;  
 And down the shadowy lane, in  
 tinklings clear,  
 The pastoral curfew of the cow-bell  
 rung.  
 Thus soothed and pleased, our back-  
 ward path we took,  
 Praising the farmer's home. He  
 only spake,  
 Looking into the sunset o'er the lake,  
 Like one to whom the far-off is  
 most near :  
 " Yes, most folks think it has a plea-  
 sant look ;  
 I love it for my good old mother's  
 sake,  
 Who lived and died here in the  
 peace of God ! "  
 The lesson of his words we pondered  
 o'er,  
 As silently we turned the eastern  
 flank  
 Of the mountain, where its shadow  
 deepest sank,  
 Doubling the night along our rugged  
 road :  
 We felt that man was more than his  
 abode,—

The inward life than Nature's rai-  
 ment more ;  
 And the warm sky, the sundown-  
 tinted hill,  
 The forest and the lake, seemed  
 dwarfed and dim  
 Before the saintly soul, whose human  
 will  
 Meekly in the Eternal footsteps  
 trod,  
 Making her homely toil and house-  
 hold ways  
 An earthly echo of the song of praise  
 Swelling from angel lips and harps  
 of seraphim.

## OUR RIVER

FOR A SUMMER FESTIVAL AT "THE  
 LAURELS" ON THE MERRIMACK.

ONCE more on yonder laurelled  
 height  
 The summer flowers have budded ;  
 Once more with summer's golden  
 light  
 The vales of home are flooded ;  
 And once more, by the grace of Him  
 Of every good the Giver,  
 We sing upon its wooded rim  
 The praises of our river :  
 Its pines above, its waves below,  
 The west-wind down it blowing,  
 As fair as when the young Brissot  
 Beheld it seaward flowing,—  
 And bore its memory o'er the deep,  
 To soothe a martyr's sadness,  
 And fresco, in his troubled sleep,  
 His prison-walls with gladness.

We know the world is rich with  
 streams  
 Renowned in song and story,  
 Whose music murmurs through our  
 dreams  
 Of human love and glory :  
 We know that Arno's banks are fair,  
 And Rhine has castled shadows,  
 And, poet-tuned, the Doon and Ayr  
 Go singing down their meadows.

But while, unpictured and unsung  
 By painter or by poet,  
 Our river waits the tuneful tongue  
 And cunning hand to show it,—  
 We only know the fond skies lean  
 Above it, warm with blessing,  
 And the sweet soul of our Undine  
 Awakes to our caressing.

No fickle sun-god holds the flocks  
 That graze its shores in keeping ;  
 No icy kiss of Dian mocks  
 The youth beside it sleeping :  
 Our Christian river loveth most  
 The beautiful and human ;  
 The heathen streams of Naiads boast,  
 But ours of man and woman.

The miner in his cabin hears  
 The ripple we are hearing ;  
 It whispers soft to homesick ears  
 Around the settler's clearing :  
 In Sacramento's vales of corn,  
 Or Santee's bloom of cotton,  
 Our river by its valley-born  
 Was never yet forgotten.

The drum rolls loud,—the bugle fills  
 The summer air with clangour ;  
 The war-storm shakes the solid hills  
 Beneath its tread of anger ;  
 Young eyes that last year smiled in ours  
 Now point the rifle's barrel,  
 And hands then stained with fruits  
 and flowers  
 Bear redder stains of quarrel.

But blue skies smile, and flowers  
 bloom on,  
 And rivers still keep flowing,—  
 The dear God still His rain and sun  
 On good and ill bestowing.  
 His pine-trees whisper, "Trust and  
 wait !"  
 His flowers are prophesying  
 That all we dread of change or fall  
 His love is underlying.

And thou, O Mountain-born !—no  
 more  
 We ask the wise Allotter  
 Than for the firmness of thy shore,  
 The calmness of thy water,

The cheerful lights that overlay  
 Thy rugged slopes with beauty,  
 To match our spirits to our day  
 And make a joy of duty.

### ANDREW RYKMAN'S PRAYER

ANDREW RYKMAN's dead and gone ;  
 You can see his leaning slate  
 In the graveyard, and thereon  
 Read his name and date.

"Trust is truer than our fears,"  
 Runs the legend through the moss,  
 "Gain is not in added years,  
 Nor in death is loss."

Still the feet that thither trod,  
 All the friendly eyes are dim ;  
 Only Nature, now, and God  
 Have a care for him.

There the dews of quiet fall,  
 Singing birds and soft winds stray ;  
 Shall the tender Heart of all  
 Be less kind than they ?

What he was and what he is  
 They who ask may haply find,  
 If they read this prayer of his  
 Which he left behind.

\* \* \*

Pardon, Lord, the lips that dare  
 Shape in words a mortal's prayer !  
 Prayer, that, when my day is done,  
 And I see its setting sun,  
 Shorn and beamless, cold and dim,  
 Sink beneath the horizon's rim,—  
 When this ball of rock and clay  
 Crumbles from my feet away,  
 And the solid shores of sense  
 Melt into the vague immense,  
 Father ! I may come to Thee  
 Even with the beggar's plea,  
 As the poorest of Thy poor,  
 With my needs, and nothing more.

Not as one who seeks his home  
 With a step assured I come ;  
 Still behind the tread I hear  
 Of my life-companion, Fear ;  
 Still a shadow deep and vast  
 From my westering feet is cast,  
 Wavering, doubtful, undefined  
 Never shapen nor outlined :  
 From myself the fear has grown,  
 And the shadow is my own.  
 Yet, O Lord, through all a sense  
 Of Thy tender providence  
 Stays my failing heart on Thee,  
 And confirms the feeble knee ;  
 And, at times, my worn feet press  
 Spaces of cool quietness,  
 Lilled whiteness shone upon  
 Not by light of moon or sun.  
 Hours there be of inmost calm,  
 Broken but by grateful psalm,  
 When I love Thee more than fear  
 Thee,

And Thy blessed Christ seems near  
 me,

With forgiving look, as when  
 He beheld the Magdalen.  
 Well I know that all things move  
 To the spherical rhythm of love,—  
 That to Thee, O Lord of all !  
 Nothing can of chance befall :  
 Child and seraph, mote and star,  
 Well Thou knowest what we are ;  
 Through Thy vast creative plan  
 Looking, from the worm to man,  
 There is pity in Thine eyes,  
 But no hatred nor surprise.  
 Not in blind caprice of will,  
 Not in cunning sleight of skill,  
 Not for show of power, was wrought  
 Nature's marvel in Thy thought.  
 Never careless hand and vain  
 Smites these chords of joy and pain ;  
 No immortal selfishness  
 Plays the game of curse and bless ;  
 Heaven and earth are witnesses  
 That Thy glory goodness is.  
 Not for sport of mind and force  
 Hast Thou made Thy universe,  
 But as atmosphere and zone  
 Of Thy loving heart alone.  
 Man, who walketh in a show,  
 Sees before him, to and fro,  
 Shadow and illusion go ;

All things flow and fluctuate,  
 Now contract and now dilate  
 In the welter of this sea,  
 Nothing stable is but Thee ;  
 In this whirl of swooning trance,  
 Thou alone art permanence ;  
 All without Thee only seems,  
 All beside is choice of dreams.  
 Never yet in darkest mood  
 Doubted I that Thou wast good,  
 Nor mistook my will for fate,  
 Pain of sin for heavenly hate,—  
 Never dreamed the gates of pearl  
 Rise from out the burning marl,  
 Or that good can only live  
 Of the bad conservative,  
 And through counterpoise of hell  
 Heaven alone be possible.  
 For myself alone I doubt ;  
 All is well, I know, without ;  
 I alone the beauty mar,  
 I alone the music jar.  
 Yet, with hands by evil stained,  
 And an ear by discord pained,  
 I am groping for the keys  
 Of the heavenly harmonies ;  
 Still within my heart I bear  
 Love for all things good and fair.  
 Hands of want or souls in pain  
 Have not sought my door in vain ;  
 I have kept my fealty good  
 To the human brotherhood ;  
 Scarcely have I asked in prayer  
 That which others might not share.  
 I, who hear with secret shame  
 Praise that paineth more than blame,  
 Rich alone in favours lent,  
 Virtuous by accident,  
 Doubtful where I fain would rest,  
 Frailest where I seem the best,  
 Only strong for lack of test,—  
 What am I, that I should press  
 Special pleas of selfishness,  
 Coolly mounting into heaven  
 On my neighbour unforgiven ?  
 Ne'er to me, howe'er disguised,  
 Comes a saint unrecognised ;  
 Never fails my heart to greet  
 Noble deed with warmer beat ;  
 Halt and maimed, I own not less  
 All the grace of holiness ;  
 Nor, through shame or self-distrust,  
 Less I love the pure and just.

Lord, forgive these words of mine :  
 What have I that is not Thine ?—  
 Whatsoe'er I fain would boast  
 Needs Thy pitying pardon most.  
 Thou, O Elder Brother ! who  
 In Thy flesh our trial knew,  
 Thou, who hast been touched by these  
 Our most sad infirmities,  
 Thou alone the gulf canst span  
 In the dual heart of man,  
 And between the soul and sense  
 Reconcile all difference,  
 Change the dream of me and mine  
 For the truth of Thee and Thine,  
 And, through chaos, doubt, and strife,  
 Interfuse Thy calm of life.  
 Haply, thus by Thee renewed,  
 In Thy borrowed goodness good,  
 Some sweet morning yet in God's  
 Dim, æonian periods,  
 Joyful I shall wake to see  
 Those I love who rest in Thee,  
 And to them in Thee allied  
 Shall my soul be satisfied.

Scarcely Hope hath shared for me  
 What the future life may be,  
 Other lips may well be bold ;  
 Like the publican of old,  
 I can only urge the plea,  
 " Lord be merciful to me ! "  
 Nothing of desert I claim,  
 Unto me belongeth shame.  
 Not for me the crowns of gold,  
 Palms, and harpings manifold ;  
 Not for erring eye and feet  
 Jasper wall and golden street.  
 What Thou wilt, O Father, give !  
 All is gain that I receive.  
 If my voice I may not raise  
 In the elders' song of praise,  
 If I may not, sin-defiled,  
 Claim my birthright as a child,  
 Suffer it that I to Thee  
 As an hired servant be ;  
 Let the lowliest task be mine,  
 Grateful, so the work be Thine ;  
 Let me find the humblest place  
 In the shadow of Thy grace :  
 Blest to me were any spot  
 Where temptation whispers not.  
 If there be some weaker one,  
 Give me strength to help him on ;

If a blinder soul there be,  
 Let me guide him nearer Thee.  
 Make my mortal dreams come true  
 With the work I fain would do ;  
 Clothe with life the weak intent,  
 Let me be the thing I meant ;  
 Let me find in Thy employ  
 Peace that dearer is than joy ;  
 Out of self to love be led  
 And to heaven acclimated,  
 Until all things sweet and good  
 Seem my natural habitude.

\* \* \*

So we read the prayer of him  
 Who, with John of Labadie,  
 Trod, of old, the oozy rim  
 Of the Zuyder Zee.

Thus did Andrew Rykman pray.  
 Are we wiser, better grown,  
 That we may not, in our day,  
 Make his prayer our own ?

### *THE CRY OF A LOST SOUL* <sup>57</sup>

IN that black forest, where, when day  
 is done,  
 With a snake's stillness glides the  
 Amazon  
 Darkly from sunset to the rising sun,  
 A cry, as of the pained heart of the  
 wood,  
 The long, despairing moan of solitude  
 And darkness and the absence of all  
 good,

Startles the traveller, with a sound  
 so drear,  
 So full of hopeless agony and fear,  
 His heart stands still and listens like  
 his ear.

The guide, as if he heard a dead-bell  
 toll,  
 Starts, drops his oar against the gun-  
 wale's thole,  
 Crosses himself, and whispers, " A  
 lost soul ! "

"No, Señor, not a bird. I know it well,—

It is the pained soul of some infidel  
Or cursèd heretic that cries from hell.

"Poor fool ! with hope still mocking  
his despair,  
He wanders, shrieking on the mid-  
night air  
For human pity and for Christian  
prayer.

"Saints strike him dumb ! Our Holy  
Mother hath  
No prayer for him who, sinning unto  
death,  
Burns always in the furnace of God's  
wrath !"

Thus to the baptized pagan's cruel lie,  
Lending new horror to that mournful  
cry,  
The voyager listens, making no reply.

Dim burns the boat-lamp : shadows  
deepen round,  
From giant trees with snake-like  
creepers wound,  
And the black water glides without a  
sound.

But in the traveller's heart a secret sense  
Of nature plastic to benign intents,  
And an eternal good in Providence,

Lifts to the starry calm of heaven his  
eyes ;  
And lo ! rebuking all earth's ominous  
cries,  
The Cross of pardon lights the tropic  
skies !

"Father of all !" he urges his strong  
plea,  
"Thou lovest all : Thy erring child  
may be  
Lost to himself, but never lost to Thee !

"All souls are Thine ; the wings of  
morning bear  
None from that Presence which is  
everywhere,  
Nor hell itself can hide, for Thou art  
there.

"Through sins of sense, perversities  
of will,  
Through doubt and pain, through  
guilt and shame and ill,  
Thy pitying eye is on Thy creature  
still.

"Wilt Thou not make, Eternal Source  
and Goal !  
In Thy long years, life's broken circle  
whole,  
And change to praise the cry of a lost  
soul ?"

## ITALY

ACROSS the sea I heard the groans  
Of nations in the intervals  
Of wind and wave. Their blood and  
bones  
Cried out in torture, crushed by  
thrones,  
And sucked by priestly cannibals.

I dreamed of Freedom slowly gained  
By martyr meekness, patience,  
faith,  
And lo ! an athlete grimly stained,  
With corded muscles battle-strained,  
Shouting it from the fields of death !

I turn me, awe-struck, from the sight,  
Among the clamouring thousands  
mute,  
I only know that God is right,  
And that the children of the light  
Shall tread the darkness under foot.

I know the pent fire heaves its crust,  
That sultry skies the bolt will form  
To smite them clear ; that Nature  
must  
The balance of her powers adjust,  
Though with the earthquake and  
the storm.

God reigns, and let the earth rejoice !  
I bow before His sterner plan.  
Dumb are the organs of my choice ;  
He speaks in battle's stormy voice,  
His praise is in the wrath of man !

Yet, surely as He lives, the day  
 Of peace He promised shall be  
 ours,  
 To fold the flags of war, and lay  
 Its sword and spear to rust away,  
 And sow its ghastly fields with  
 flowers !

### THE RIVER PATH

No bird-song floated down the hill,  
 The tangled bank below was still ;

No rustle from the birchen stem,  
 No ripple from the water's hem.

The dusk of twilight round us grew,  
 We felt the falling of the dew ;

For, from us, ere the day was done,  
 The wooded hills shut out the sun.

But on the river's farther side  
 We saw the hill-tops glorified,—

A tender glow, exceeding fair,  
 A dream of day without its glare.

With us the damp, the chill, the  
 gloom :

With them the sunset's rosy bloom ;

While dark, through willowy vistas  
 seen,  
 The river rolled in shade between.

From out the darkness where we  
 trod,  
 We gazed upon those hills of God,

Whose light seemed not of moon or  
 sun.

We spake not, but our thought was  
 one.

We paused, as if from that bright  
 shore  
 Beckoned our dear ones gone before ;

And stilled our beating hearts to hear  
 The voices lost to mortal ear !

Sudden our pathway turned from  
 night ;  
 The hills swung open to the light ;

Through their green gates the sun-  
 shine showed,  
 A long, slant splendour downward  
 flowed.

Down glade and glen and bank it  
 rolled ;  
 It bridged the shaded stream with  
 gold ;

And, borne on piers of mist, allied  
 The shadowy with the sunlit side !

"So," prayed we, "when our feet  
 draw near  
 The river dark with mortal fear,

"And the night cometh chill with  
 dew,  
 O Father ! let Thy light breakthrough ;

"So let the hills of doubt divide,  
 So bridge with faith the sunless tide !

"So let the eyes that fail on earth  
 On Thy eternal hills look forth ;

"And in Thy beckoning angels  
 know  
 The dear ones whom we loved below !"

### A MEMORIAL

M. A. C.

Oh, thicker, deeper, darker growing,  
 The solemn vista to the tomb  
 Must know henceforth another sha-  
 dow,  
 And give another cypress room.

In love surpassing that of brothers,  
 We walked, O friend, from child-  
 hood's day ;  
 And, looking back o'er fifty summers,  
 Our footprints track a common  
 way.



One in our faith, and one our longing  
 To make the world within our reach  
 Somewhat the better for our living,  
 And gladder for our human speech.

Thou heard'st with me the far-off  
 voices,  
 The old beguiling song of fame,  
 But life to thee was warm and present,  
 And love was better than a name.

To homely joys and loves and friendships  
 Thy genial nature fondly clung ;  
 And so the shadow on the dial  
 Ran back and left thee always young.

And who could blame the generous  
 weakness  
 Which, only to thyself unjust,  
 So overprized the worth of others,  
 And dwarfed thy own with self-distrust ?

All hearts grew warmer in the presence  
 Of one who, seeking not his own,  
 Gave freely for the love of giving,  
 Nor reaped for self the harvest sown.

Thy greeting smile was pledge and prelude  
 Of generous deeds and kindly words ;  
 In thy large heart were fair guest-chambers,  
 Open to sunrise and the birds !

The task was thine to mould and fashion  
 Life's plastic newness into grace ;  
 To make the boyish heart heroic,  
 And light with thought the maiden's face.

O'er all the land, in town and prairie,  
 With bended heads of mourning,  
 stand  
 The living forms that owe their beauty  
 And fitness to thy shaping hand.

Thy call has come in ripened manhood,  
 The noonday calm of heart and mind,  
 While I, who dreamed of thy remaining  
 To mourn me, linger still behind :

Live on, to own, with self-upbraiding,  
 A debt of love still due from me,—  
 The vain remembrance of occasions,  
 For ever lost, of serving thee.

It was not mine among thy kindred  
 To join the silent funeral prayers,  
 But all that long sad day of summer  
 My tears of mourning dropped with theirs.

All day the sea-waves sobbed with sorrow,  
 The birds forgot their merry trills :  
 All day I heard the pines lamenting  
 With thine upon thy homestead hills.

Green be those hillside pines for ever,  
 And green the meadowy lowlands be,  
 And green the old memorial beeches,  
 Name-carven in the woods of Lee !

Still let them greet thy life companions  
 Who thither turn their pilgrim feet,  
 In every mossy line recalling  
 A tender memory sadly sweet.

O friend ! if thought and sense avail not  
 To know thee henceforth as thou art,  
 That all is well with thee for ever  
 I trust the instincts of my heart.

Thine be the quiet habitations,  
 Thine the green pastures blossom-sown,  
 And smiles of saintly recognition ;  
 As sweet and tender as thy own.

Thou com'st not from the hush and  
shadow  
To meet us, but to thee we come ;  
With thee we never can be strangers,  
And where thou art must still be  
home.

*HYMN*

SUNG AT CHRISTMAS BY THE SCHOLARS  
OF ST. HELENA'S ISLAND,  
SOUTH CAROLINA.

O NONE in all the world before  
Were ever glad as we !  
We're free on Carolina's shore,  
We're all at home and free.

Thou Friend and Helper of the  
poor,  
Who suffered for our sake,  
To open every prison door,  
And every yoke to break !

Bend low Thy pitying face and mild,  
And help us sing and pray ;  
The hand that blessed the little child,  
Upon our foreheads lay.

We hear no more the driver's horn,  
No more the whip we fear,  
This holy day that saw Thee born  
Was never half so dear.

The very oaks are greener clad,  
The waters brighter smile ;  
O never shone a day so glad  
On sweet St. Helen's isle.

We praise Thee in our songs to-day,  
To Thee in prayer we call,  
Wake swift the feet and straight the  
way  
Of freedom unto all.

Come once again, O blessed Lord !  
Come walking on the sea !  
And let the mainlands hear the word  
That sets the islands free !



# SNOW-BOUND

## A WINTER IDYL

[1865]

### TO THE MEMORY OF THE HOUSEHOLD IT DESCRIBES

*This Poem is Dedicated by the Author.*

"As the Spirits of Darkness be stronger in the dark, so Good Spirits which the Angels of Light are augmented not only by the Divine light of the Sun, but also by our common Wood Fire: and as the Celestial Fire drives away dark spirits, so also this our Fire of Wood doth the same."—COR. AGRIPPA, *Occult Philosophy*, Book I. ch. v.

"Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,  
A rives the snow; and, driving o'er the  
fields,  
Seems nowhere to alight; the whited air  
Hides hills and woods, the river and the  
heaven,  
And veils the farm-house at the garden's  
end.  
The sled and traveller stopped, the courier's  
feet  
Delayed, all friends shut out, the house-  
mates sit  
Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed  
In a tumultuous privacy of storm."  
—EMERSON.

THE sun that brief December day  
Rose cheerless over hills of gray,  
And, darkly circled, gave at noon  
A sadder light than waning moon.  
Slow tracing down the thickening  
sky

Its mute and ominous prophecy,  
A portent seeming less than threat,  
It sank from sight before it set.  
A chill no coat, however stout,  
Of homespun stuff could quite shut  
out,

A hard, dull bitterness of cold,  
That checked, mid-vein, the circling  
race

Of life-blood in the sharpened face,  
The coming of the snow-storm told.  
The wind blew east; we heard the roar  
Of Ocean on his wintry shore,  
And felt the strong pulse throbbing  
there  
Beat with low rhythm our inland air.

Meanwhile we did our nightly  
chores,—  
Brought in the wood from out of doors,  
Littered the stalls, and from the mows  
Raked down the herd's grass for the  
cows:  
Heard the horse whinnying for his  
corn;

And, sharply clashing horn on horn,  
Impatient down the stanchion rows  
The cattle shake their walnut bows:  
While, peering from his early perch  
Upon the scaffold's pole of birch,  
The cock his crested helmet bent  
And down his querulous challenge  
sent.

Unwarmed by any sunset light  
The grey day darkened into night,  
A night made hoary with the swarm,  
And whirl-dance of the blinding  
storm,

As zigzag wavering to and fro  
Crossed and recrossed the winged  
snow :

And ere the early bed-time came  
The white drift piled the window-  
frame,

And through the glass the clothes-  
line posts  
Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts.

So all night long the storm roared on :  
The morning broke without a sun ;  
In tiny spherule traced with lines  
Of Nature's geometric signs,  
In starry flake, and pellicle,  
All day the hoary meteor fell ;  
And, when the second morning shone,  
We looked upon a world unknown,  
On nothing we could call our own.  
Around the glistening wonder bent  
The blue walls of the firmament,  
No cloud above, no earth below,—  
A universe of sky and snow !

The old familiar sights of ours  
Took marvellous shapes ; strange  
domes and towers

Rose up where sty or corn-crib stood,  
Or garden wall, or belt of wood ;  
A smooth white mound the brush-pile  
showed,

A fenceless drift what once was road ;  
The bridle-post an old man sat  
With loose-flung coat and high cocked  
hat ;

The well-curb had a Chinese roof ;  
And even the long sweep, high aloof,  
In its slant splendour, seemed to tell  
Of Pisa's leaning miracle.

A prompt, decisive man, no breath  
Our father wasted : "Boys, a path !"   
Well pleased (for when did farmer boy  
Count such a summons less than joy ?)  
Our buskins on our feet we drew ;

With mittened hands, and caps  
drawn low,

To guard our necks and ears from  
snow,

We cut the solid whiteness through.  
And, where the drift was deepest,  
made

A tunnel walled and overlaid  
With dazzling crystal : we had read

Of rare Aladdin's wondrous cave,  
And to our own his name we gave,  
With many a wish the luck were ours  
To test his lamp's supernal powers.  
We reached the barn with merry din  
And roused the prisoned brutes within.  
The old horse thrust his long head  
out,

And grave with wonder gazed about ;  
The cock his lusty greeting said,  
And forth his speckled harem led ;  
The oxen lashed their tails, and  
hooked,

And mild reproach of hunger looked ;  
The horned patriarch of the sheep,  
Like Egypt's Amun roused from sleep,  
Shook his sage head with gesture mute,  
And emphasised with stamp of foot.

All day the gusty north-wind bore  
The loosening drift its breath before ;  
Low circling round its southern zone,  
The sun through dazzling snow-mist  
shone.

No church-bell lent its Christian tone  
To the savage air, no social smoke  
Curled over woods of snow-hung oak.  
A solitude made more intense  
By dreary-voiced elements,  
The shrieking of the mindless wind,  
The moaning tree-boughs swaying  
blind,

And on the grass the unmeaning beat  
Of ghostly finger-tips of sleet.  
Beyond the circle of our hearth  
No welcome sound of toil or mirth  
Unbound the spell, and testified  
Of human life and thought outside.  
We minded that the sharpest ear  
The buried brooklet could not hear,  
The music of whose liquid lip  
Had been to us companionship,  
And, in our lonely life, had grown  
To have an almost human tone.

As night drew on, and, from the crest  
Of wooded knolls that ridged the  
west,

The sun, a snow-blown traveller, sank  
From sight beneath the smothering  
bank,

We piled, with care, our nightly stack  
Of wood against the chimney-back,—

The oaken log, green, huge, and thick,  
 And on its top the stout back-stick ;  
 The knotty forestick laid apart,  
 And filled between with curious art  
 The ragged brush ; then, hovering near,

We watched the first red blaze appear,  
 Heard the sharp crackle, caught the gleam

On whitewashed wall and sagging beam,

Until the old, rude-furnished room  
 Burst, flower-like, into rosy bloom ;  
 While radiant with a mimic flame  
 Outside the sparkling drift became,  
 And through the bare-boughed lilac-tree

Our own warm hearth seemed blazing free.

The crane and pendent trammels showed,

The Turks' heads on the andirons glowed ;

While childish fancy, prompt to tell  
 The meaning of the miracle,  
 Whispered the old rhyme : "*Under the tree,*

*When fire outdoors burns merrily,  
 There the witches are making tea."*

The moon above the eastern wood  
 Shone at its full ; the hill - range stood

Transfigured in the silver flood,  
 Its blown snows flashing cold and keen,

Dead white, save where some sharp ravine

Took shadow, or the sombre green  
 Of hemlocks turned to pitchy black  
 Against the whiteness at their back.  
 For such a world and such a night  
 Most fitting that unwarming light,  
 Which only seemed where'er it fell  
 To make the coldness visible.

Shut in from all the world without,  
 We sat the clean-winged hearth about,  
 Content to let the north-wind roar  
 In baffled rage at pane and door,  
 While the red logs before us beat  
 The frost-line back with tropic heat ;

And ever, when a louder blast  
 Shook beam and rafter as it passed,  
 The merrier up its roaring daught  
 The great throat of the chimney laughed,

The house-dog on his paws outspread  
 Laid to the fire his drowsy head,  
 The cat's dark silhouette on the wall  
 A couchant tiger's seemed to fall ;  
 And, for the winter fireside meet,  
 Between the andirons' straddling feet,  
 The mug of cider simmered slow,  
 The apples sputtered in a row,  
 And, close at hand, the basket stood  
 With nuts from brown October's wood.

What matter how the night behaved ?  
 What matter how the north - wind raved ?

Blow high, blow low, not all its snow  
 Could quench our hearth-fire's ruddy glow.

O Time and Change !—with hair as gray

As was my sire's that winter day,  
 How strange it seems, with so much gone

Of life and love, to still live on !

Ah, brother ! only I and thou  
 Are left of all that circle now,—  
 The dear home faces whereupon  
 That fitful firelight paled and shone.  
 Henceforward, listen as we will,  
 The voices of that hearth are still ;  
 Look where we may, the wide earth o'er,

Those lighted faces smile no more.  
 We tread the paths their feet have worn,

We sit beneath their orchard trees,  
 We hear, like them, the hum of bees  
 And rustle of the bladed corn ;

We turn the pages that they read,  
 Their written words we linger o'er,  
 But in the sun they cast no shade,  
 No voice is heard, no sign is made,  
 No step is on the conscious floor !

Yet Love will dream, and Faith will trust

(Since He who knows our need is just),

That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.

Rest from all bitter thoughts and things !

How many a poor one's blessing went  
With thee beneath the low green tent  
Whose curtain never outward swings !

As one who held herself a part  
Of all she saw, and let her heart

Against the household bosom lean,  
Upon the motley-braided mat  
Our youngest and our dearest sat,  
Lifting her large, sweet, asking eyes,  
Now bathed within the fadeless green  
And holy peace of Paradise.

Oh, looking from some heavenly hill,  
Or from the shade of saintly palms,  
Or silver reach of river calms,

Do those large eyes behold me still ?  
With me one little year ago :—

The chill weight of the winter snow  
For months upon her grave has lain ;  
And now, when summer south-winds  
blow

And brier and harebell bloom again,  
I tread the pleasant paths we trod,  
I see the violet-sprinkled sod  
Whereon she leaned, too frail and weak,  
The hillside flowers she loved to seek,  
Yet following me where'er I went  
With dark eyes full of love's content.  
The birds are glad ; the brier-rose fills  
The air with sweetness ; all the hills  
Stretch green to June's unclouded sky ;  
But still I wait with ear and eye  
For something gone which should be  
nigh,

A loss in all familiar things,  
In flower that blooms, and bird that  
sings.

And yet, dear heart ! remembering  
thee,

Am I not richer than of old ?  
Safe in thy immortality,

What change can reach the wealth  
I hold ?

What chance can mar the pearl  
and gold

Thy love hath left in trust with me ?  
And while in life's late afternoon,

Where cool and long the shadows  
grow,

I walk to meet the night that soon  
Shall shape and shadow overflow.

I cannot feel that thou art far,  
Since near at need the angels are ;  
And when the sunset gates unbar,  
Shall I not see thee waiting stand,  
And, white against the evening  
star,  
The welcome of thy beckoning  
hand ?

Brisk wielder of the birch and rule,  
The master of the district school  
Held at the fire his favoured place,  
Its warm glow lit a laughing face  
Fresh-hued and fair, where scarce  
appeared

The uncertain prophecy of beard.  
He teased the mitten-blinded cat,  
Played cross-pins on my uncle's hat,  
Sang songs, and told us what befalls  
In classic Dartmouth's college halls.  
Born the wild Northern hills among,  
From whence his yeoman father  
wrung

By patient toil subsistence scant,  
Not competence and yet not want,  
He early gained the power to pay  
His cheerful, self-reliant way ;  
Could doff at ease his scholar's gown  
To peddle wares from town to town ;  
Or through the long vacation's reach  
In lonely lowland districts teach,  
Where all the droll experience found  
At stranger hearths in boarding  
round,

The moonlit skater's keen delight,  
The sleigh-drive through the frosty  
night,

The rustic party, with its rough  
Accompaniment of blind-man's-buff,  
And whirling plate, and forfeits paid,  
His winter task a pastime made.  
Happy the snow-locked homes wherein  
He tuned his merry violin,  
Or played the athlete in the barn,  
Or held the good dame's winding-  
yarn,

Or mirth-provoking versions told  
Of classic legends rare and old,  
Wherein the scenes of Greece and  
Rome

Had all the commonplace of home,  
And little seemed at best the odds  
'Twixt Yankee pedlars and old gods ;

Where Pindus-born Araxes took  
The guise of any grist-mill brook,  
And dread Olympus at his will  
Became a huckleberry hill.

A careless boy that night he seemed ;  
But at his desk he had the look  
And air of one who wisely schemed,  
And hostage from the future took  
In trained thought and lore of  
book.

Large-brained, clear-eyed,—of such as  
he

Shall Freedom's young apostles be,  
Who, following in War's bloody  
trail,

Shall every lingering wrong assail ;  
All chains from limb and spirit strike,  
Uplift the black and white alike ;  
Scatter before their swift advance  
The darkness and the ignorance,  
The pride, the lust, the squalid  
sloth,

Which nurtured Treason's monstrous  
growth,

Made murder pastime, and the hell  
Of prison-torture possible ;  
The cruel lie of caste refute,  
Old forms remould, and substitute  
For Slavery's lash the freeman's will,  
For blind routine, wise-handed skill ;  
A school-house plant on every hill,  
Stretching in radiate nerve-lines  
thence

The quick wises of intelligence ;  
Till North and South together brought  
Shall own the same electric thought,  
In peace a common flag salute,  
And, side by side in labour's free  
And unresentful rivalry,  
Harvest the fields wherein they fought.

Another guest that winter night  
Flashed back from lustrous eyes the  
light.

Unmarked by time, and yet not young,  
The honeyed music of her tongue  
And words of meekness scarcely told  
A nature passionate and bold,  
Strong, self-concentred, spurning  
guide,

Its milder features dwarfed beside  
Her unbent will's majestic pride.

She sat among us, at the best,  
A not unfear'd, half-welcome guest,  
Rebuking with her cultured phrase  
Our homeliness of words and ways  
A certain pard-like, treacherous grace  
Swayed the lithe limbs and dropped  
the lash,  
Lent the white teeth their dazzling  
flash ;  
And under low brows, black with  
night,

Rayed out at times a dangerous light,  
The sharp heat-lightnings of her face  
Presaging ill to him whom Fate  
Condemned to share her love or hate.  
A woman tropical, intense  
In thought and act, in soul and sense,  
She blended in a like degree  
The vixen and the devotee,  
Revealing with each freak or feint

The temper of Petruchio's Kate,  
The raptures of Siena's saint.  
Her tapering hand and rounded wrist  
Had facile power to form a fist ;  
The warm, dark languish of her eyes  
Was never safe from wrath's surprise.  
Brows saintly calm and lips devout  
Knew every change of scowl and  
pout ;

And the sweet voice had notes more  
high

And shrill for social battle-cry.  
Since then what old cathedral town  
Has missed her pilgrim staff and gown,  
What convent-gate has held its lock  
Against the challenge of her knock ?  
Through Smyrna's plague-hushed  
thoroughfares,

Up sea-set Malta's rocky stairs,  
Grey olive slopes of hills that hem  
Thy tombs and shrines, Jerusalem,  
Or startling on her desert throne  
The crazy Queen of Lebanon  
With claims fantastic as her own,  
Her tireless feet have held their  
way ;

And still, unrestful, bowed, and gray,  
She watches under Eastern skies,  
With hope each day renewed and  
fresh,

The Lord' quick coming in the  
flesh,  
Whereof she dreams and prophecies !

Where'er her troubled path may be,  
 The Lord's sweet pity with her go !  
 The outward wayward life we see,  
 The hidden springs we may not  
 know.

Nor is it given us to discern  
 What threads the fatal sisters spun,  
 Through what ancestral years has  
 run

The sorrow with the woman born,  
 What forged her cruel chain of moods,  
 What set her feet in solitudes,  
 And held the love within her mute,  
 What mingled madness in the blood,  
 A life-long discord and annoy,  
 Water of tears with oil of joy,  
 And hid within the folded bud  
 Perversities of flower and fruit.

It is not ours to separate  
 The tangled skein of will and fate,  
 To show what metes and bounds  
 should stand

Upon the soul's debatable land,  
 And between choice and Providence  
 Divide the circle of events ;

But He who knows our frame is  
 just,

Merciful and compassionate,  
 And full of sweet assurances  
 And hope for all the language is,  
 That He remembereth we are dust !

At last the great logs, crumbling low,  
 Sent out a dull and duller glow,  
 The bull's-eye watch that hung in  
 view,

Ticking its weary circuit through,  
 Pointed with mutely warning sign  
 Its black hand to the hour of nine.  
 That sign the pleasant circle broke :  
 My uncle ceased his pipe to smoke,  
 Knocked from its bowl the refuse gray,  
 And laid it tenderly away,  
 Then roused himself to safely cover  
 The dull red brands with ashes over.  
 And while, with care, our mother laid  
 The work aside, her steps she stayed  
 One moment, seeking to express  
 Her grateful sense of happiness  
 For food and shelter, warmth and  
 health,

And love's contentment more than  
 wealth,

With simple wishes (not the weak,  
 Vain prayers which no fulfilment seek,  
 But such as warm the generous heart,  
 O'er-prompt to do with Heaven its  
 part)

That none might lack, that bitter  
 night,  
 For bread and clothing, warmth and  
 light.

Within our beds awhile we heard  
 The wind that round the gables roared,  
 With now and then a ruder shock,  
 Which made our very bedsteads rock.  
 We heard the loosened clapboards  
 tost,

The board-nails snapping in the frost ;  
 And on us, through the unplastered  
 wall,

Felt the light sifted snow-flakes fall.  
 But sleep stole on, as sleep will do  
 When hearts are light and life is new ;  
 Faint and more faint the murmurs  
 grew,

Till in the summer-land of dreams  
 They softened to the sound of streams,  
 Low stir of leaves, and dip of oars,  
 And lapsing waves on quiet shores.

Next morn we wakened with the shout  
 Of merry voices high and clear ;  
 And saw the teamsters drawing near  
 To break the drifted highways out.  
 Down the long hillside treading slow  
 We saw the half-buried oxen go,  
 Shaking the snow from heads uptost,  
 Their straining nostrils white with  
 frost.

Before our door the straggling train  
 Drew up, an added team to gain.  
 The elders threshed their hands a-cold,  
 Passed, with the cider-mug, their  
 jokes

From lip to lip ; the younger folks  
 Down the loose snow-banks, wrestling,  
 rolled,

Then toiled again the cavalcade  
 O'er windy hill, through clogged  
 ravine,  
 And woodland paths that wound  
 between

Low drooping pine-boughs winter-  
 weighed.



From every barn a team afoot,  
At every house a new recruit,  
Where, drawn by Nature's subtlest  
law,

Haply the watchful young men saw  
Sweet doorway pictures of the curls  
And curious eyes of merry girls,  
Lifting their hands in mock defence  
Against the snow-ball's compliments,  
And reading in each missive tost  
The charm with Eden never lost.

We heard once more the sleigh-bells'  
sound ;

And, following where the teamsters  
led,

The wise old Doctor went his round,  
Just pausing at our door to say,  
In the brief autocratic way

Of one who, prompt at Duty's call,  
Was free to urge her claim on all,  
That some poor neighbour sick abed  
At night our mother's aid would  
need.

For, one in generous thought and  
deed,

What mattered in the sufferer's  
sight

The Quaker matron's inward light,  
The Doctor's mail of Calvin's creed ?  
All hearts confess the saints elect

Who, twain in faith, in love agree,  
And melt not in an acid sect

The Christian pearl of charity !

So days went on : a week had passed  
Since the great world was heard from  
last.

The Almanac we studied o'er,  
Read and reread our little store  
Of books and pamphlets, scarce a  
score ;

One harmless novel, mostly hid  
From younger eyes, a book forbid,  
And poetry, (or good or bad,  
A single book was all we had,)  
Where Ellwood's meek, drab-skirted  
Muse,

A stranger to the heathen Nine,  
Sang, with a somewhat nasal whine,  
The wars of David and the Jews.  
At last the floundering carrier bore  
The village paper to our door.

Lo ! broadening outward as we read,  
To warmer zones the horizon spread ;  
In panoramic length unrolled  
We saw the marvels that it told.

Before us passed the painted Creeks,  
And daft M'Gregor on his raids  
In Costa Rica's everglades.

And up Taygetos winding slow  
Rode Ypsilanti's Mainote Greeks,  
A Turk's head at each saddle bow !  
Welcome to us its week-old news,  
Its corner for the rustic Muse,

Its monthly gauge of snow and  
rain,

Its record, mingling in a breath  
The wedding knell and dirge of death :

Jest, anecdote, and love-lorn tale,  
The latest culprit sent to jail ;

Its hue and cry of stolen and lost,  
Its vendue sales and goods at cost,

And traffic calling loud for gain.

We felt the stir of hall and street,  
The pulse of life that round us beat ;

The chill embargo of the snow

Was melted in the genial glow ;

Wide swung again our ice-locked  
door,

And all the world was ours once more !

Clasp, Angel of the backward look

And folded wings of ashen gray

And voice of echoes far away,

The brazen covers of thy book ;

The weird palimpsest old and vast

Wherein thou hid'st the spectral past ;

Where, closely mingling, pale and  
glow

The characters of joy and woe ;

The monographs of outlived years,

Or smile-illumined or dim with tears,

Green hills of life that slope to  
death,

And haunts of home, whose vista'd  
trees

Shade off to mournful cypresses

With the white amaranths under-  
neath.

Even while I look, I can but heed

The restless sands' incessant fall,

Importunate hours that hours succeed,  
Each clamorous with its own sharp  
need,

And duty keeping pace with all.

Shut down and clasp the heavy lids ;  
I hear again the voice that bids  
The dreamer leave his dream mid-  
way

For larger hopes and graver fears :  
Life greatens in these later years,  
The century's aloe flowers to-day !

Yet, haply, in some lull of life,  
Some Truce of God which breaks its  
strife,

The worldling's eyes shall gather dew,

Dreaming in throngful city ways  
Of winter joys his boyhood knew ;  
And dear and early friends—the few  
Who yet remain — shall pause to  
view

These Flemish pictures of old days ;  
Sit with me by the homestead hearth,  
And stretch the hands of memory  
forth

To warm them at the wood-fire's  
blaze !

And thanks untraced to lips unknown  
Shall greet me like the odours blown  
From unseen meadows newly mown,  
Or lilies floating in some pond,  
Wood-fringed, the wayside gaze be-  
yond ;

The traveller owns the grateful sense  
Of sweetness near, he knows not  
whence,

And, pausing, takes with forehead bare  
The benediction of the air.



# THE TENT ON THE BEACH

## AND OTHER POEMS

[1866]

I WOULD not sin, in this half-playful  
strain,—

Too light perhaps for serious years,  
though born

Of the enforced leisure of slow pain,—  
Against the pure ideal which has  
drawn

My feet to follow its far-shining gleam  
A simple plot is mine: legends and  
runes

Of credulous days, old fancies that  
have lain

Silent from boyhood taking voice  
again,

Warmed into life once more, even as  
the tunes

That, frozen in the fabled hunting-  
horn,

Thawed intosound:—a winter fireside  
dream

Of dawns and sunsets by the summer  
sea,

Whose sands are traversed by a silent  
throng

Of voyagers from that vaster mystery  
Of which it is an emblem;—and the  
dear

Memory of one who might have tuned  
my song

To sweeter music by her delicate ear.

\* \* \*

When heats as of a tropic clime  
Burned all our inland valleys  
through,

Three friends, the guests of summer  
time,

Pitched their white tent where  
sea-winds blew.

Behind them, marshes, seamed and  
crossed

With narrow creeks, and flower-  
embossed,

Stretched to the dark oak wood, whose  
leafy arms

Screened from the stormy East the  
pleasant inland farms.

At full of tide their bolder shore  
Of sun-bleached sand the waters  
beat;

At ebb, a smooth and glistening  
floor

They touched with light, receding  
feet.

Northward a green bluff broke the  
chain

Of sand-hills; southward stretched  
a plain

Of salt grass, with a river winding  
down,

Sail-whitened, and beyond the steeples  
of the town,

Whence sometimes, when the wind  
was light

And dull the thunder of the  
beach,

They heard the bells of morn and  
night

Swing, miles away, their silver  
speech.

Above low scarp and turf-grown  
wall

They saw the fort-flag rise and fall;  
And, the first star to signal twilight's  
hour,

The lamp-fire glimmer down from the  
tall lighthouse tower.

They rested there, escaped awhile  
 From cares that wear the life away,  
 To eat the lotus of the Nile  
 And drink the poppies of Cathay,—  
 To fling their loads of custom down,  
 Like drift-weed, on the sand-slopes  
 brown,  
 And in the sea waves drown the rest-  
 less pack  
 Of duties, claims, and needs that  
 barked upon their track.

One, with his beard scarce silvered,  
 bore  
 A ready credence in his looks,  
 A lettered magnate, lording o'er  
 An ever-widening realm of books.  
 In him brain-currents, near and far,  
 Converged as in a Leyden jar;  
 The old, dead authors thronged him  
 round about,  
 And Elzevir's grey ghosts from leathern  
 graves looked out.

He knew each living pundit well,  
 Could weigh the gifts of him or her,  
 And well the market value tell  
 Of poet and philosopher.  
 But if he lost, the scenes behind,  
 Somewhat of reverence vague and  
 blind,  
 Finding the actors human at the best,  
 No readier lips than his the good he  
 saw confessed.

His boyhood fancies not outgrown,  
 He loved himself the singer's art;  
 Tenderly, gently, by his own  
 He knew and judged an author's  
 heart.  
 No Rhadamanthine brow of doom  
 Bowed the dazed pedant from his  
 room;  
 And bards, whose name is legion, if  
 denied,  
 Bore off alike intact their verses and  
 their pride.

Pleasant it was to roam about  
 The lettered world as he had done,  
 And see the lords of song without  
 Their singing robes and garlands  
 on.

With Wordsworth paddle Rydal  
 mere,  
 Taste rugged Elliott's home-brewed  
 beer,  
 And with the eais of Rogers, at four-  
 score,  
 I hear Garrick's buskined tread and  
 Walpole's wit once more.

And one there was, a dreamer  
 born,  
 Who, with a mission to fulfil,  
 Had left the Muses' haunts to turn  
 The crank of an opinion-mill,  
 Making his rustic reed of song  
 A weapon in the war with wrong,  
 Yoking his fancy to the breaking-  
 plough  
 That beam-deep turned the soil for  
 truth to spring and grow.

Too quiet seemed the man to ride  
 The winged Hippogriff Reform;  
 Was his a voice from side to side  
 To pierce the tumult of the storm?  
 A silent, shy, peace-loving man,  
 He seemed no fiery partisan  
 To hold his way against the public  
 frown,  
 The ban of Church and State, the fierce  
 mob's hounding down.

For while he wrought with strenuous  
 will  
 The work his hands had found  
 to do,  
 He heard the fitful music still  
 Of winds that out of dream-land  
 blew.  
 The din about him could not drown  
 What the strange voices whispered  
 down;  
 Along his task-field weird processions  
 swept,  
 The visionary pomp of stately phan-  
 toms stepped.

The common air was thick with  
 dreams,—  
 He told them to the toiling crowd;  
 Such music as the woods and  
 streams  
 Sang in his ear he sang aloud;

In still, shut bays, on windy capes,  
 He heard the call of beckoning  
 shapes,  
 And, as the grey old shadows prompted  
 him,  
 To homely moulds of rhyme he shaped  
 their legends grim.

He rested now his weary hands,  
 And lightly moralised and  
 laughed,  
 As, tracing on the shifting sands  
 A burlesque of his paper-craft,  
 He saw the careless waves o'errun  
 His words, as time before had done,  
 Each day's tide-water washing clean  
 away,  
 Like letters from the sand, the work  
 of yesterday.

And one, whose Arab face was  
 tanned  
 By tropic sun and boreal frost,  
 So travelled there was scarce a land  
 Or people left him to exhaust,  
 In idling mood had from him hurled  
 The poor squeezed orange of the  
 world,  
 And in the tent-shade, as beneath a  
 palm,  
 Smoked, cross-legged like a Turk, in  
 Oriental calm.

The very waves that washed the sand  
 Below him, he had seen before  
 Whitening the Scandinavian strand  
 And sultry Mauritanian shore.  
 From ice-rimmed isles, from summer  
 seas  
 Palm-fringed, they bore him mes-  
 sages ;  
 He heard the plaintive Nubian songs  
 again,  
 And mule-bells tinkling down the  
 mountain-paths of Spain.

His memory round the ransacked  
 earth  
 On Puck's long girdle slid at  
 ease ;  
 And, instant, to the valley's girth  
 Of mountains, spice isles of the  
 seas,

Faith flowered in minster stones,  
 Art's guess  
 At truth and beauty, found access ;  
 Yet loved the while, that free cosmo-  
 polite,  
 Old friends, old ways, and kept his  
 boyhood's dreams in sight.

Untouched as yet by wealth and  
 pride,  
 That virgin innocence of beach :  
 No shingly monster, hundred-eyed,  
 Stared its grey sand-birds out of  
 reach ;  
 Unhoused, save where, at intervals,  
 The white tents showed their canvas  
 walls,  
 Where brief sojourners, in the cool,  
 soft air,  
 Forgot their inland heats, hard toil,  
 and year-long care.

Sometimes along the wheel-deep  
 sand  
 A one-horse waggon slowly  
 crawled,  
 Deep laden with a youthful band,  
 Whose look some homestead old  
 recalled ;  
 Brother perchance, and sisters  
 twain,  
 And one whose blue eyes told, more  
 plain  
 Than the free language of her rosy  
 lip,  
 Of the still dearer claim of love's  
 relationship.

With cheeks of russet-orchard tint,  
 The light laugh of their native  
 rills,  
 The perfume of their garden's mint,  
 The breezy freedom of the hills,  
 They bore, in unrestrained delight,  
 The motto of the Garter's knight,  
 Careless as if from every gazing thing  
 Hid by their innocence, as Gyges by  
 his ring.

The clanging sea-fowl came and  
 went,  
 The hunter's gun in the marshes  
 rang ;

At nightfall from a neighbouring  
tent  
A flute-voiced woman sweetly  
sang.  
Loose-haired, barefooted, hand-in-  
hand,  
Young girls went tripping down the  
sand ;  
And youths and maidens, sitting in  
the moon,  
Dreamed o'er the old fond dream from  
which we wake too soon.

At times their fishing-lines they  
plied,  
With an old Triton at the oar,  
Salt as the sea-wind, tough and dried  
As a lean cusk from Labrador.  
Strange tales he told of wreck and  
storm,—  
Had seen the sea-snake's awful form,  
And heard the ghosts on Haley's Isle  
complain,  
Speak him off-shore, and beg a passage  
to old Spain !

And there, on breezy morns, they saw  
The fishing - schooners outward  
run,  
Their low-bent sails in tack and flaw  
Turned white or dark to shade  
and sun.  
Sometimes, in calms of closing day,  
They watched the spectral mirage  
play,  
Saw low, far islands looming tall and  
nigh,  
And ships, with upturned keels, sail  
like a sea the sky.

Sometimes a cloud, with thunder  
black,  
Stooped low upon the darkening  
main,  
Piercing the waves along its track  
With the slant javelins of rain.  
And when west-wind and sunshine  
warm  
Chased out to sea its wrecks of storm,  
They saw the prismatic hues in thin spray  
showers  
Where the green buds of waves burst  
into white froth flowers.

And when along the line of shore  
The mists crept upward chill and  
damp,  
Stretched, careless, on their sandy  
floor,  
Beneath the flaring lantern lamp,  
They talked of all things old and  
new,  
Read, slept, and dreamed as idlers  
do ;  
And in the unquestioned freedom of  
the tent,  
Body and o'er-taxed mind to health-  
ful ease unbent.

Once, when the sunset splendours  
died,  
And, trampling up the sloping  
sand,  
In lines outreaching far and wide,  
The white-maned billows swept  
to land,  
Dim seen across the gathering  
shade,  
A vast and ghostly cavalcade,  
They sat around their lighted kerosene,  
Hearing the deep bass roar their every  
pause between.

Then, urged thereto, the Editor  
Within his full portfolio dipped,  
Feigning excuse while searching for  
(With secret pride) his manu-  
script.  
His pale face flushed from eye to  
beard,  
With nervous cough his throat he  
cleared,  
And, in a voice so tremulous it betrayed  
The anxious fondness of an author's  
heart, he read :

### THE WRECK OF RIVERMOUTH

RIVERMOUTH ROCKS are fair to see,  
By dawn or sunset shone across,  
When the ebb of the sea has left them  
free,  
To dry their fringes of gold-green  
moss :

For there the river comes winding  
down  
From salt sea-meadows and uplands  
brown,  
And waves on the outer rocks afoam  
Shout to its waters, "Welcome  
home!"

And fair are the sunny isles in view  
East of the grisly Head of the Boar,  
And Agamenticus lifts its blue  
Disc of a cloud the woodlands o'er;  
And southerly, when the tide is down,  
'Twixt white sea-waves and sand-hills  
brown,  
The beach-birds dance and the grey  
gulls wheel  
Over a floor of burnished steel.

Once, in the old Colonial days,  
Two hundred years ago and more,  
A boat sailed down through the wind-  
ing ways  
Of Hampton River to that lowshore,  
Full of a goodly company  
Sailing out on the summer sea,  
Veering to catch the land-breeze light,  
With the Boar to left and the Rocks  
to right.

In Hampton meadows, where mowers  
laid  
Their scythes to the swaths of  
salted grass,  
"Ah, well-a-day! our hay must be  
made!"  
A young man sighed, who saw them  
pass.  
Loud laughed his fellows to see him  
stand  
Whetting his scythe with a listless  
hand,  
Hearing a voice in a far-off song,  
Watching a white hand beckoning  
long.

"Fie on the witch!" cried a merry  
girl,  
As they rounded the point where  
Goody Cole  
Sat by her door with her wheel atwirl,  
A bent and bleary-eyed poor old  
soul.

"Oho!" she muttered, "ye're brave  
to-day!  
But I hear the little waves laugh and  
say,  
'The broth will be cold that waits  
at home;  
For it's one to go, but another to  
come!'"

"She's cursed," said the skipper;  
"speak her fair:  
I'm scary always to see her shake  
Her wicked head, with its wild grey  
hair,  
And nose like a hawk, and eyes  
like a snake."  
But merrily still, with laugh and shout,  
From Hampton River the boat sailed  
out,  
Till the huts and the flakes on Star  
seemed nigh,  
And they lost the scent of the pines  
of Kye.

They dropped their lines in the lazy  
tide,  
Drawing up haddock and mottled  
cod;  
They saw not the Shadow that walked  
beside,  
They heard not the feet with silence  
shod.  
But thicker and thicker a hot mist  
grew,  
Shot by the lightnings through and  
through;  
And muffled growls, like the growl of  
a beast,  
Ran along the sky from west to east.

Then the skipper looked from the  
darkening sea  
Up to the dimmed and wading sun;  
But he spake like a brave man cheerily,  
"Yet there is time for our home-  
ward run."  
Veering and tacking, they backward  
wore;  
And just as a breath from the woods  
ashore  
Blew out to whisper of danger past,  
The wrath of the storm came down at  
last!

The skipper hauled at the heavy sail :  
 "God be our help !" he only cried,  
 As the roaring gale, like the stroke  
 of a flail,

Smote the boat on its starboard side.  
 The Shoalsmen looked, but saw alone  
 Dark films of rain-cloud slantwise  
 blown,  
 Wild rocks lit up by the lightning's  
 glare,  
 The strife and torment of sea and air.

Goody Cole looked out from her door :  
 The Isles of Shoals were drowned  
 and gone,  
 Scarcely she saw the Head of the Boar  
 Toss the foam from tusks of stone.  
 She clasped her hands with a grip of  
 pain,  
 The tear on her cheek was not of rain :  
 "They are lost," she muttered, "boat  
 and crew !  
 Lord, forgive me ! my words were  
 true !

Suddenly seaward swept the squall ;  
 The low sun smote through cloudy  
 rack ;  
 The Shoals stood clear in the light,  
 and all  
 The trend of the coast lay hard and  
 black.  
 But far and wide as eye could reach,  
 No life was seen upon wave or beach ;  
 The boat that went out at morning-  
 never  
 Sailed back again into Hampton River.

O mower, lean on thy bended snath,  
 Look from the meadows green and  
 low :  
 The wind of the sea is a waft of death,  
 The waves are singing a song of woe !  
 By silent river, by moaning sea,  
 Long and vain shall thy watching be ;  
 Never again shall the sweet voice call,  
 Never the white hand rise and fall !

O Rivermouth Rocks, how sad a sight  
 Ye saw in the light of breaking day !  
 Dead faces looking up cold and white  
 From sand and seaweed where they  
 lay.

The mad old witch-wife wailed and  
 wept,  
 And cursed the tide as it backward  
 crept :  
 "Crawl back, crawl back, blue water-  
 snake !  
 Leave your dead for the hearts that  
 break !"

Solemn it was in that old day  
 In Hampton town and its log-built  
 church,  
 Where side by side the coffins lay,  
 And the mourners stood in aisle  
 and porch.  
 In the singing-seats young eyes were  
 dim,  
 The voices faltered that raised the  
 hymn,  
 And Father Dalton, grave and stern,  
 Sobbed through his prayer and wept  
 in turn.

But his ancient colleague did not  
 pray,  
 Because of his sin at fourscore  
 years:  
 He stood apart, with the iron-gray  
 Of his strong brows knitted to hide  
 his tears.  
 And a wretched woman, holding her  
 breath  
 In the awful presence of sin and  
 death,  
 Cowered and shrank, while her neigh-  
 bours thronged  
 To look on the dead her shame had  
 wronged.

Apart with them, like them forbid,  
 Old Goody Cole looked drearily  
 round,  
 As, two by two, with their faces  
 hid,  
 The mourners walked to the bury-  
 ing ground.  
 She let the staff from her clasped  
 hands fall :  
 "Lord, forgive us ! we're sinners  
 all !"  
 And the voice of the old man  
 answered her :  
 "Amen !" said Father Bachiler.



So, as I sat upon Appledore  
 In the calm of a closing summer day,  
 And the broken lines of Hampton shore  
 In purple mist of cloudland lay,  
 The Rivermouth Rocks their story  
 told ;  
 And waves aglow with sunset gold,  
 Rising and breaking in steady chime,  
 Beat the rhythm and kept the time.

And the sunset paled, and warmed  
 once more  
 With a softer, tenderer after-glow ;  
 In the east was moon-rise, with boats  
 off-shore  
 And sails in the distance drifting  
 slow.  
 The beacon glimmered from Ports-  
 mouth bar,  
 The White Isle kindled its great red  
 star ;  
 And life and death in my old-time  
 lay  
 Mingled in peace like the night and  
 day !

\* \* \*

"Well," said the Man of Books, "your  
 story  
 Is really not ill told in verse.  
 As the Celt said of purgatory,  
 'One might go farther and fare  
 worse.'  
 The Reader smiled ; and once  
 again  
 With steadier voice took up his  
 strain,  
 While the fair singer from the neigh-  
 bouring tent  
 Drew near, and at his side a graceful  
 listener bent.

### THE GRAVE BY THE LAKE

WHERE the Great Lake's sunny smiles  
 Dimple round its hundred isles,  
 And the mountain's granite ledge  
 Cleaves the water like a wedge,  
 Ringed about with smooth, grey  
 stones,  
 Rest the giant's mighty bones.

Close beside, in shade and gleam,  
 Laughs and ripples Melvin stream ;  
 Melvin water, mountain-born,  
 All fair flowers its banks adorn ;  
 All the woodland's voices meet,  
 Mingling with its murmurs sweet.

Over lowlands forest-grown,  
 Over waters island-strown,  
 Over silver-sanded beach,  
 Leaf-locked bay and misty reach,  
 Melvin stream and burial-heap,  
 Watch and ward the mountains keep.

Who that Titan cromlech fills ?  
 Forest-kaiser, lord o' the hills ?  
 Knight who on the birchen tree  
 Carved his savage heraldry ?  
 Priest o' the pine-wood temples dim,  
 Prophet, sage, or wizard grim ?

Rugged type of primal man,  
 Grim utilitarian,  
 Loving woods for hunt and prowl,  
 Lake and hill for fish and fowl,  
 As the brown bear blind and dull  
 To the grand and beautiful :

Not for him the lesson drawn  
 From the mountains smit with dawn.  
 Star-rise, moon-rise, flowers of May,  
 Sunset's purple bloom of day,—  
 Took his life no hue from thence,  
 Poor amid such affluence ?

Haply unto hill and tree  
 All too near akin was he :  
 Unto him who stands afar  
 Nature's marvels greatest are ;  
 Who the mountain purple seeks  
 Must not climb the higher peaks.

Yet who knows in winter tramp,  
 Or the midnight of the camp,  
 What revealings faint and far,  
 Stealing down from moon and star,  
 Kindled in that human clod  
 Thought of destiny and God ?

Stateliest forest patriarch,  
 Grand in robes of skin and bark,  
 What sepulchral mysteries,  
 What weird funeral-rites, were his ?

What sharp wail, what drear lament,  
Back scared wolf and eagle sent?

Now, whate'er he may have been,  
Low he lies as other men ;  
On his mound the partridge drums,  
There the noisy blue-jay comes ;  
Rank nor name nor pomp has he  
In the grave's democracy.

Part thy blue lips, Northern lake !  
Moss-grown rocks, your silence break !  
Tell the tale, thou ancient tree !  
Thou, too, slide-worn Ossipee !  
Speak, and tell us how and when  
Lived and died this king of men !

Wordless moans the ancient pine ;  
Lake and mountain give no sign ;  
Vain to trace this ring of stones ;  
Vain the search of crumbling bones :  
Deepest of all mysteries,  
And the saddest, silence is.

Nameless, noteless, clay with clay  
Mingles slowly day by day ;  
But somewhere, for good or ill,  
That dark soul is living still ;  
Somewhere yet that atom's force  
Moves the light-poised universe.

Strange that on his burial-sod  
Harebells bloom, and golden-rod.  
While the soul's dark horoscope  
Holds no starry sign of hope !  
Is the Unseen with sight at odds ?  
Nature's pity more than God's ?

Thus I mused by Melvin's side,  
While the summer eventide  
Made the woods and inland sea  
And the mountains mystery ;  
And the hush of earth and air  
Seemed the pause before a prayer,—

Prayer for him, for all who rest,  
Mother Earth, upon thy breast,—  
Lapped on Christian turf, or hid  
In rock-cave or pyramid :  
All who sleep, as all who live,  
Well may need the prayer, " Forgive."

Desert-smothered caravan,  
Knee-deep dust that once was man,

Battle-trenches ghastly piled,  
Ocean-floors with white bones tiled,  
Crowded tomb and mounded sod,  
Dumbly crave that prayer to God.

Oh the generations old  
Over whom no church-bells tolled,  
Christless, lifting up blind eyes  
To the silence of the skies !  
For the innumerable dead  
Is my soul disquieted.

Where be now these silent hosts ?  
Where the camping-ground of ghosts ?  
Where the spectral conscripts led  
To the white tents of the dead ?  
What strange shore or chartless sea  
Holds the awful mystery ?

Then the warm sky stooped to make  
Double sunset in the lake ;  
While above I saw with it,  
Range on range, the mountains lit ;  
And the calm and splendour stole  
Like an answer to my soul.

Hear'st thou, O of little faith,  
What to thee the mountain saith,  
What is whispered by the trees ?—  
" Cast on God thy care for these ;  
Trust Him, if thy sight be dim :  
Doubt for them is doubt of Him.

" Blind must be their close-shut eyes  
Where like night the sunshine lies,  
Fiery-linked the self-forged chain  
Binding ever sin to pain,  
Strong their prison-house of will,  
But without He waiteth still.

" Not with hatred's undertow  
Doth the Love Eternal flow ;  
Every chain that spirits wear  
Crumbles in the breath of prayer ;  
And the penitent's desire  
Opens every gate of fire.

" Still Thy love, O Christ arisen,  
Yearns to reach these souls in prison !  
Through all depths of sin and loss  
Drops the plummet of Thy cross !  
Never yet abyss was found  
Deeper than that cross could sound !"

Therefore well may Nature keep  
 Equal faith with all who sleep,  
 Set her watch of hills around  
 Christian grave and heathen mound,  
 And to cairn and kirkyard send  
 Summer's flowery dividend.

Keep, O pleasant Melvin stream,  
 Thy sweet laugh in shade and gleam !  
 On the Indian's grassy tomb  
 Swing, O flowers, your bells of  
 bloom !

Deep below, as high above,  
 Sweeps the circle of God's love.

\* \* \*

He paused and questioned with his  
 eye  
 The hearers' verdict on his song.  
 A low voice asked : "Is't well to pry  
 Into the secrets which belong  
 Only to God?—The life to be  
 Is still the unguessed mystery :  
 Unscaled, unpierced the cloudy walls  
 remain,  
 We beat with dream and wish the  
 soundless doors in vain."

"But faith beyond our sight may  
 go."

He said : "The gracious Father-  
 hood  
 Can only know above, below,  
 Eternal purposes of good.  
 From our free heritage of will,  
 The bitter springs of pain and ill  
 Flow only in all worlds. The perfect  
 day  
 Of God is shadowless, and love is love  
 always."

"I know," she said, "the letter  
 kills ;

That on our arid fields of strife  
 And heat of clashing texts distils  
 The dew of spirit and of life.  
 But, searching still the written  
 Word,

I fain would find, Thus saith the  
 Lord,

A voucher for the hope I also feel  
 That sin can give no wound beyond  
 love's power to heal."

"Pray," said the Man of Books,  
 "give o'er

A theme too vast for time and  
 place.

Go on, Sir Poet, ride once more  
 Your hobby at his old free pace.  
 But let him keep, with step discreet,  
 The solid earth beneath his feet.

In the great mystery which around us  
 lies,

The wisest is a fool, the fool Heaven-  
 helped is wise."

The Traveller said : "If songs have  
 creeds,

Their choice of them let singers  
 make ;

But Art no other sanction needs  
 Than beauty for its own fair  
 sake.

It grinds not in the mill of use,  
 Nor asks for leave, nor begs  
 excuse ;

It makes the flexile laws it deigns to  
 own,

And gives its atmosphere its colour  
 and its tone.

"Confess, old friend, your austere  
 school

Has left your fancy little chance ;  
 You square to reason's rigid rule  
 The flowing outlines of romance.  
 With conscience keen from exercise,  
 And chronic fear of compromise,  
 You check the free play of your rhymes,  
 to clap  
 A moral underneath, and spring it  
 like a trap."

The sweet voice answered : "Better  
 so

Than bolder flights that know no  
 check ;

Better to use the bit, than throw  
 The reins all loose on fancy's  
 neck.

The liberal range of Art should be  
 The breadth of Christian liberty,  
 Restrained alone by challenge and  
 alarm

Where its charmed footsteps tread  
 the borderland of harm.

"Beyond the poet's sweet dream  
lives

The eternal epic of the man.

He wisest is who only gives,  
'True to himself the best he can ;  
Who, drifting in the winds of praise,  
The inward monitor obeys ;

And, with the boldness that confesses  
fear,

Takes in the crowded sail, and lets  
his conscience steer.

"Thanks for the fitting word he  
speaks,

Nor less for doubtful word un-  
spoken ;

For the false model that he breaks,  
As for the moulded grace un-  
broken ;

For what is missed and what re-  
mains,

For losses which are truest gains,  
For reverence conscious of the Eternal  
eye,

And truth too fair to need the garnish  
of a lie."

Laughing, the Critic bowed. "I  
yield

The point without another word ;  
Who ever yet a case appealed  
Where beauty's judgment had  
been heard ?

And you, my good friend, owe to me  
Your warmest thanks for such a plea,  
As true withal as sweet. For my  
offence

Of cavil, let her words be ample re-  
compense."

Across the sea one lighthouse star,  
With crimson ray that came and  
went,

Revolving on its tower afar,  
Looked through the doorway of  
the tent.

While outward, oversand-slopes wet,  
The lamp flashed down its yellow  
jet

On the long wash of waves, with red  
and green

Tangles of weltering weed through the  
white foam-wreaths seen.

"Sing while we may,—another  
day

May bring enough of sorrow ; '—  
thus

Our Traveller in his own sweet lay,  
His Crimean camp-song, hints to  
us,"

The lady said. "So let it be ;  
Sing us a song," exclaimed all three.

She smiled: "I can but marvel at your  
choice

To hear our poet's words through my  
poor borrowed voice."

\* \* \*

Her window opens to the bay,  
On glistening light or misty gray,  
And there at dawn and set of day

In prayer she kneels :

"Dear Lord !" she saith, "to many a  
home

From wind and wave the wanderers  
come ;

I only see the tossing foam  
Of stranger keels.

"Blown out and in by summer gales,  
The stately ships, with crowded sails,  
And sailors leaning o'er their rails,  
Before me glide ;

They come, they go, but nevermore,  
Spice-laden from the Indian shore,  
I see his swift-winged Isidore  
The waves divide.

"O Thou ! with whom the night is  
day,

And one the near and far away,  
Look out on yon grey waste, and say  
Where lingers he.

Alive, perchance, on some lone beach  
Or thirsty isle beyond the reach  
Of man, he hears the mocking speech  
Of wind and sea.

"Oh dread and cruel deep, reveal  
The secret which thy waves conceal,  
And, ye wild sea-birds, hither wheel  
And tell your tale,

Let winds that tossed his raven hair  
A message from my lost one bear.—  
Some thought of me, a last fond prayer  
Or dying wail !

"Come, with your dreariest truth shut  
out  
The fears that haunt me round about ;  
O God ! I cannot bear this doubt  
That stifles breath.  
The worst is better than the dread ;  
Give me but leave to mourn my dead  
Asleep in trust and hope, instead  
Of life in death !"

It might have been the evening breeze  
That whispered in the garden trees,  
It might have been the sound of seas  
That rose and fell ;  
But, with her heart, if not her ear,  
The old loved voice she seemed to  
hear :  
"I wait to meet thee : be of cheer,  
For all is well !"

\* \* \*

The sweet voice into silence went,  
A silence which was almost pain  
As through it rolled the long lament,  
The cadence of the mournful main.  
Glancing his written pages o'er  
The Reader tried his part once  
more ;  
Leaving the land of hackmatack and  
pine  
For Tuscan valleys glad with olive  
and with vine.

### THE BROTHER OF MERCY

PIERO LUCA, known of all the town,  
As the grey porter by the Pitti wall  
Where the noon shadows of the gar-  
dens fall,  
Sick and in dolor, waited to lay down  
His last sad burden, and beside his  
mat  
The barefoot monk of La Certosa sat.

Unseen, in square and blossoming  
garden drifted,  
Soft sunset lights through green Val  
d'Arno sifted ;  
Unheard, below the living shuttles  
shifted

Backward and forth, and wove, in love  
or strife,  
In mirth or pain, the mottled web of life:  
But when at last came upward from  
the street  
Tinkle of bell and tread of measured  
feet,  
The sick man started, strove to rise  
in vain,  
Sinking back heavily with a moan of  
pain.  
And the monk said, "'Tis but the  
Brotherhood  
Of mercy going on some errand good :  
Their black masks by the palace-wall  
I see."  
Piero answered faintly, 'Woe is me !  
This day for the first time in forty  
years  
In vain the bell hath sounded in my ears,  
Calling me with my brethren of the  
mask,  
Beggar and prince alike, to some new  
task  
Of love or pity,—haply from the street  
To bear a wretch plague-stricken, or,  
with feet  
Hushed to the quickened ear and  
feverish brain,  
To tread the crowded lazaretto's  
floors,  
Down the long twilight of the corridors,  
Midst tossing arms and faces full of  
pain.  
I loved the work: it was its own reward.  
I never counted on it to offset  
My sins, which are many, or make  
less my debt  
To the free grace and mercy of our  
Lord ;  
But somehow, father, it has come to be  
In these long years so much a part of  
me,  
I should not know myself, if lacking it,  
But with the work the worker too  
would die,  
And in my place some other self would  
sit  
Joyful or sad,—what matters, if not I ?  
And now all's over. Woe is me !"—  
"My son,"  
The monk said soothingly, "thy work  
is done ;

And no more as a servant, but the  
 guest  
 Of God thou enterest thy eternal rest.  
 No toils, no tears, no sorrow for the  
 lost,  
 Shall mar thy perfect bliss. Thou  
 shalt sit down  
 Clad in white robes, and wear a  
 golden crown  
 For ever and for ever."—Piero tossed  
 On his sick-pillow : "Miserable me !  
 I am too poor for such grand com-  
 pany ;  
 The crown would be too heavy for  
 this gray  
 Old head ; and God forgive me if I say  
 It would be hard to sit there night  
 and day,  
 Like an image in the Tribune, doing  
 naught  
 With these hard hands, that all my  
 life have wrought,  
 Not for bread only, but for pity's sake.  
 I'm dull at prayers : I could not keep  
 awake,  
 Counting my beads. Mine's but a  
 crazy head,  
 Scarce worth the saving, if all else be  
 dead.  
 And if one goes to heaven without a  
 heart,  
 God knows he leaves behind his better  
 part.  
 I love my fellow-men : the worst I  
 know  
 I would dogood to. Will death change  
 me so  
 That I shall sit among the lazy saints,  
 Turning a deaf ear to the sore com-  
 plaints  
 Of souls that suffer? Why, I never yet  
 Left a poor dog in the *strada* hard  
 beset,  
 Or ass o'erladen ! Must I rate man less  
 Than dog or ass, in holy selfishness?  
 Methinks (Lord, pardon, if the thought  
 be sin !)  
 The world of pain were better, if  
 therein  
 One's heart might still be human, and  
 desires  
 Of natural pity drop upon its fires  
 Some cooling tears."

Thereat the pale monk crossed  
 His brow, and, muttering, "Madman !  
 thou art lost !"  
 Took up his pyx and fled ; and, left  
 alone,  
 The sick man closed his eyes with a  
 great groan  
 That sank into a prayer, "Thy will be  
 done !"

Then was he made aware, by soul  
 or ear,  
 Of somewhat pure and holy bending  
 o'er him,  
 And of a voice like that of her who  
 bore him,  
 Tender and most compassionate :  
 "Never fear !  
 For heaven is love, as God Himself  
 is love,  
 Thy work below shall be thy work  
 above."  
 And when he looked, lo ! in the stern  
 monk's place  
 He saw the shining of an angel's face !

\* \* \*

The Traveller broke the pause. "I've  
 seen  
 The Brothers down the long street  
 steal,  
 Black, silent, masked, the crowd be-  
 tween,  
 And felt to doff my hat and kneel  
 With heart, if not with knee, in prayer,  
 For blessings on their pious care."  
 The Reader wiped his glasses :  
 "Friends of mine,  
 We'll try our home-brewed next, in-  
 stead of foreign wine."

### THE CHANGELING

FOR the fairest maid in Hampton  
 They needed not to search,  
 Who saw young Anna Favor  
 Come walking into church,—  
 Or bringing from the meadows,  
 At set of harvest-day,  
 The frolic of the blackbirds,  
 The sweetness of the hay.

Now the weariest of all mothers,  
The saddest two-years bride,  
She scowls in the face of her husband,  
And spurns her child aside.

"Rake out the red coals, goodman,—  
For there the child shall lie,  
Till the black witch comes to fetch her,  
And both up chimney fly.

"It's never my own little daughter,  
It's never my own," she said;  
"The witches have stolen my Anna,  
And left me an imp instead.

"Oh, fair and sweet was my baby,  
Blue eyes, and hair of gold;  
But this is ugly and wrinkled,  
Cross, and cunning, and old.

"I hate the touch of her fingers,  
I hate the feel of her skin;  
It's not the milk from my bosom,  
But my blood, that she sucks in.

"My face grows sharp with the torment;  
Look! my arms are skin and bone!—  
Rake open the red coals, goodman,  
And the witch shall have her own.

"She'll come when she hears it crying,  
In the shape of an owl or bat,  
And she'll bring us our darling Anna  
In place of her screeching brat."

Then the goodman, Ezra Dalton,  
Laid his hand upon her head:  
"Thy sorrow is great, O woman!  
I sorrow with thee," he said.

"The paths to trouble are many,  
And never but one sure way  
Leads out to the light beyond it:  
My poor wife, let us pray."

Then he said to the great All-Father,  
"Thy daughter is weak and blind;  
Let her sight come back, and clothe her  
Once more in her right mind.

"Lead her out of this evil shadow,  
Out of these fancies wild;  
Let the holy love of the mother  
Turn again to her child.

"Make her lips like the lips of Mary  
Kissing her blessed Son;  
Let her hands, like the hands of  
Jesus,  
Rest on her little one.

"Comfort the soul of Thy handmaid,  
Open her prison-door,  
And Thine shall be all the glory  
And praise for evermore."

Then into the face of its mother  
The baby looked up and smiled;  
And the cloud of her soul was lifted,  
And she knew her little child.

A beam of the slant west sunshine  
Made the wan face almost fair,  
Lit the blue eyes' patient wonder,  
And the rings of pale gold hair.

She kissed it on lip and forehead,  
She kissed it on cheek and chin,  
And she bared her snow-white bosom  
To the lips so pale and thin.

Oh, fair on her bridal morning  
Was the maid who blushed and  
smiled,  
But fairer to Ezra Dalton  
Looked the mother of his child.

With more than a lover's fondness,  
He stooped to her worn young  
face,  
And the nursing child and the mother  
He folded in one embrace.

"Blessed be God!" he murmured.  
"Blessed be God!" she said;  
"For I see, who was once blinded,—  
I live, who once was dead.

"Now mount and ride, my good-  
man,  
As thou lovest thy own soul!  
Woe's me, if my wicked fancies  
Be the death of Goody Cole!"

His horse he saddled and bridled,  
And into the night rode he,—  
Now through the great black wood-  
land,  
Now by the white-beached sea.

He rode through the silent clearings,  
He came to the ferry wide,  
And thrice he called to the boatman  
Asleep on the other side.

He set his horse to the river,  
He swam to Newbury town,  
And he called up Justice Sewall  
In his nightcap and his gown.

And the grave and worshipful justice  
(Upon whose soul be peace !)  
Set his name to the jailer's warrant  
For Goodwife Cole's release.

Then through the night the hoof-beats  
Went sounding like a flail ;  
And Goody Cole at cockcrow  
Came forth from Ipswich jail.

\* \* \*

"Here is a rhyme :—I hardly dare  
To venture on its theme worn out ;  
What seems so sweet by Doon and  
Ayr  
Sounds simply silly hereabout ;  
And pipes by lips Arcadian blown  
Are only tin horns at our own.  
Yet still the muse of pastoral walks  
with us,  
While Hosea Biglow sings, our new  
Theocritus."

### THE MAIDS OF ATTITASH

In sky and wave the white cloud swam,  
And the blue hills of Nottingham  
Through gaps of leafy green  
Across the lake were seen,—

When, in the shadow of the ash,  
That dreams its dream in Attitash,  
In the warm summer weather,  
Two maidens sat together.

They sat and watched in idle mood  
The gleam and shade of lake and  
wood,—  
The beach the keen light smote,  
The white sail of a boat,—

Swan flocks of lilies shoreward lying,  
In sweetness, not in music, dying,—  
Hardhack, and virgin's-bower,  
And white-spiked clethra-flower.

With careless ears they heard the plash  
And breezy wash of Attitash,  
The wood-bird's plaintive cry,  
The locust's sharp reply.

And teased the while, with playful  
hand,  
The shaggy dog of Newfoundland,  
Whose uncouth frolic spilled  
Their baskets berry-filled.

Then one, the beauty of whose eyes  
Was evermore a great surprise,  
Tossed back her queenly head,  
And, lightly laughing, said,—

"No bridegroom's hand be mine to  
hold  
That is not lined with yellow gold ;  
I tread no cottage-floor ;  
I own no lover poor.

"My love must come on silken wings,  
With bridal lights of diamond rings,—  
Not foul with kitchen smirch,  
With tallow-dip for torch."

The other, on whose modest head  
Was lesser dower of beauty shed,  
With look for home-hearths meet,  
And voice exceeding sweet,

Answered,—  
"We will not rivals be ;  
Take thou the gold, leave love to me ;  
Mine be the cottage small,  
And thine the rich man's hall.

"I know, indeed, that wealth is  
good ;  
But lowly roof and simple food,  
With love that hath no doubt,  
Are more than gold without."



Hard by a farmer hale and young  
His cradle in the rye-field swung,  
Tracking the yellow plain  
With windrows of ripe grain.

And still, whene'er he paused to  
whet  
His scythe, the sidelong glance he  
met  
Of large dark eyes, where strove  
False pride and secret love.

Be strong, young mower of the grain ;  
That love shall overmatch disdain,  
Its instincts soon or late  
The heart shall vindicate.

In blouse of grey, with fishing-rod,  
Half screened by leaves, a stranger  
trod  
The margin of the pond,  
Watching the group beyond.

The supreme hours unnoted come ;  
Unfelt the turning tides of doom ;  
And so the maids laughed on,  
Nor dreamed what Fate had done,—

Nor knew the step was Destiny's  
That rustled in the birchen trees,  
As, with their lives forecast,  
Fisher and mower passed.

Erelong by lake and rivulet side  
The summer roses paled and died,  
And Autumn's fingers shed  
The maple's leaves of red.

Through the long gold-hazed after-  
noon,  
Alone, but for the diving loon,  
The partridge in the brake,  
The black duck on the lake,

Beneath the shadow of the ash  
Sat man and maid by Attitash ;  
And earth and air made room  
For human hearts to bloom.

Soft spread the carpets of the sod  
And scarlet-oak and golden-rod  
With blushes and with smiles  
Lit up the forest aisles.

The mellow light the lake aslant,  
The pebbled margin's ripple-chant  
Attenuated and low-toned,  
The tender mystery owned.

And through the dream the lovers  
dreamed,  
Sweet sounds stole in and soft lights  
streamed ;  
The sunshine seemed to bless,  
The air was a caress.

Not she who lightly laughed is there,  
With scornful toss of midnight hair,  
Her dark, disdainful eyes,  
And proud lip worldly-wise.

Her haughty vow is still unsaid,  
But all she dreamed and coveted  
Wears, half to her surprise,  
The youthful farmer's guise !

With more than all her old-time pride  
She walks the rye-field at his side,  
Careless of cot or hall,  
Since love transfigures all.

Rich beyond dreams, the vantage-  
ground  
Of life is gained ; her hands have found  
The talisman of old  
That changes all to gold.

While she who could for love dispense  
With all its glittering accidents,  
And trust her heart alone,  
Finds love and gold her own.

What wealth can buy or art can build  
Awaits her ; but her cup is filled  
Even now unto the brim ;  
Her world is love and him !

\* \* \*

The while he heard, the Book-man  
drew  
A length of make-believing face,  
With smothered mischief laughing  
through :  
“ Why, you shall sit in Ramsay's  
place,  
And, with his Gentle Shepherd, keep  
On Yankee hills immortal sheep,

While lovelorn swains and maids the  
 seas beyond  
 Hold dreamy tryst around your  
 huckleberry-pond."

The Traveller laughed: "Sir Galahad  
 Singing of love the Trouvere's  
 lay!

How should he know the blindfold  
 lad

From one of Vulcan's forge-  
 boys?"—"Nay,

He better sees who stands outside  
 Than they who in procession  
 ride,"

The Reader answered: "selectmen  
 and squire

Miss, while they make, the show that  
 wayside folks admire."

"Here is a wild tale of the North,  
 Our travelled friend will own as  
 one

'Fit for a Norland Christmas hearth  
 And lips of Christian Andersen.

They tell it in the valleys green  
 Of the fair island he has seen,

Low lying off the pleasant Swedish  
 shore,

Washed by the Baltic Sea, and watched  
 by Elsinore."

### KALLUNDBORG CHURCH

"Tie stille, barn min!  
 Imorgen kommer Fin,  
 Fa'er din,

Og gi'er dig Esbern Snares øine og hjerte at  
 lege med!"

*Zealand Rhyme.*

"BUILD at Kallundborg by the sea  
 A church as stately as church may be,  
 And there shalt thou wed my daughter  
 fair,"

Said the Lord of Nesvek to Esbern  
 Snare.

And the Baron laughed. But Esbern  
 said,

"Though I lose my soul, I will Helva  
 wed!"

And off he strode, in his pride of  
 will,  
 To the Troll who dwelt in Ulshoi hill.

"Build, O Troll, a church for me  
 At Kallundborg by the mighty sea;  
 Build it stately, and build it fair,  
 Build it quickly," said Esbern Snare.

But the sly Dwarf said, "No work is  
 wrought  
 By Trolls of the Hills, O man, for  
 naught.

What wilt thou give for thy church  
 so fair?"

"Set thy own price," quoth Esbern  
 Snare.

"When Kallundborg church is build-  
 ed well,  
 Thou must the name of its builder  
 tell,

Or thy heart and thy eyes must be my  
 boon."

"Build," said Esbern, "and build it  
 soon."

By night and by day the Troll wrought  
 on;

He hewed the timbers, he piled the  
 stone;

But day by day, as the walls rose fair,  
 Darker and sadder grew Esbern Snare.

He listened by night, he watched by  
 day,

He sought and thought, but he dared  
 not pray;

In vain he called on the Elle-maids  
 shy,

And the Neck and the Nis gave no  
 reply.

Of his evil bargain far and wide  
 A rumour ran through the country-  
 side;

And Helva of Nesvek, young and  
 fair,

Prayed for the soul of Esbern Snare.

And now the church was well-nigh  
 done;

One pillar it lacked, and one alone;

And the grim Troll muttered, "Fool  
thou art !  
To-morrow gives me thy eyes and  
heart !"

By Kallundborg in black despair,  
Through wood and meadow, walked  
Esbern Snare,  
Till, worn and weary, the strong man  
sank  
Under the birches on Ulshoi bank.

At his last day's work he heard the  
Troll  
Hammer and delve in the quarry's  
hole ;  
Before him the church stood large and  
fair :  
"I have builded my tomb," said  
Esbern Snare.

And he closed his eyes the sight to  
hide,  
When he heard a light step at his  
side :  
"O Esbern Snare!" a sweet voice  
said,  
"Would I might die now in thy stead !"

With a grasp by love and by fear made  
strong,  
He held her fast, and he held her long ;  
With the beating heart of a bird afeard,  
She hid her face in his flame-red beard.

"O love !" he cried, "let me look to-  
day  
In thine eyes ere mine are plucked  
away ;  
Let me hold thee close, let me feel thy  
heart  
Ere mine by the Troll is torn apart !

"I sinned, O Helva, for love of thee !  
Pray that the Lord Christ pardon me !"  
But fast as she prayed, and faster still,  
Hammered the Troll in Ulshoi hill.

He knew, as he wrought, that a loving  
heart  
Was somehow baffling his evil art ;  
For more than spell of Elf or Troll  
Is a maiden's prayer for her lover's soul.

And Esbern listened, and caught the  
sound  
Of a Troll-wife singing underground :  
"To-morrow comes Fine, father  
thine:  
Lie still and hush thee, baby mine !

"Lie still, my darling ! next sunrise  
Thou'lt play with Esbern Snare's heart  
and eyes !"  
"Ho ! ho !" quoth Esbern, "is that  
your game ?  
Thanks to the Troll-wife, I know his  
name !"

The Troll he heard him, and hurried on  
To Kallundborg church with the lack-  
ing stone.  
"Too late, Gaffer Fine !" cried Esbern  
Snare ;  
And Troll and pillar vanished in air !

That night the harvesters heard the  
sound  
Of a woman sobbing underground,  
And the voice of the Hill-Troll loud  
with blame  
Of the careless singer who told his  
name.

Of the Troll of the Church they sing  
the rune  
By the Northern Sea in the harvest  
moon ;  
And the fishers of Zealand hear him-  
still  
Scolding his wife in Ulshoi hill.

And seaward over its groves of birch  
Still looks the tower of Kallundborg  
church,  
Where, first at its altar, a wedded  
pair,  
Stood Helva of Nesvek and Esbern  
Snare !

\* \* \*

"What," asked the Traveller,  
"would our sires,  
The old Norse story-tellers, say  
Of sun-graved pictures, ocean  
wires,  
And smoking steamboats of to-  
day ?

And this, O lady, by your leave,  
 Recalls your song of yester eve :  
 Pray, let us have that Cable-hymn  
 once more."

"Hear, hear !" the Book-man cried,  
 "the lady has the floor.

"These noisy waves below perhaps  
 To such a strain will lend their  
 ear,

With softer voice and lighter lapse  
 Come stealing up the sands to  
 hear,

And what they once refused to do  
 For old King Knut accord to you.  
 Nay, even the fishes shall your lis-  
 teners be,  
 As once, the legend runs, they heard  
 St. Anthony."

\* \* \*

O lonely bay of Trinity,  
 O dreary shores, give ear !  
 Lean down unto the white-lipped sea  
 The voice of God to hear !

From world to world His couriers fly,  
 Thought-winged and shod with fire ;  
 The angel of His stormy sky  
 Rides down the sunken wire.

What saith the herald of the Lord ?  
 "The world's long strife is done ;  
 Close wedded by that mystic cord,  
 Its continents are one.

"And one in heart, as one in blood,  
 Shall all her peoples be ;  
 The hands of human brotherhood  
 Are clasped beneath the sea.

"Through Orient seas, o'er Afric's  
 plain  
 And Asian mountains borne,  
 The vigour of the Northern brain  
 Shall nerve the world outworn.

"From clime to clime, from shore to  
 shore,  
 Shall thrill the magic thread ;  
 The new Prometheus steals once  
 more  
 The fire that wakes the dead."

Throb on, strong pulse of thunder !  
 beat

From answering beach to beach ;  
 Fuse nations in thy kindly heat,  
 And melt the chains of each !

Wild terror of the sky above,  
 Glide tamed and dumb below :  
 Bear gently, Ocean's carrier-dove,  
 Thy errands to and fro.

Weave on, swift shuttle of the Lord,  
 Beneath the deep so far,  
 The bridal robe of earth's accord,  
 The funeral shroud of war !

For lo ! the fall of Ocean's wall  
 Space mocked and time outrun ;  
 And round the world the thought  
 of all  
 Is as the thought of one !

The poles unite, the zones agree,  
 The tongues of striving cease ;  
 As on the Sea of Galilee  
 The Christ is whispering, Peace !

\* \* \*

"Glad prophecy ! to this at last,"  
 The Reader said, "shall all things  
 come.

Forgotten be the bugle's blast,  
 And battle-music of the drum.  
 A little while the world may run  
 Its old mad way, with needle-gun  
 And iron-clad, but truth, at last, shall  
 reign :  
 The cradle-song of Christ was never  
 sung in vain !"

Shifting his scattered papers,  
 "Here,"

He said, as died the faint applause,  
 "Is something that I found last  
 year

Down on the island known as  
 Orr's.

I had it from a fair-haired girl  
 Who, oddly, bore the name of Pearl,  
 (As if by some droll freak of circum-  
 stance,)

Classic, or well-nigh so, in Harriet  
 Stowe's romance."

## THE DEAD SHIP OF HARPSWELL

WHAT flecks the outer grey beyond  
 The sundown's golden trail?  
 The white flash of a sea-bird's wing,  
 Or gleam of slanting sail?  
 Let young eyes watch from Neck and  
 Point,  
 And sea-worn elders pray,—  
 The ghost of what was once a ship  
 Is sailing up the bay!

From grey sea-fog, from icy drift,  
 From peril and from pain,  
 The home-bound fisher greets thy  
 lights,  
 O hundred-harboured Maine!  
 But many a keel shall seaward turn,  
 And many a sail outstand,  
 When, tall and white, the Dead Ship  
 looms  
 Against the dusk of land.

She rounds the headland's bristling  
 pines;  
 She threads the isle-set bay;  
 No spur of breeze can speed her on,  
 Nor ebb of tide delay.  
 Old men still walk the Isle of Orr  
 Who tell her date and name,  
 Old shipwrights sit in Freeport  
 yards  
 Who hewed her oaken frame.

What weary doom of baffled quest,  
 Thou sad sea-ghost, is thine?  
 What makes thee in the haunts of  
 home  
 A wonder and a sign?  
 No foot is on thy silent deck,  
 Upon thy helm no hand;  
 No ripple hath the soundless wind  
 That smites thee from the land!

For never comes the ship to port,  
 Howe'er the breeze may be;  
 Just when she nears the waiting  
 shore  
 She drifts again to sea

No tack of sail, nor turn of helm,  
 Nor sheer of veering side;  
 Stern-fore she drives to sea and  
 night,  
 Against the wind and tide.

In vain o'er Harpswell Neck the  
 star  
 Of evening guides her in;  
 In vain for her the lamps are lit  
 Within thy tower, Seguin!  
 In vain the harbour-boat shall hail,  
 In vain the pilot call;  
 No hand shall reef her spectral sail,  
 Or let her anchor fall.

Shake, brown old wives, with dreary  
 joy,  
 Your grey-head hints of ill;  
 And, over sick-beds whispering  
 low,  
 Your prophecies fulfil.  
 Some home amid yon birchen trees  
 Shall drape its door with woe;  
 And slowly where the Dead Ship  
 sails  
 The burial boat shall row!

From Wolf Neck and from Flying  
 Point,  
 From island and from main,  
 From sheltered cove and tided creek,  
 Shall glide the funeral train.  
 The dead-boat with the bearers  
 four,  
 The mourners at her stern,—  
 And one shall go the silent way  
 Who shall no more return!

And men shall sigh, and women  
 weep,  
 Whose dear ones pine and pine,  
 And sadly over sun-seas  
 Await the ghostly sign.  
 They know not that its sails are  
 filled  
 By pity's tender breath,  
 Nor see the Angel at the helm  
 Who steers the Ship of Death!

"Chill as a down-east breeze  
should be,"  
The Book-man said. "A ghostly  
touch  
The legend has. I'm glad to see  
Your flying Yankee beat the  
Dutch."  
"Well, here is something of the  
sort  
Which one midsummer day I  
caught  
In Narragansett Bay, for lack of  
fish."  
"Wewait," the Traveller said; "serve  
hot or cold your dish."

### THE PALATINE

LEAGUES north, as fly the gull and  
auk,  
Point Judith watches with eye of  
hawk;  
Leagues south, thy beacon flames,  
Montauk!

Lonely and wind-shorn, wood-for-  
saken,  
With never a tree for Spring to  
waken,  
For tryst of lovers or farewells  
taken,

Circled by waters that never freeze,  
Beaten by billow and swept by  
breeze,  
Lieth the Island of Manisees,

Set at the mouth of the Sound to  
hold  
The coast lights up on its turret  
old,  
Yellow with moss and sea-fog mould.

Dreary the land when gust and  
sleet  
At its doors and windows howl and  
beat,  
And Winter laughs at its fires of  
peat!

But in summer time, when pool and  
pond,  
Held in the laps of valleys fond,  
Are blue as the glimpses of sea  
beyond;

When the hills are sweet with the  
brier-rose,  
And, hid in the warm, soft dells, un-  
close  
Flowers the mainland rarely knows;

When boats to their morning fishing  
go,  
And, held to the wind and slanting  
low,  
Whitening and darkening the small  
sails show,—

Then is that lonely island fair;  
And the pale health-seeker findeth  
there  
The wine of life in its pleasant air.

No greener valleys the sun invite,  
On smoother beaches no sea-birds  
light,  
No blue waves shatter to foam more  
white!

There, circling ever their narrow  
range,  
Quaint tradition and legend strange  
Live on unchallenged, and know no  
change.

Old wives spinning their webs of  
tow,  
Or rocking weirdly to and fro  
In and out of the peat's dull glow,

And old men mending their nets of  
twine,  
Talk together of dream and sign,  
Talk of the lost ship Palatine,—

The ship that, a hundred years  
before,  
Freighted deep with its goodly store,  
In the gales of the equinox went  
ashore.

The eager islanders one by one  
 Counted the shots of her signal  
 gun,  
 And heard the crash when she drove  
 right on !

Into the teeth of death she sped :  
 (May God forgive the hands that  
 fed  
 The false lights over the rocky Head !)

O men and brothers ! what sights  
 were there !  
 White upturned faces, hands stretched  
 in prayer !  
 Where waves had pity, could ye not  
 spare ?

Down swooped the wreckers, like birds  
 of prey  
 Tearing the heart of the ship away,  
 And the dead had never a word to say.

And then, with ghastly shimmer and  
 shine  
 Over the rocks and the seething  
 brine,  
 They burned the wreck of the Palatine.

In their cruel hearts, as they home-  
 ward sped,  
 "The sea and the rocks are dumb,"  
 they said :  
 "There'll be no reckoning with the  
 dead."

But the year went round, and when  
 once more  
 Along their foam-white curves of  
 shore  
 They heard the line-storm rave and  
 roar,

Behold ! again, with shimmer and  
 shine  
 Over the rocks and the seething  
 brine,  
 The flaming wreck of the Palatine !

So, haply in fitter words than these,  
 Mending their nets on their patient  
 knees,  
 They tell of the legend of Manisees.

Nor looks nor tones a doubt betray ;  
 "It is known to us all," they quietly  
 say ;  
 "We too have seen it in our day."

Is there, then, no death for a word  
 once spoken ?  
 Was never a deed but left its token  
 Written on tables never broken ?

Do the elements subtle reflections  
 give ?  
 Do pictures of all the ages live  
 On Nature's infinite negative,

Which, half in sport, in malice half,  
 She shows at times, with shudder or  
 laugh,  
 Phantom and shadow in photograph ?

For still, on many a moonless night,  
 From Kingston Head and from Mon-  
 tauk light  
 The spectre kindles and burns in  
 sight.

Now low and dim, now clear and  
 higher,  
 Leaps up the terrible Ghost of Fire,  
 Then, slowly sinking, the flames ex-  
 pire.

And the wise Sound skippers, though  
 skies be fine,  
 Reef their sails when they see the  
 sign  
 Of the blazing wreck of the Palatine !

\* \* \*

"A fitter tale to scream than  
 sing,"

The Book-man said. "Well,  
 fancy, then,"

The Reader answered, "on the wing  
 The sea-birds shriek it, 't for  
 men,

But in the ear of wave and breeze,"  
 The Traveller mused: "Your Mani-  
 sees

Is fairy-land: off Narragansett shore  
 Who ever saw the isle or heard its  
 name before ?

"'Tis some strange land of Fly-  
away,  
Whose dreamy shore the ship  
beguiles,  
St. Brandon's in its sea-mist gray,  
Or sunset loom of Fortunate  
Isles!"  
"No ghost, but solid turf and  
rock  
Is the good island known as Block,"  
The Reader said. "For beauty and  
for ease  
I chose its Indian name, soft-flowing  
Manisees!"

"But let it pass; here is a bit  
Of unrhymed story, with a hint  
Of the old preaching mood in it,  
The sort of sidelong moral squint  
Our friend objects to, which has  
grown,  
I fear, a habit of my own.  
'Twas written when the Asian plague  
drew near,  
And the land held its breath and paled  
with sudden fear."

### ABRAHAM DAVENPORT

IN the old days (a custom laid aside  
With breeches and cocked hats) the  
people sent  
Their wisest men to make the public  
laws.  
And so, from a brown homestead,  
where the Sound  
Drinks the small tribute of the Mianas,  
Waved over by the woods of Rippo-  
wams,  
And hallowed by pure lives and  
tranquil deaths,  
Stamford<sup>sent</sup> up to the councils of  
the State  
Wisdom and grace in Abraham Daven-  
port.

"Twas on a May-day of the far old  
year—~~and~~  
Seventeen hundred and eighty, that there  
fell

Over the bloom and sweet life of the  
Spring,  
Over the fresh earth and the heaven  
of noon,  
A horror of great darkness, like the  
night  
In day of which the Norland sagas  
tell,—  
The Twilight of the Gods. The low-  
hung sky  
Was black with ominous clouds, save  
where its rim  
Was fringed with a dull glow, like  
that which climbs  
The crater's sides from the red hell  
below.  
Birds ceased to sing, and all the barn-  
yard fowls  
Roosted; the cattle at the pasture  
bars  
Lowled, and looked homeward; bats  
on leathern wings  
Flitted abroad; the sounds of labour  
died;  
Men prayed, and women wept; all  
ears grew sharp  
To hear the doom-blast of the trumpet  
shatter  
The black sky, that the dreadful face  
of Christ  
Might look from the rent clouds, not  
as He looked  
A loving Guest at Bethany, but  
stern  
As Justice and inexorable Law.

Meanwhile in the old State House,  
dim as ghosts,  
Sat the lawgivers of Connecticut,  
Trembling beneath their legislative  
robes.

"It is the Lord's Great Day! Let us  
adjourn,"  
Some said; and then, as if with one  
accord,  
All eyes were turned to Abraham  
Davenport.  
He rose, slow cleaving with his steady  
voice  
The intolerable hush. "This well  
may be  
The Day of Judgment which the world  
awaits;



But be it so or not, I only know  
 My present duty, and my Lord's com-  
 mand  
 To occupy till He come. So at the  
 post  
 Where He hath set me in His provi-  
 dence,  
 I choose, for one, to meet Him face to  
 face,—  
 No faithless servant frightened from  
 my task,  
 But ready when the Lord of the har-  
 vest calls ;  
 And therefore, with all reverence, I  
 would say,  
 Let God do His work, we will see to  
 ours.  
 Bring in the candles." And they  
 brought them in.

Then by the flaring lights the  
 Speaker read,  
 Albeit with husky voice and shaking  
 hands,  
 An Act to amend an Act to regulate  
 The shad and alewife fisheries.  
 Whereupon  
 Wisely and well spake Abraham  
 Davenport,  
 Straight to the question, with no  
 figures of speech  
 Save the ten Arab signs, yet not  
 without  
 The shrewd dry humour natural to  
 the man :  
 His awe-struck colleagues listening all  
 the while,  
 Between the pauses of his argument,  
 To hear the thunder of the wrath of  
 God  
 Break from the hollow trumpet of the  
 cloud.

And there he stands in memory to  
 this day,  
 Erect, self-poised, a rugged face, half  
 seen  
 Against the background of unnatural  
 dark,  
 A witness to the ages as they pass,  
 That simple duty hath no place for  
 fear.

\* \* \*

He ceased : just then the ocean  
 seemed  
 To lift a half-faced moon in  
 sight ;  
 And, shore-ward, o'er the waters  
 gleamed,  
 From crest to crest, a line of  
 light,  
 Such as of old, with solemn awe,  
 The fishers by Gennesaret saw,  
 When dry-shod o'er it walked the  
 Son of God,  
 Tracking the waves with light where'er  
 His sandals trod.

Silently for a space each eye  
 Upon that sudden glory turned :  
 Cool from the land the breeze blew  
 by,  
 The tent-ropes flapped, the long  
 beach churned  
 Its waves to foam ; on either hand  
 Stretched, far as sight, the hills of  
 sand ;  
 With bays of marsh, and capes of bush  
 and tree,  
 The wood's black shore-line loomed  
 beyond the meadowy sea.

The lady rose to leave. "One  
 song,  
 Or hymn," they urged, "before  
 we part."  
 And she, with lips to which belong  
 Sweet intuitions of all art,  
 Gave to the winds of night a strain  
 Which they who heard would hear  
 again ;  
 And to her voice the solemn ocean  
 lent,  
 Touching its harp of sand, a deep  
 accompaniment.

The harp at Nature's advent strung  
 Has never ceased to play ;  
 The song the stars of morning sung  
 Has never died away.

And prayer is made, and praise is  
 given,  
 By all things near and far ;  
 The ocean looketh up to heaven,  
 And mirrors every star.

Its waves are kneeling on the strand,  
As kneels the human knee,  
Their white locks bowing to the sand,  
The priesthood of the sea !

They pour their glittering treasures  
forth,  
Their gifts of pearl they bring,  
And all the listening hills of earth  
Take up the song they sing.

The green earth sends her incense up  
From many a mountain shrine ;  
From folded leaf and dewy cup  
She pours her sacred wine.

The mists above the morning rills  
Rise white as wings of prayer ;  
The altar-curtains of the hills  
Are sunset's purple air.

The winds with hymns of praise are  
loud,  
Or low with sobs of pain,—  
The thunder-organ of the cloud,  
The dropping tears of rain.

With drooping head and branches  
crossed  
The twilight forest grieves,  
Or speaks with tongues of Pentecost  
From all its sunlit leaves.

The blue sky is the temple's arch,  
Its transept earth and air,  
The music of its starry march  
The chorus of a prayer.

So Nature keeps the reverent frame  
With which her years began,  
And all her signs and voices shame  
The prayerless heart of man.

The singer ceased. The moon's  
white rays  
Fell on the rapt, still face of  
her.

"*Allah il Allah !* He hath praise  
From all things," said the Tra-  
veller.

"Oft from the desert's silent  
nights,  
And mountain hymns of sunset  
lights,

My heart has felt rebuke, as in his  
tent  
The Moslem's prayer has shamed my  
Christian knee unbent."

He paused, and lo ! far, faint, and  
slow

The bells in Newbury's steeples  
tolled

The twelve dead hours ; the lamp  
burned low ;

The singer sought her canvas  
fold.

One sadly said, "At break of  
day

We strike our tent and go our  
way."

But one made answer cheerily, "Never  
fear,

We'll pitch this tent of ours in type  
another year."



# NATIONAL LYRICS, Etc.

[1865-1866]

## THE MANTLE OF ST. JOHN DE MATHA

A LEGEND OF "THE RED, WHITE,  
AND BLUE," A.D. 1154-1864.

A STRONG and mighty Angel,  
Calm, terrible, and bright,  
The cross in blended red and blue  
Upon his mantle white !

Two captives by him kneeling,  
Each on his broken chain,  
Sang praise to God who raiseth  
The dead to life again !

Dropping his cross-wrought mantle,  
"Wear this," the Angel said ;  
"Take thou, O Freedom's priest, its  
sign,—  
The white, the blue, and red."

Then rose up John de Matha  
In the strength the Lord Christ  
gave,  
And begged through all the land of  
France  
The ransom of the slave.

The gates of tower and castle  
Before him open flew,  
The drawbridge at his coming fell,  
The door-bolt backward drew.

For all men owned his errand,  
And paid his righteous tax ;  
And the hearts of lord and peasant  
Were in his hands as wax.

At last, out-bound from Tunis,  
His bark her anchor weighed,  
Freighted with seven-score Christian  
souls  
Whose ransom he had paid.

But, torn by Paynim hatred,  
Her sails in tatters hung ;  
And on the wild waves, rudderless,  
A shattered hulk she swung.

"God save us !" cried the captain,  
"For naught can man avail ;  
Oh, woe betide the ship that lacks  
Her rudder and her sail !

"Behind us are the Moormen ;  
At sea we sink or strand :  
There's death upon the water,  
There's death upon the land !"

Then up spake John de Matha :  
"God's errands never fail !  
Take thou the mantle which I wear,  
And make of it a sail."

They raised the cross-wrought mantle,  
The blue, the white, the red ;  
And straight before the wind off-shore  
The ship of Freedom sped.

"God help us !" cried the seamen,  
"For vain is mortal skill :  
The good ship on a stormy sea  
Is drifting at its will."

Then up spake John de Matha :  
"My mariners, never fear !  
The Lord whose breath has filled her  
sail  
May well our vessel steer !"

So on through storm and darkness  
 They drove for weary hours ;  
 And lo ! the third grey morning shone  
 On Ostia's friendly towers.

And on the walls the watchers  
 The ship of mercy knew,—  
 They knew far off its holy cross,  
 The red, the white, and blue.

And the bells in all the steeples  
 Rang out in glad accord,  
 To welcome home to Christian soil  
 The ransomed of the Lord.

So runs the ancient legend  
 By bard and painter told ;  
 And lo ! the cycle rounds again,  
 The new is as the old !

With rudder foully broken,  
 And sails by traitors torn,  
 Our country on a midnight sea  
 Is waiting for the morn.

Before her, nameless terror ;  
 Behind, the pirate foe ;  
 The clouds are black above her,  
 The sea is white below.

The hope of all who suffer,  
 The dread of all who wrong,  
 She drifts in darkness and in storm,  
 How long, O Lord ! how long ?

But courage, O my mariners !  
 Ye shall not suffer wreck,  
 While up to God the freedman's  
 prayers  
 Are rising from your deck.

Is not your sail the banner  
 Which God hath blest anew,  
 The mantle that De Matha wore,  
 The red, the white, the blue ?

Its hues are all of heaven,—  
 The red of sunset's dye,  
 The whiteness of the moonlit cloud,  
 The blue of morning's sky.

Wait cheerily, then, O mariners,  
 For daylight and for land ;  
 The breath of God is in your sail,  
 Your rudder is His hand.

Sail on, sail on, deep-freighted  
 With blessings and with hopes ;  
 The saints of old with shadowy hands  
 Are pulling at your ropes.

Behind ye holy martyrs  
 Uplift the palm and crown ;  
 Before ye unborn ages send  
 Their benedictions down.

Take heart from John de Matha !—  
 God's errands never fail !  
 Sweep on through storm and darkness,  
 The thunder and the hail !

Sail on ! The morning cometh,  
 The port ye yet shall win ;  
 And all the bells of God shall ring  
 The good ship bravely in !

### WHAT THE BIRDS SAID

THE birds against the April wind  
 Flew northward, singing as they  
 flew ;  
 They sang, "The land we leave be-  
 hind  
 Has swords for corn-blades, blood  
 for dew."

"O wild-birds, flying from the South,  
 What saw and heard ye, gazing  
 down?"

"We saw the mortar's upturned  
 mouth,  
 The sickened camp, the blazing  
 town !

"Beneath the bivouac's starry lamps,  
 We saw your march-worn children  
 die ;  
 In shrouds of moss in cypress swamps,  
 We saw your dead uncoffined lie.

"We heard the starving prisoners'  
sighs,  
And saw, from line and trench, your  
sons  
Follow our flight with home-sick eyes  
Beyond the battery's smoking  
guns."

"And heard and saw ye only wrong  
"And pain," I cried, "O wing-worn  
flocks?"

"We heard," they sang, "the freed-  
man's song,  
The crash of Slavery's broken  
locks!

"We saw from new, uprising States  
The treason - nursing mischief  
spurned,  
As, crowding Freedom's ample gates,  
The long-estranged and lost re-  
turned.

"O'er dusky faces, seamed and old,  
And hands horn-hard with unpaid  
toil,  
With hope in every rustling fold,  
We saw your star-dropt flag uncoil.

"And struggling up through sounds  
accursed,  
A grateful murmur clomb the air ;  
A whisper scarcely heard at first,  
It filled the listening heavens with  
prayer.

"And sweet and far, as from a star,  
Replied a voice which shall not  
cease,

Till, drowning all the noise of war,  
It sings the blessed song of peace !"

So to me, in a doubtful day  
Of chill and slowly greening spring,  
Low stooping from the cloudy gray,  
The wild-birds sang or seemed to  
sing.

They vanished in the misty air,  
The song went with them in their  
flight ;

But lo ! they left the sunset fair,  
And in the evening there was light.

## LAUS DEO !

*On Hearing the Bells Ring on the  
Passage of the Constitutional Amend-  
ment Abolishing Slavery.*

It is done !  
Clang of bell and roar of gun  
Send the tidings up and down.  
How the belfries rock and reel !  
How the great guns, peal on  
peal,  
Fling the joy from town to town !

Ring, O bells !  
Every stroke exulting tells  
Of the burial hour of crime.  
Loud and long, that all may  
hear,  
Ring for every listening ear  
Of Eternity and Time !

Let us kneel :  
God's own voice is in that peal,  
And this spot is holy ground.  
Lord, forgive us ! What are we,  
That our eyes this glory see,  
That our ears have heard the  
sound !

For the Lord  
On the whirlwind is abroad ;  
In the earthquake He has spoken  
He has smitten with His thunder  
The iron wall asunder,  
And the gates of brass are broken !

Loud and long  
Lift the old exulting song ;  
Sing with Miriam by the sea  
He has cast the mighty down ;  
Horse and rider sink and drown ;  
"He hath triumphed gloriously !"

Did we dare,  
In our agony of prayer,  
Ask for more than He has done ?  
When was ever His right hand  
Over any time or land  
Stretched as now beneath the sun ?

How they pale,  
Ancient myth and song and tale,  
In this wonder of our days,  
When the cruel rod of war  
Blossoms white with righteous law,  
And the wrath of man is praise !

Blotted out !  
All within and all about  
Shall a fresher life begin ;  
Freer breathe the universe  
As it rolls its heavy curse  
On the dead and buried sin !

It is done !  
In the circuit of the sun  
Shall the sound thereof go forth.  
It shall bid the sad rejoice,  
It shall give the dumb a voice,  
It shall belt with joy the earth !

Ring and swing,  
Bells of joy ! On morning's wing  
Send the song of praise abroad !  
With a sound of broken chains  
Tell the nations that He reigns,  
Who alone is Lord and God !

### THE PEACE AUTUMN

WRITTEN FOR THE ESSEX COUNTY  
AGRICULTURAL FESTIVAL, 1865.

THANK God for rest, where none  
molest,  
And none can make afraid,—  
For Peace that sits as Plenty's guest  
Beneath the homestead shade !

Bring pike and guns, the sword's red  
scourge,  
The negro's broken chains,  
And beat them at the blacksmith's  
forge  
To ploughshares for our plains.

Alike henceforth our hills of snow,  
And vales where cotton flowers ;  
All streams that flow, all winds that  
blow,  
Are Freedom's motive-powers.

Henceforth to Labour's chivalry  
Be knightly honours paid ;  
For nobler than the sword's shall be  
The sickle's accolade.

Build up an altar to the Lord,  
O grateful hearts of ours !  
And shape it of the greenest sward  
That ever drank the showers.

Lay all the bloom of gardens there,  
And there the orchard fruits ;  
Bring golden grain from sun and air,  
From earth her goodly roots.

There let our banners droop and  
flow,  
The stars uprising and fall ;  
Our roll of martyrs, sad and slow,  
Let sighing breezes call.

Their names let hands of horn and  
tan  
And rough-shod feet applaud,  
Who died to make the slave a man,  
And link with toil reward.

There let the common heart keep  
time  
To such an anthem sung  
As never swelled on poet's rhyme,  
Or thrilled on singer's tongue.

Song of our burden and relief,  
Of peace and long annoy ;  
The passion of our mighty grief  
And our exceeding joy !

A song of praise to Him who filled  
The harvests sown in tears,  
And gave each field a double yield  
To feed our battle-years !

A song of faith that trusts the end  
To match the good begun,  
Nor doubts the power of Love to blend  
The hearts of men as one !



TO THE THIRTY-NINTH  
CONGRESS

O PEOPLE-CHOSEN ! are ye not  
Likewise the chosen of the Lord,  
To do His will and speak His  
word?

From the loud thunderstorm of war  
Not man alone hath called ye  
forth,  
But He, the God of all the earth !

The torch of vengeance in your  
hands  
He quenches ; unto Him belongs  
The solemn recompense of wrongs.

Enough of blood the land has seen,  
And not by cell or gallows-stair  
Shall ye the way of God prepare.

Say to the pardon-seekers,—Keep  
Your manhood, bend no suppliant  
knees,  
Nor palter with unworthy pleas.

Above your voices sounds the wail  
Of starving men ; we shut in vain  
Our eyes to Pillow's ghastly stain.

What words can drown that bitter  
cry?  
What tears wash out that stain of  
death?  
What oaths confirm your broken  
faith?

From you alone the guaranty  
Of union, freedom, peace, we claim ;  
We urge no conqueror's terms of  
shame.

Alas ! no victor's pride is ours ;  
We bend above our triumphs won  
Like David o'er his rebel son.

Be men, not beggars. Cancel all  
By one brave, generous action ;  
trust  
Your better instincts, and be just !

Make all men peers before the law,  
Take hands from off the negro's  
throat,  
Give black and white an equal  
vote.

Keep all your forfeit lives and lands,  
But give the common law's redress  
To labour's utter nakedness.

Revive the old heroic will ;  
Be in the right as brave and strong  
As ye have proved yourselves in  
wrong.

Defeat shall then be victory,  
Your loss the wealth of full amends,  
And hate be love, and foes be  
friends.

Then buried be the dreadful past,  
Its common slain be mourned, and  
let  
All memories soften to regret.

Then shall the Union's mother-heart  
Her lost and wandering ones  
recall,  
Forgiving and restoring all,—

And Freedom break her marble trance  
Above the Capitolian dome,  
Stretch hands, and bid ye welcome  
home !



## THE ETERNAL GOODNESS

O FRIENDS ! with whom my feet have  
trod  
The quiet aisles of prayer,  
Glad witness to your zeal for God  
And love of man I bear.

I trace your lines of argument ;  
Your logic linked and strong  
I weigh as one who dreads dissent,  
And fears a doubt as wrong.

But still my human hands are weak  
To hold your iron creeds :  
Against the words ye bid me speak  
My heart within me pleads.

Who fathoms the Eternal Thought ?  
Who talks of scheme and plan ?  
The Lord is God ! He needeth not  
The poor device of man.

I walk with bare, hushed feet the  
ground  
Ye tread with boldness shod ;  
I dare not fix with mete and bound  
The love and power of God.

Ye praise His justice ; even such  
His pitying love I deem :  
Ye seek a king ; I fain would touch  
The robe that hath no seam.

Ye see the curse which overbroods  
A world of pain and loss ;  
I hear our Lord's beatitudes  
And prayer upon the cross.

More than your schoolmen teach,  
within  
Myself, alas ! I know ;  
Too dark ye cannot paint the sin,  
Too small the merit show.

I bow my forehead to the dust,  
I veil mine eyes for shame,  
And urge, in trembling self-distrust,  
A prayer without a claim.

I see the wrong that round me lies,  
I feel the guilt within ;  
I hear, with groan and travail-cries,  
The world confess its sin.

Yet, in the maddening maze of  
things,  
And tossed by storm and flood,  
To one fixed trust my spirit clings ;  
I know that God is good !

Not mine to look where cherubim  
And seraphs may not see,  
But nothing can be good in Him  
Which evil is in me.

The wrong that pains my soul below  
I dare not throne above :  
I know not of His hate,—I know  
His goodness and His love.

I dimly guess from blessings known  
Of greater out of sight,  
And, with the chastened Psalmist,  
own  
His judgments too are right.

I long for household voices gone,  
For vanished smiles I long,  
But God hath led my dear ones on,  
And He can do no wrong.

I know not what the future hath  
Of marvel or surprise,  
Assured alone that life and death  
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak  
To bear an untried pain,  
The bruised reed He will not break,  
But strengthen and sustain.

No offering of my own I have,  
Nor works my faith to prove ;  
I can but give the gifts He gave,  
And plead His love for love.



And so beside the Silent Sea  
 I wait the muffled oar ;  
 No harm from Him can come to me  
 On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift  
 Their fronded palms in air ;  
 I only know I cannot drift  
 Beyond His love and care.

O brothers ! if my faith is vain,  
 If hopes like these betray,  
 Pray for me that my feet may gain  
 The sure and safer way.

And Thou, O Lord ! by whom are seen  
 Thy creatures as they be,  
 Forgive me if too close I lean  
 My human heart on Thee !

### OUR MASTER

IMMORTAL Love, for ever full,  
 For ever flowing free,  
 For ever shared, for ever whole,  
 A never-ebbing sea !

Our outward lips confess the name  
 All other names above ;  
 Love only knoweth whence it came,  
 And comprehendeth love.

Blow, winds of God, awake and blow  
 The mists of earth away !  
 Shine out, O Light Divine, and show  
 How wide and far we stray !

Hush every lip, close every book,  
 The strife of tongues forbear ;  
 Why forward reach, or backward look,  
 For love that clasps like air ?

We may not climb the heavenly steeps  
 To bring the Lord Christ down :  
 In vain we search the lowest deeps,  
 For Him no depths can drown.

Nor holy bread, nor blood of grape,  
 The lineaments restore  
 Of Him we know in outward shape  
 And in the flesh no more.

He cometh not a king to reign ;  
 The world's long hope is dim ;  
 The weary centuries watch in vain  
 The clouds of heaven for Him.

Death comes, life goes ; the asking eye  
 And ear are answerless ;  
 The grave is dumb, the hollow sky  
 Is sad with silentness.

The letter fails, the systems fall,  
 And every symbol wanes ;  
 The Spirit over-brooding all  
 Eternal Love remains.

And not for signs in heaven above  
 Or earth below they look,  
 Who know with John His smile of  
 love,  
 With Peter His rebuke.

In joy of inward peace, or sense  
 Of sorrow over sin,  
 He is His own best evidence,  
 His witness is within.

No fable old, nor mythic lore,  
 Nor dream of bards and seers,  
 No dead fact stranded on the shore  
 Of the oblivious years ;—

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet  
 A present help is He ;  
 And faith has still its Olivet,  
 And love its Galilee.

The healing of His seamless dress  
 Is by our beds of pain ;  
 We touch Him in life's throng and  
 press,  
 And we are whole again.

Through Him the first fond prayers are  
 said  
 Our lips of childhood frame,  
 The last low whispers of our dead  
 Are burdened with His name

O Lord and Master of us all !  
 Whate'er our name or sign,  
 We own Thy sway, we hear Thy  
 call,  
 We test our lives by Thine.

Thou judgest us ; Thy purity  
Doth all our lusts condemn ;  
The love that draws us nearer Thee  
Is hot with wrath to them.

Our thoughts lie open to Thy sight ;  
And, naked to Thy glance,  
Our secret sins are in the light  
Of Thy pure countenance.

Thy healing pains, a keen distress  
Thy tender light shines in ;  
Thy sweetness is the bitterness,  
Thy grace the pang of sin.

Yet, weak and blinded though we be,  
Thou dost our service own ;  
We bring our varying gifts to Thee,  
And Thou rejectest none.

To Thee our full humanity,  
Its joys and pains, belong ;  
The wrong of man to man on Thee  
Inflicts a deeper wrong.

Who hates, hates Thee, who loves  
becomes  
Therein to Thee allied ;  
All sweet accords of hearts and homes  
In Thee are multiplied.

Deep strike Thy roots, O heavenly  
Vine,  
Within our earthly sod,  
Most human and yet most divine,  
The flower of man and God !

O Love ! O Life ! Our faith and  
sight  
Thy presence maketh one :  
As through transfigured clouds of  
white  
We trace the noonday sun.

So, to our mortal eyes subdued,  
Flesh-veiled, but not concealed,  
We know in Thee the fatherhood  
And heart of God revealed.

We faintly hear, we dimly see,  
In differing phrase we pray ;  
But, dim or clear, we own in Thee  
The Light, the Truth, the Way !

The homage that we render Thee  
Is still our Father's own ;  
Nor jealous claim nor rivalry  
Divides the Cross and Throne.

To do Thy will is more than praise,  
As words are less than deeds,  
And simple trust can find Thy ways  
We miss with chart of creeds.

No pride of self Thy service hath  
No place for me and mine ;  
Our human strength is weakness,  
death  
Our life, apart from Thine.

Apart from Thee all gain is loss,  
All labour vainly done ;  
The solemn shadow of Thy Cross  
Is better than the sun.

Alone, O Love ineffable !  
Thy saving name is given ;  
To turn aside from Thee is hell,  
To walk with Thee is heaven !

How vain, secure in all Thou art,  
Our noisy championship !—  
The sighing of the contrite heart  
Is more than flattering lip.

Not Thine the bigot's partial plea,  
Nor Thine the zealot's ban ;  
Thou well canst spare a love of  
Thee  
Which ends in hate of man.

Our Friend, our Brother, and our  
Lord,  
What may Thy service be ?—  
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,  
But simply following Thee.

We bring no ghastly holocaust,  
We pile no graven stone ;  
He serves Thee best who loveth  
most  
His brothers and Thy own.

Thy litanies, sweet offices  
Of love and gratitude ;  
Thy sacramental liturgies,  
The joy of doing good.

In vain shall waves of incense drift  
The vaulted nave around,  
In vain the minster turret lift  
Its brazen weights of sound.

The heart must ring Thy Christmas  
bells,  
Thy inward altars raise ;  
Its faith and hope Thy canticles,  
And its obedience praise !

### THE VANISHERS

SWEETEST of all childlike dreams  
In the simple Indian loie  
Still to me the legend seems  
Of the shapes who flit before.

Flitting, passing, seen and gone,  
Never reached nor found at rest,  
Baffling search, but beckoning on  
To the Sunset of the Blest.

From the clefts of mountain rocks,  
Through the dark of lowland firs,  
Flash the eyes and flow the locks  
Of the mystic Vanishers !

And the fisher in his skiff,  
And the hunter on the moss,  
Hear their call from cape and cliff,  
See their hands the birch-leaves  
toss.

Wistful, longing, through the green  
Twilight of the clustered pines,  
In their faces rarely seen  
Beauty more than mortal shines.

Fringed with gold their mantles  
flow  
On the slopes of westering knolls ;  
In the wind they whisper low  
Of the Sunset Land of Souls.

Doubt who may, O friend of mine !  
Thou and I have seen them too ;  
On before with beck and sign  
Still they glide, and we pursue.

More than clouds of purple trail  
In the gold of setting day ;  
More than gleams of wing or sail  
Beckon from the sea-mist gray.

Glimpses of immortal youth,  
Gleams and glories seen and flown,  
Far-heard voices sweet with truth,  
Airs from viewless Eden blown,—

Beauty that eludes our grasp,  
Sweetness that transcends our  
taste,  
Loving hands we may not clasp,  
Shining feet that mock our haste,—

Gentle eyes we closed below,  
Tender voices heard once more,  
Smile and call us, as they go  
On and onward, still before.

Guided thus, O friend of mine !  
Let us walk our little way,  
Knowing by each beckoning sign  
That we are not quite astray.

Chase we still, with baffled feet,  
Smiling eye and waving hand,  
Sought and seeker soon shall meet,  
Lost and found, in Sunset Land !

### REVISITED

READ AT THE "LAURELS," ON THE  
MERRIMACK, 6TH MONTH, 1865.

THE roll of drums and the bugle's  
wailing  
Vex the air of our vales no more ;  
The spear is beaten to hooks of pruning,  
The share is the sword the soldier  
wore !

Sing soft, sing low, our lowland  
river,  
Under thy banks of laurel bloom ;  
Softly and sweet, as the hour be-  
seemeth,  
Sing us the songs of peace and  
home.

Let all the tenderer voices of nature  
 Temper the triumph and chasten  
 mirth,  
 Full of the infinite love and pity  
 For fallen martyr and darkened  
 hearth.

But to Him who gives us beauty for  
 ashes,  
 And the oil of joy for mourning  
 long,  
 Let thy hills give thanks, and all  
 thy waters  
 Break into jubilant waves of  
 song !

Bring us the airs of hills and forests,  
 The sweet aroma of birch and pine,  
 Give us a waft of the north-wind  
 laden  
 With sweetbrier odours and breath  
 of kine !

Bring us the purple of mountain sun-  
 sets,  
 Shadows of clouds that rake the  
 hills,  
 The green repose of thy Plymouth  
 meadows,  
 The gleam and ripple of Campton  
 hills.

Lead us away in shadow and sunshine,  
 Slaves of fancy, through all thy  
 miles,  
 The winding ways of Pemigewasset,  
 And Winnepesaukee's hundred isles.

Shatter in sunshine over thy ledges,  
 Laugh in thy plunges from fall to  
 fall ;  
 Play with thy fringes of elms, and  
 darken  
 Under the shade of the mountain  
 wall.

The cradle - song of thy hillside  
 fountains  
 Here in thy glory and strength  
 repeat ;  
 Give us a taste of thy upland music,  
 Show us the dance of thy silver  
 feet.

Into thy dutiful life of uses  
 Pour the music and weave the  
 flowers ;  
 With the song of birds and bloom of  
 meadows  
 Lighten and gladden thy heart and  
 ours.

Sing on ! bring down, O lowland river,  
 The joy of the hills to the waiting  
 sea ;  
 The wealth of the vales, the pomp of  
 mountains,  
 The breath of the woodlands, bear  
 with thee.

Here, in the calm of thy seaward  
 valley,  
 Mirth and labour shall hold their  
 truce ;  
 Dance of water and mill of grinding,  
 Both are beauty and both are use.

Type of the Northland's strength and  
 glory,  
 Pride and hope of our home and  
 race,—  
 Freedom lending to rugged labour  
 Tints of beauty and lines of grace.

Once again, O beautiful river,  
 Hear our greetings and take our  
 thanks ;  
 Hither we come, as Eastern pilgrims  
 Throng to the Jordan's sacred  
 banks.

For though by the Master's feet un-  
 trodden,  
 Though never His word has stilled  
 thy waves,  
 Well for us may thy shores be holy,  
 With Christian altars and saintly  
 graves.

And well may we own thy hint and  
 token  
 Of fairer valleys and streams than  
 these,  
 Where the rivers of God are full of  
 water,  
 And full of sap are His healing  
 trees !

## THE COMMON QUESTION

BEHIND us at our evening meal  
The grey bird ate his fill,  
Swung downward by a single claw  
And wiped his hooked bill.

He shook his wings and crimson  
tail,  
And set his head aslant,  
And, in his sharp, impatient way,  
Asked, "What does Charlie  
want?"

"Fie, silly bird!" I answered,  
"tuck  
Your head beneath your wing,  
And go to sleep;"—but o'er and  
o'er  
He asked the self-same thing.

Then, smiling, to myself I said :—  
How like are men and birds !  
We all are saying what he says,  
In action or in words.

The boy with whip and top and drum,  
The girl with hoop and doll,  
And men with lands and houses,  
ask  
The question of Poor Poll.

However full, with something more  
We fain the bag would cram ;  
We sigh above our crowded nets  
For fish that never swam.

No bounty of indulgent Heaven  
The vague desire can stay ;  
Self-love is still a Tartar mill  
For grinding prayers away.

The dear God hears and pities all ;  
He knoweth all our wants ;  
And what we blindly ask of Him  
His love withholds or grants.

And so I sometimes think our prayers  
Might well be merged in one ;  
And nest and perch and hearth and  
church  
Repeat, "Thy will be done."

## BRYANT ON HIS BIRTHDAY

WE praise not now the poet's art,  
The rounded beauty of his song ;  
Who weighs him from his life apart  
Must do his nobler nature wrong.

Not for the eye, familiar grown  
With charms to common sight  
denied,—  
The marvellous gift he shares alone  
With him who walked on Rydal-  
side ;

Not for rapt hymn nor woodland lay,  
Too grave for smiles, too sweet for  
tears ;  
We speak his praise who wears to-day  
The glory of his seventy years.

When Peace brings Freedom in her  
train,  
Let happy lips his songs rehearse ;  
His life is now his noblest strain,  
His manhood better than his verse !

Thank God ! his hand on Nature's keys,  
Its cunning keeps at life's full span ;  
But, dimmed and dwarfed, in times  
like these,  
The poet seems beside the man !

So be it ! let the garlands die,  
The singer's wreath, the painter's  
meed,  
Let our names perish, if thereby  
Our country may be saved and freed !

## HYMN

FOR THE OPENING OF THOMAS  
STARR KING'S HOUSE OF WOR-  
SHIP, 1864.

AMIDST these glorious works of Thine,  
The solemn minarets of the pine,  
And awful Shasta's icy shrine,—

Where swell Thy hymns from wave  
and gale,  
And organ-thunders never fail,  
Behind the cataract's silver veil,—

Our puny walls to Thee we raise,  
Our poorreed-musicsounds Thy praise:  
Forgive, O Lord, our childish ways !

For, kneeling on these altar-stairs,  
We urge Thee not with selfish prayers,  
Nor murmur at our daily cares.

Before Thee, in an evil day,  
Our country's bleeding heart we lay,  
And dare not ask Thy hand to stay ;

But, through the war-cloud, pray to  
Thee  
For union, but a union free,  
With peace that comes of purity !

That Thou wilt bare Thy arm to save  
And, smiting through this Red Sea  
wave,  
Make broad a pathway for the slave !

For us, confessing all our need,  
We trust nor rite nor word nor deed,  
Nor yet the broken staff of creed.

Assured alone that Thou art good  
To each, as to the multitude,  
Eternal Love and Fatherhood,—

Weak, sinful, blind, to Thee we kneel,  
Stretch dumbly forth our hands, and  
feel  
Our weakness is our strong appeal.

So, by these Western gates of Even  
We wait to see with Thy forgiven  
The opening Golden Gate of Heaven !

Suffice it now. In time to be  
Shall holier altars rise to Thee,—  
Thy Church our broad humanity !

White flowers of love its walls shall  
climb,  
Soft bells of peace shall ring its chime,  
Its days shall all be holy time.

A sweeter song shall then be heard,—  
The music of the world's accord  
Confessing Christ, the Inward Word !

That song shall swell from shore to  
shore,  
One hope, one faith, one love, restore  
The seamless robe that Jesus wore.

### THOMAS STARR KING

THE great work laid upon his twoscore  
years  
Is done, and well done. If we drop  
our tears,  
Who loved him as few men were ever  
loved,  
We mourn no blighted hope nor  
broken plan  
With him whose life stands rounded  
and approved  
In the full growth and stature of a man.  
Mingle, O bells, along the Western  
slope,  
With your deep toll a sound of faith  
and hope !  
Wave cheerily still, O banner, half-  
way down,  
From thousand - masted bay and  
steeped town !  
Let the strong organ with its loftiest  
swell  
Lift the proud sorrow of the land, and  
tell  
That the brave sower saw his ripened  
grain,  
O East and West ! O morn and sunset  
twain  
No more for ever !—has he lived in  
vain  
Who, priest of Freedom, made ye  
one, and told  
Your bridal service from his lips of  
gold ?



# AMONG THE HILLS

## AND MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

### PRELUDE

ALONG the roadside, like the flowers  
of gold  
That tawny Incas for their gardens  
wrought,  
Heavy with sunshine droops the  
golden-rod,  
And the red pennons of the cardinal-  
flowers  
Hang motionless upon their upright  
staves.  
The sky is hot and hazy, and the  
wind,  
Wing-weary with its long flight from  
the south,  
Unfelt; yet, closely scanned, yon  
maple leaf  
With faintest motion, as one stirs in  
dreams,  
Confesses it. The locust by the wall  
Stabs the noon-silence with his sharp  
alarm.  
A single hay-cart down the dusty  
road  
Creaks slowly, with its driver fast  
asleep  
On the load's top. Against the neigh-  
bouring hill,  
Huddled along the stone wall's shady  
side,  
The sheep show white, as if a snow-  
drift still  
Defied the dog-star. Through the  
open door  
A drowsy smell of flowers—grey helio-  
trophe,  
And white sweet clover, and shy  
mignonette—  
Comes faintly in, and silent chorus  
lends  
To the pervading symphony of peace.

No time is this for hands long over-  
worn  
To task their strength: and (unto  
Him be praise  
Who giveth quietness!) the stress and  
strain  
Of years that did the work of centuries  
I have ceased, and we can draw our  
breath once more  
Freely and full. So, as yon harvesters  
Make glad their nooning underneath  
the elms  
With tale and riddle and old snatch  
of song,  
I lay aside grave themes, and idly turn  
The leaves of memory's sketch-book,  
dreaming o'er  
Old summer pictures of the quiet  
hills,  
And human life, as quiet, at their feet.  
  
And yet not idly all. A farmer's son,  
Proud of field-lore and harvest-craft,  
and feeling  
All their fine possibilities, how rich  
And restful even poverty and toil  
Become when beauty, harmony, and  
love  
Sit at their humble hearth as angels sat  
At evening in the patriarch's tent,  
when man  
Makes labour noble, and his farmer's  
frock  
The symbol of a Christian chivalry  
Tender and just and generous to her  
Who clothes with grace all duty; still,  
I know  
Too well the picture has another  
side,—  
How wearily the grind of toil goes on  
Where love is wanting, how the eye  
and ear

And heart are starved amidst the  
 plenitude  
 Of nature, and how hard and colourless  
 Is life without an atmosphere. I look  
 Across the lapse of half a century,  
 And call to mind old homesteads,  
 where no flower  
 Told that the spring had come, but  
 evil weeds,  
 Nightshade and rough-leaved burdock  
 in the place  
 Of the sweet doorway greeting of the  
 rose  
 And honeysuckle, where the house  
 walls seemed  
 Blistering in sun, without a tree or vine  
 To cast the tremulous shadow of its  
 leaves  
 Across the curtainless windows from  
 whose panes  
 Fluttered the signal rags of shiftless-  
 ness ;  
 Within, the cluttered kitchen-floor,  
 unwashed  
 (Broom-clean I think they called it) ;  
 the best room  
 Stifling with cellar damp, shut from  
 the air  
 In hot midsummer, bookless, picture-  
 less  
 Save the inevitable sampler hung  
 Over the fireplace, or a mourning  
 piece,  
 A green-haired woman, poney-cheek'd,  
 beneath  
 Impossible willows; the wide-throated  
 hearth  
 Bristling with faded pine-boughs half  
 concealing  
 The piled-up rubbish at the chimney's  
 back ;  
 And, in sad keeping with all things  
 about them,  
 Shrill, querulous women, sour and  
 sullen men,  
 Untidy, loveless, old before their time,  
 With scarce a human interest save  
 their own  
 Monotonous round of small economies,  
 Or the poor scandal of the neighbour-  
 hood ;  
 Blind to the beauty everywhere re-  
 vealed,

Treading the May-flowers with regard-  
 less feet ;  
 For them the song-sparrow and the  
 bobolink  
 Sang not, nor winds made music in  
 the leaves ;  
 For them in vain October's holocaust  
 Burned, gold and crimson, over all  
 the hills,  
 The sacramental mystery of the woods.  
 Church-goers, fearful of the unseen  
 Powers,  
 But grumbling over pulpit-tax and  
 pew-rent,  
 Saving, as shrewd economists, their  
 souls  
 And winter pork with the least possible  
 outlay  
 Of salt and sanctity ; in daily life  
 Showing as little actual comprehension  
 Of Christian charity and love and duty  
 As if the Sermon on the Mount had  
 been  
 Outdated like a last year's almanac :  
 Rich in broad woodlands and in half-  
 tilled fields,  
 And yet so pinched and bare and  
 comfortless,  
 The veriest straggler limping on his  
 rounds,  
 The sun and air his whole inheritance,  
 Laughed at a poverty that paid its  
 taxes,  
 And hugged his rags in self-compla-  
 cency !  
 Not such should be the homesteads  
 of a land  
 Where whoso wisely wills and acts  
 may dwell  
 As king and lawgiver, in broad-acred  
 state,  
 With beauty, art, taste, culture, books,  
 to make  
 His hour of leisure richer than a life  
 Of fourscore to the barons of old time.  
 Our yeoman should be equal to his home  
 Set in the fair, green valleys, purple  
 walled,  
 A man to match his mountains, not  
 to creep  
 Dwarfed and abased below them. I  
 would fain



In this light way (of which I needs  
must own  
With the knife-grinder of whom  
Canning sings,  
"Story, God bless you! I have none  
to tell you!")  
Invite the eye to see and heart to feel  
The beauty and the joy within their  
reach,—  
Home, and home loves, and the beati-  
tudes  
Of nature free to all. Haply in years  
That wait to take the places of our own,  
Heard wheresome breezy balcony looks  
down  
On happy homes, or where the lake  
in the moon  
Sleeps dreaming of the mountains,  
fair as Ruth,  
In the old Hebrew pastoral, at the feet  
Of Boaz, even this simple lay of mine  
May seem the burden of a prophecy,  
Finding its late fulfilment in a change  
Slow as the oak's growth, lifting man-  
hood up  
Through broader culture, finer man-  
ners, love,  
And reverence, to the level of the hills.

O Golden Age, whose light is of the  
dawn,  
And not of sunset, forward, not behind,  
Flood the new heavens and earth, and  
with thee bring  
All the old virtues, whatsoever things  
Are pure and honest and of good  
repute,  
But add thereto whatever bard has  
sung  
Or seer has told of when in trance and  
dream  
They saw the Happy Isles of prophecy!  
Let Justice hold her scale, and Truth  
divide  
Between the right and wrong; but  
give the heart  
The freedom of its fair inheritance;  
Let the poor prisoner, cramped and  
starved so long,  
At Nature's table feast his ear and eye  
With joy and wonder; let all harmonies  
Of sound, form, colour, motion, wait  
upon

The princely guest, whether in soft  
attire  
Of leisure clad, or the coarse frock of  
toil,  
And, lending life to the dead form of  
faith,  
Give human nature reverence for the  
sake  
Of One who bore it, making it divine  
With the ineffable tenderness of  
God;  
Let common need, the brotherhood of  
prayer,  
The heirship of an unknown destiny,  
The unsolved mystery round about us,  
make  
A man more precious than the gold of  
Ophir.  
Sacred, inviolate, unto whom all things  
Should minister, as outward types and  
signs  
Of the eternal beauty which fulfils  
The one great purpose of creation,  
Love,  
The sole necessity of Earth and  
Heaven!

AMONG THE HILLS

For weeks the clouds had raked the  
hills  
And vexed the vales with raining,  
And all the woods were sad with mist,  
And all the brooks complaining.  
  
At last, a sudden night-storm tore  
The mountain veils asunder,  
And swept the valleys clean before  
The bosom of the thunder.  
  
Through Sandwich notch the west-  
wind sang  
Good morrow to the cotter;  
And once again Chocorua's horn  
Of shadow pierced the water.  
  
Above his broad lake Ossipee,  
Once more the sunshine wearing,  
Stooped, tracing on that silver shield  
His grim armorial bearing.

Clear drawn against the hard blue  
 sky  
 The peaks had winter's keenness ;  
 And, close on autumn's frost, the  
 vales  
 Had more than June's fresh green-  
 ness.

Again the sodden forest floors  
 With golden lights were checkered,  
 Once more rejoicing leaves in wind  
 And sunshine danced and flickered.

It was as if the summer's late  
 Atoning for its sadness  
 Had borrowed every season's charm  
 To end its days in gladness.

I call to mind those banded vales  
 Of shadow and of shining,  
 Through which, my hostess at my side,  
 I drove in day's declining.

We held our sideling way above  
 The river's whitening shallows,  
 By homesteads old, with wide-flung  
 barns  
 Swept through and through by  
 swallows,—

By maple orchards, belts of pine  
 And larches climbing darkly  
 The mountain slopes and, over all,  
 The great peaks rising starkly.

You should have seen that long hill-  
 range  
 With gaps of brightness riven,—  
 How through each pass and hollow  
 streamed  
 The purpling lights of heaven,—

Rivers of gold-mist flowing down  
 From far celestial fountains,—  
 The great sun flaming through the  
 rifts  
 Beyond the wall of mountains !

We paused at last where home-bound  
 cows  
 Brought down the pasture's treasure,  
 And in the barn the rhythmic flails  
 Beat out a harvest measure.

We heard the night-hawk's sullen  
 plunge,  
 The crow his tree mates calling :  
 The shadows lengthening down the  
 slopes  
 About our feet were falling.

And through them smote the level  
 sun  
 In broken lines of splendour,  
 Touched the grey rocks and made the  
 green  
 Of the shorn grass more tender.

The maples bending o'er the gate,  
 Their arch of leaves just tinted  
 With yellow warmth, the golden  
 glow  
 Of coming autumn hinted.

Keen white between the farm-house  
 showed,  
 And smiled on porch and trellis,  
 The fair democracy of flowers  
 That equals cot and palace.

And weaving garlands for her dog,  
 'Twixt chidings and caresses,  
 A human flower of childhood shook  
 The sunshine from her tresses.

On either hand we saw the signs  
 Of fancy and of shrewdness,  
 Where taste had wound its arms of  
 vines  
 Round thrift's uncomely rudeness.

The sun-brown farmer in his frock  
 Shook hands, and called to Mary :  
 Bare-armed, as Juno might, she  
 came,  
 White-aproned from her dairy.

Her air, her smile, her motions,  
 told  
 Of womanly completeness ;  
 A music as of household songs  
 Was in her voice of sweetness.

Not fair alone in curve and line,  
 But something more and better,  
 The secret charm eluding art,  
 Its spirit, not its letter ;—

An inborn grace that nothing lacked  
Of culture or appliance,—  
The warmth of genial courtesies,  
The calm of self-reliance.

Before her queenly womanhood  
How dared our hostess utter  
The paltry errand of her need  
To buy her fresh-churned butter ?

She led the way with housewife pride,  
Her goodly store disclosing,  
Full tenderly the golden balls  
With practised hands disposing.

Then, while along the western hills  
We watched the changeful glory  
Of sunset, on our homeward way,  
I heard her simple story.

The early crickets sang ; the stream  
Plashed through my friend's narra-  
tion :  
Her rustic patois of the hills  
Lost in my free translation.

" More wise," she said, " than those  
who swarm  
Our hills in middle summer,  
She came, when June's first roses  
blossom  
To greet the early comer.

" From school and ball and rout she  
came,  
The city's fair, pale daughter,  
To drink the wine of mountain air  
Beside the Bearcamp Water.

" Her step grew firmer on the hills  
That watch our homesteads over ;  
On cheek and lip, from summer fields,  
She caught the bloom of clover.

" For health comes sparkling in the  
streams  
From cool Chocorua stealing :  
There's iron in our Northern winds ;  
Our pines are trees of healing.

" She sat beneath the broad-armed  
elms  
That skirt the mowing-meadow,

And watched the gentle west-wind  
weave  
The grass with shine and shadow.

" Beside her, from the summer heat  
To share her grateful screening,  
With forehead bared, the farmer stood,  
Upon his pitchfork leaning.

" Framed in its damp, dark locks, his  
face  
Had nothing mean or common,—  
Strong, manly, true, the tenderness  
And pride beloved of woman.

" She looked up, glowing with the  
health  
The country air had brought her,  
And, laughing, said : ' You lack a wife,  
Your mother lacks a daughter.

" ' To mend your frock and bake your  
bread  
You do not need a lady :  
Be sure among these brown old homes  
Is some one waiting ready,—

" ' Some fair, sweet girl with skilful  
hand  
And cheerful heart for treasure,  
Who never played with ivory keys,  
Or danced the polka's measure.'

" He bent his black brows to a frown,  
He set his white teeth tightly.  
' 'Tis well,' he said, ' for one like you  
To choose for me so lightly.

" ' You think, because my life is rude  
I take no note of sweetness :  
I tell you love has naught to do  
With meetness or unmeetness.

" ' Itself its best excuse, it asks  
No leave of pride or fashion  
When silken zone or homespun frock  
It stirs with throbs of passion.

" ' You think me deaf and blind : you  
bring  
Your winning graces hither  
As free as if from cradle-time  
We two had played together.

- " 'You tempt me with your laughing  
   eyes,  
 Your cheek of sundown's blushes,  
 A motion as of waving grain,  
 A music as of thrushes.
- " 'The plaything of your summer  
   sport,  
 The spells you weave around me  
 You cannot at your will undo,  
 Nor leave me as you found me.
- " 'You go as lightly as you came,  
 Your life is well without me ;  
 What care you that these hills will  
   close  
 Like prison-walls about me ?
- " 'No mood is mine to seek a wife  
 Or daughter for my mother :  
 Who loves you loses in that love  
 All power to love another !
- " 'I dare your pity or your scorn,  
 With pride your own exceeding ;  
 I fling my heart into your lap  
 Without a word of pleading.'
- "She looked up in his face of pain  
 So archly, yet so tender :  
 'And if I lend you mine,' she said,  
 'Will you forgive the lender ?
- " 'Nor frock nor tan can hide the  
   man ;  
 And see you not, my farmer,  
 How weak and fond a woman waits  
 Behind this silken armour ?
- " 'I love you : on that love alone,  
 And not my worth, presuming,  
 Will you not trust for summer fruit  
 The tree in May-day blooming ?'
- "Alone the hangbird overhead,  
 His hair-swung cradle straining,  
 Looked down to see love's miracle,—  
 The giving that is gaining.
- "And so the farmer found a wife,  
 His mother found a daughter :  
 There looks no happier home than hers  
 On pleasant Bearcamp Water.
- "Flowers spring to blossom where she  
   walks  
 The careful ways of duty ;  
 Our hard, stiff lines of life with her  
 Are flowing curves of beauty.
- "Our homes are, cheerier for her  
   sake,  
 Our door-yards brighter blooming,  
 And all about the social air  
 Is sweeter for her coming.
- "Unspoken homilies of peace  
 Her daily life is preaching ;  
 The still refreshment of the dew  
 Is her unconscious teaching.
- "And never tenderer hand than hers  
 Unknits the brow of ailing ;  
 Her garments to the sick man's ear  
 Have music in their trailing.
- "And when, in pleasant harvest moons,  
 The youthful huskers gather,  
 Or sleigh-drives on the mountain ways  
 Defy the winter weather,—
- "In sugar-camps, when south and  
   warm  
 The winds of March are blowing,  
 And sweetly from its thawing veins,  
 The maple's blood is flowing,—
- "In summer, where some lilled pond  
 Its virgin zone is bearing,  
 Or where the ruddy autumn fire  
 Lights up the apple-paring,—
- "The coarseness of a ruder time  
 Her finer mirth displaces,  
 A subtler sense of pleasure fills  
 Each rustic sport she graces.
- "Her presence lends its warmth and  
   health  
 To all who come before it.  
 If woman lost us Eden, such  
 As she alone restore it.
- "For larger life and wiser aims  
 The farmer is her debtor ;  
 Who holds to his another's heart  
 Must needs be worse or better.

"Through her his civic service shows  
A purer-toned ambition ;  
No double consciousness divides  
The man and politician.

"In party's doubtful ways he trusts  
Her instincts to determine ;  
At the loud polls, the thought of her  
Recalls Christ's Mountain Sermon.

"He owns her logic of the heart,  
And wisdom of unreason,  
Supplying, while he doubts and weighs,  
The needed word in season.

"He sees with pride her richer thought,  
Her fancy's freer ranges ;  
And love thus deepened to respect  
Is proof against all changes.

"And if she walks at ease in ways  
His feet are slow to travel,  
And if she reads with cultured eyes  
What his may scarce unravel,

"Still clearer, for her keener sight  
Of beauty and of wonder,  
He learns the meaning of the hills  
He dwelt from childhood under.

"And higher, warmed with summer  
lights,  
Or winter-crowned and hoary,  
The ridged horizon lifts for him  
Its inner veils of glory.

"He has his own free, bookless lore,  
The lessons nature taught him,  
The wisdom which the woods and  
hills  
And toiling men have brought  
him :

"The steady force of will whereby  
Her flexile grace seems sweeter ;  
The sturdy counterpoise which makes  
Her woman's life completer :

"A latent fire of soul which lacks  
No breath of love to fan it ;  
And wit, that, like his native brooks,  
Plays over solid granite.

"How dwarfed against his manliness  
She sees the poor pretension,  
The wants, the aims, the follies, born  
Of fashion and convention !

"How life behind its accidents  
Stands strong and self-sustaining,  
The human fact transcending all  
The losing and the gaining.

"And so, in grateful interchange  
Of teacher and of hearer,  
Their lives their true distinctness keep  
While daily drawing nearer.

"And if the husband or the wife  
In home's strong light discovers  
Such slight defaults as failed to meet  
The blinded eyes of lovers,

"Why need we care to ask?—who  
dreams  
Without their thorns of roses,  
Or wonders that the truest steel  
The readiest spark discloses?

"For still in mutual sufferance lies  
The secret of true living :  
Love scarce is love that never knows  
The sweetness of forgiving.

"We send the Squire to General  
Court,  
He takes his young wife thither ;  
No prouder man election day  
Rides through the sweet June  
weather.

"He sees with eyes of manly trust  
All hearts to her inclining ;  
Not less for him his household light  
That others share its shining."

Thus, while my hostess spake, there  
grew  
Before me, warmer tinted  
And outlined with a tenderer grace,  
The picture that she hinted.

The sunset smouldered as we drove  
Beneath the deep hill-shadows.  
Below us wreaths of white fog walked  
Like ghosts the haunted meadows.

Sounding the summer night, the stars  
Dropped down their golden plum-  
mets ;

The pale arc of the Northern lights  
Rose o'er the mountain summits,—

Until, at last, beneath its bridge,  
We heard the Bearcamp flowing,  
And saw across the mapled lawn  
The welcome home-lights glow-  
ing ;—

And, musing on the tale I heard,  
'Twere well, thought I, if often

To rugged farm-life came the gift  
To harmonise and soften ;—

If more and more we found the  
troth

Of fact and fancy plighted,  
And culture's charm and labour's  
strength

In rural homes united,—

The simple life, the homely hearth,  
With beauty's sphere surrounding,  
And blessing toil where toil abounds  
With graces more abounding.

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### THE CLEAR VISION

I DID but dream. I never knew  
What charms our sternest season  
wore.

Was never yet the sky so blue,  
Was never earth so white before.  
Till now I never saw the glow  
Of sunset on yon hills of snow,  
And never learned the bough's designs  
Of beauty in its leafless lines.

Did ever such a morning break  
As that my eastern windows see?  
Did ever such a moonlight take  
Weird photographs of shrub and  
tree?

Rang ever bells so wild and fleet  
The music of the winter street?  
Was ever yet a sound by half  
So merry as yon schoolboy's laugh?

O Earth! with gladness overfraught,  
No added charm thy face hath  
found;

Within my heart the change is  
wrought,  
My footsteps make enchanted  
ground.

From couch of pain and curtained  
room

Forth to thy light and air I come,  
To find in all that meets my eyes  
The freshness of a glad surprise.

Fair seem these winter days, and soon  
Shall blow the warm west-winds of  
spring

To set the unbound rills in tune,  
And hither urge the bluebird's wing.  
The vales shall laugh in flowers, the  
woods

Grow misty green with leafing buds,  
And violets and wind-flowers sway,  
Against the throbbing heart of May.

Break forth, my lips, in praise, and own  
The wiser love severely kind ;  
Since, richer for its chastening grown,  
I see, whereas I once was blind.  
The world, O Father! hath not  
wronged

With loss the life by Thee prolonged ;  
But still, with every added year,  
More beautiful Thy works appear !

As Thou hast made Thy world without,  
Make Thou more fair my world  
within ;

Shine through its lingering clouds of  
doubt ;

Rebuke its haunting shapes of sin ;  
Fill, brief or long, my granted span  
Of life with love to Thee and man ;  
Strike when Thou wilt the hour of rest,  
But let my last days be my best !

2nd mo., 1868.

THE DOLE OF JARL  
THORKELL

THE land was pale with famine  
And racked with fever-pain ;  
The frozen fiords were fishless,  
The earth withheld her grain.

Men saw the boding Fylgja  
Before them come and go,  
And, through their dreams, the Urdar-  
moon  
From west to east sailed slow !

Jarl Thorkell of Thevera  
At Yule-time made his vow ;  
On Rykdal's holy Doom-stone  
He slew to Frey his cow.

To bounteous Frey he slew her ;  
To Skuld, the younger Norn,  
Who watches over birth and death,  
He gave her calf unborn.

And his little gold-haired daughter  
Took up the sprinkling-rod,  
And smeared with blood the temple  
And the wide lips of the god.

Hoarse below, the winter water  
Ground its ice-blocks o'er and  
o'er ;  
Jets of foam, like ghosts of dead  
waves,  
Rose and fell along the shore.

The red torch of the Jokul,  
Aloft in icy space,  
Shone down on the bloody Horg-  
stone,  
And the statue's carven face.

And closer round and grimmer  
Beneath its baleful light  
The Jotun shapes of mountains  
Came crowding through the night.

The grey-haired Hersir trembled,  
As a flame by wind is blown ;  
A weird power moved his white  
lips,  
And their voice was not his own !

"The Æsir thirst !" he muttered ;  
"The gods must have more blood  
Before the tun shall blossom  
Or fish shall fill the flood.

"The Æsir thirst and hunger,  
And hence our blight and ban ;  
The mouths of the strong gods water  
For the flesh and blood of man !

"Whom shall we give the strong  
ones ?  
Not warriors, sword on thigh ;  
But let the nursing infant  
And bedrid old man die."

"So be it !" cried the young men,  
"There needs nor doubt nor parole ;"  
But, knitting hard his red brows,  
In silence stood the Jarl.

A sound of woman's weeping  
At the temple door was heard,  
But the old men bowed their white  
heads,  
And answered not a word.

Then the Dream-wife of Thingvalla,  
A Vala young and fair,  
Sang softly, stirring with her breath  
The veil of her loose hair.

She sang : "The winds from Alfheim  
Bring never sound of strife ;  
The gifts for Frey the meetest  
Are not of death, but life.

"He loves the grass-green meadows,  
The grazing kine's sweet breath ;  
He loathes your bloody Horg-stones,  
Your gifts that smell of death.

"No wrong by wrong is righted,  
No pain is cured by pain ;  
The blood that smokes from Doom-  
rings  
Falls back in redder rain.

"The gods are what you make  
them,  
As earth shall Asgard prove ;  
And hate will come of hating,  
And love will come of love.

"Make dole of skyr and black  
bread

That old and young may live ;  
And look to Frey for favour  
When first like Frey you give.

"Even now over Njord's sea-meadows  
The summer dawn begins :  
The tun shall have its harvest,  
The fiord its glancing fins."

Then up and swore Jarl Thorkell :  
"By Gimli and by Hel,  
O Vala of Thingvalla,  
Thou singest wise and well !

"Too dear the Æsir's favours  
Bought with our children's lives ;  
Better die than shame in living  
Our mothers and our wives.

"The full shall give his portion  
To him who hath most need ;  
Of curdled skyr and black bread  
Be daily dole decreed."

He broke from off his neck-chain  
Three links of beaten gold ;  
And each man, at his bidding,  
Brought gifts for young and old.

Then mothers nursed their children,  
And daughters fed their sires,  
And Health sat down with Plenty  
Before the next Yule fires.

The Horg-stones stand in Rykdal ;  
The Doom-ring still remains ;  
But the snows of a thousand winters  
Have washed away the stains.

Christ ruleth now ; the Æsir  
I have found their twilight dim ;  
And, wiser than she dreamed, of old  
The Vala sang of Him !



### THE TWO RABBIS

THE Rabbi Nathan, twoscore years  
and ten,  
Walked blameless through the evil  
world, and then,

Just as the almond blossomed in his  
hair,

Met a temptation all too strong to bear,  
And miserably sinned. So, adding not  
Falsehood to guilt, he left his seat,  
and taught

No more among the elders, but went  
out

From the great congregation girt about  
With sackcloth, and with ashes on his  
head,

Making his grey locks greyer. Long  
he prayed,

Smiting his breast ; then, as the Book  
he laid

Open before him for the Bath-Col's  
choice,

Pausing to hear that Daughter of a  
Voice,

Behold the royal preacher's words :  
"A friend

Loveth at all times, yea, unto the end ;  
And for the evil day thy brother lives."

Marvelling, he said : "It is the Lord  
who gives

Counsel in need. At Ecbatana dwells  
Rabbi Ben Isaac, who all men excels  
In righteousness and wisdom, as the  
trees

Of Lebanon the small weeds that the  
bees

Bow with their weight. I will arise,  
and lay

My sins before him."

And he went his way  
Barefooted, fasting long, with many  
prayers ;

But even as one who, followed un-  
awares,

Suddenly in the darkness feels a hand  
Thrill with its touch his own, and his  
cheek fanned

By odours subtly sweet, and whispers  
near

Of words he loathes, yet cannot choose  
but hear,



So, while the Rabbi journeyed, chanting low  
 The wail of David's penitential woe,  
 Before him still the old temptation came,  
 And mocked him with the motion and the shame  
 Of such desires that, shuddering, he abhorred  
 Himself; and, crying mightily to the Lord  
 To free his soul and cast the demon out,  
 Smote with his staff the blankness round about.

At length, in the low light of a spent day,  
 The towers of Ecbatana far away  
 Rose on the desert rim; and Nathan, faint  
 And footsore, pausing where for some dead saint  
 The faith of Islam reared a domed tomb,  
 Saw some one kneeling in the shadow, whom  
 He greeted kindly: "May the Holy One  
 Answer thy prayers, O stranger!"  
 Whereupon  
 The shape stood up with a loud cry,  
 and then,  
 Clapsed in each other's arms, the two grey men  
 Wept, praising Him whose gracious providence  
 Made their paths one. But straightway, as the sense  
 Of his transgression smote him, Nathan tore  
 Himself away: "O friend beloved, no more  
 Worthy am I to touch thee, for I came,  
 Foul from my sins, to tell thee all my shame.  
 Haply thy prayers, since naught availeth mine,  
 May purge my soul, and make it white like thine.  
 Pity me, O Ben Isaac, I have sinned!"

Awestruck Ben Isaac stood. The desert wind  
 Blew his long mantle backward, laying bare  
 The mournful secret of his shirt of hair.  
 "I too, O friend, if not in act," he said,  
 "In thought have verily sinned. Hast thou not read,  
 'Better the eye should see than that desire  
 Should wander'? Burning with a hidden fire  
 That tears and prayers quench not, I come to thee  
 For pity and for help, as thou to me.  
 Pray for me, O my friend!" But Nathan cried,  
 "Pray thou for me, Ben Isaac!"

Side by side

In the low sunshine by the turban stone  
 They knelt; each made his brother's woe his own,  
 Forgetting, in the agony and stress  
 Of pitying love, his claim of selfishness;  
 Peace, for his friend besought, his own became;  
 His prayers were answered in another's name;  
 And, when at last they rose up to embrace,  
 Each saw God's pardon in his brother's face!

Long after, when his headstone gathered moss,  
 Traced on the targum - marge of Onkelos  
 In Rabbi Nathan's hand these words were read:  
*"I love not the cure of sin till Self is dead;  
 Forget it in love's service, and the debt  
 Thou canst not pay the angels shall forget;  
 Heaven's gate is shut to him who comes alone;  
 Save thou a soul, and it shall save thy own!"*

## THE MEETING

THE elder folks shook hands at last,  
Down seat by seat the signal passed.  
To simple ways like ours unused,  
Half solemnised and half amused,  
With long-drawn breath and shrug,  
my guest

His sense of glad relief expressed.  
Outside the hills lay warm in sun ;  
The cattle in the meadow-run  
Stood half-leg deep ; a single bird  
The green repose above us stirred.  
"What part or lot have you," he said,  
"In these dull rites of drowsy-head ?  
Is silence worship ? Seek it where  
It soothes with dreams the summer  
air,

Not in this close and rude-benched hall,  
But where soft lights and shadows fall,  
And all the slow, sleep-walking hours  
Glide soundless over grass and flowers !  
From time and place and form apart,  
Its holy ground the human heart,  
Nor ritual-bound nor templeward  
Walks the free spirit of the Lord !  
Our common Master did not pen  
His followers up from other men ;  
His service liberty indeed,  
He built no church, He framed no  
creed ;

But while the saintly Pharisee  
Made broader his phylactery,  
As from the synagogue was seen  
The dusty-sandalled Nazarene  
Through ripening cornfields lead the  
way

Upon the awful Sabbath day,  
His sermons were the healthful talk  
That shorter made the mountain-walk,  
His wayside texts were flowers and  
birds,

Where mingled with His gracious  
words

The rustle of the tamarisk-tree  
And ripple-wash of Galilee."

"Thy words are well, O friend," I  
said ;

"Unmeasured and unlimited,  
With noiseless slide of stone to stone,  
The mystic Church of God has grown.

Invisible and silent stands  
The temple never made with hands,  
Unheard the voices still and small  
Of its unseen confessional.  
He needs no special place of prayer  
Whose hearing ear is everywhere ;  
He brings not back the childish days  
That ringed the earth with stones of  
praise,

Roofed Karnak's hall of gods, and  
laid

The plinths of Philæ's colonnade.  
Still less He owns the selfish good  
And sickly growth of solitude,—  
The worthless grace that, out of  
sight,

Flowers in the desert anchorite ;  
Dissevered from the suffering whole,  
Love hath no power to save a soul.  
Not out of Self, the origin  
And native air and soil of sin,  
The living waters spring and flow,  
The trees with leaves of healing grow.

"Dream not, O friend, because I  
seek

This quiet shelter twice a week,  
I better deem its pine-laid floor  
Than breezy hill or sea-sung shore ;  
But nature is not solitude :  
She crowds us with her thronging  
wood ;

Her many hands reach out to us,  
Her many tongues are garrulous ;  
Perpetual riddles of surprise  
She offers to our ears and eyes !  
She will not leave our senses still,  
But drags them captive at her will :  
And, making earth too great for  
heaven,  
She hides the Giver in the given.

"And so, I find it well to come  
For deeper rest to this still room,  
For here the habit of the soul  
Feels less the outer world's control ;  
The strength of mutual purpose pleads  
More earnestly our common needs ;  
And from the silence multiplied  
By these still forms on either side,  
The world that time and sense have  
known  
Falls off and leaves us God alone.

"Yet rarely through the charmed repose  
 Unmixed the stream of motive flows,  
 A flavour of its many springs,  
 The tints of earth and sky it brings ;  
 In the still waters needs must be  
 Some shade of human sympathy ;  
 And here, in its accustomed place,  
 I look on memory's dearest face ;  
 The blind by-sitter guesseseth not  
 What shadow haunts that vacant spot :  
 No eyes save mine alone can see  
 The love wherewith it welcomes me !  
 And still, with those alone my kin,  
 In doubt and weakness, want and sin,  
 I bow my head, my heart I bare  
 As when that face was living there,  
 And strive (too oft, alas ! in vain)  
 The peace of simple trust to gain,  
 Fold fancy's restless wings, and lay  
 The idols of my heart away.

"Welcome the silence all unbroken,  
 Nor less the words of fitness spoken,—  
 Such golden words as hers for whom  
 Our autumn flowers have just made  
 room ;

Whose hopeful utterance through and  
 through

The freshness of the morning blew ;  
 Who loved not less the earth that light  
 Fell on it from the heavens in sight,  
 But saw in all fair forms more fair  
 The Eternal beauty mirrored there.  
 Whose eighty years but added grace  
 And saintlier meaning to her face,—  
 The look of one who bore away  
 Glad tidings from the hills of day,  
 While all our hearts went forth to meet  
 The coming of her beautiful feet !  
 Or haply hers, whose pilgrim tread  
 Is in the paths where Jesus led ;  
 Who dreams her childhood's Sabbath  
 dream

By Jordan's willow-shaded stream,  
 And, of the hymns of hope and faith,  
 Sung by the monks of Nazareth,  
 Hears pious echoes, in the call  
 To prayer, from Moslem minarets fall,  
 Repeating where His works were  
 wrought

The lesson that her Master taught,  
 Of whom an elder Sibyl gave  
 The prophecies of Cumæ's cave !

"I ask no organ's soulless breath  
 To drone the themes of life and death,  
 No altar candle-lit by day,  
 Nor ornate wordsman's rhetoric-play,  
 No cool philosophy to teach  
 Its bland audacities of speech  
 To double-tasked idolaters,  
 Themselves their gods and worship-  
 pers,

No pulpit hammered by the fist  
 Of loud-asserting dogmatist,  
 Who borrows from the hand of love  
 The smoking thunderbolts of Jove.  
 I know how well the fathers taught,  
 What work the later schoolmen  
 wrought ;

I reverence old-time faith and men,  
 But God is near us now as then ;  
 His force of love is still unspent,  
 His hate of sin as imminent ;  
 And still the measure of our needs  
 Outgrows the cramping bounds of  
 creeds ;

The manna gathered yesterday  
 Already savours of decay ;  
 Doubts to the world's child-heart un-  
 known

Question us now from star and stone ;  
 Too little or too much we know,  
 And sight is swift and faith is slow ;  
 The power is lost to self-deceive  
 With shallow forms of make-believe.  
 We walk at high noon, and the  
 bells

Call to a thousand oracles,  
 But the sound deafens, and the light  
 Is stronger than our dazzled sight ;  
 The letters of the sacred Book  
 Glimmer and swim beneath our look ;  
 Still struggles in the Age's breast  
 With deepening agony of quest  
 The old entreaty : 'Art thou He,  
 Or look we for the Christ to be ?'

"God should be most where man is  
 least :

So, where is neither church nor priest,  
 And never rag of form or creed  
 To clothe the nakedness of need,—  
 Where farmer-folk in silence meet,—  
 I turn my bell-unsummoned feet ;  
 I lay the critic's glass aside,  
 I tread upon my lettered pride,

And, lowest-seated, testify  
To the oneness of humanity ;  
Confess the universal want,  
And share whatever Heaven may  
grant.

He findeth not who seeks his own,  
The soul is lost that's saved alone.  
Not on one favoured forehead fell  
Of old the fire-tongued miracle,  
But flamed o'er all the thronging host  
The baptism of the Holy Ghost ;  
Heart answers heart : in one desire  
The blending lines of prayer aspire ;  
' Where, in My name meet two or  
three,'

Our Lord hath said, ' I there will be ! '

" So sometimes comes to soul and  
sense

The feeling which is evidence  
That very near about us lies  
The realm of spiritual mysteries.  
The sphere of the supernal powers  
Impinges on this world of ours.  
The low and dark horizon lifts,  
To light the scenic terror shifts ;  
The breath of a diviner air  
Blows down the answer of a prayer ;  
That all our sorrow, pain, and doubt  
A great compassion clasps about,  
And law and goodness, love and force,  
Are wedded fast beyond divorce.  
Then duty leaves to love its task,  
The beggar Self forgets to ask ;  
With smile of trust and folded hands,  
The passive soul in waiting stands  
To feel, as flowers the sun and dew,  
The One true Life its own renew.

" So, to the calmly gathered thought  
The innermost of truth is taught,  
The mystery dimly understood,  
That love of God is love of good,  
And, chiefly, its divinest trace  
In Him of Nazareth's holy face ;  
That to be saved is only this,—  
Salvation from our selfishness,  
From more than elemental fire,  
The soul's unsanctified desire,  
From sin itself, and not the pain  
That warns us of its chafing chain ;  
That worship's deeper meaning lies  
In mercy, and not sacrifice,

Not proud humilities of sense  
And posturing of penitence,  
But love's unforced obedience ;  
That Book and Church and Day are  
given

For man, not God,—for earth, not  
heaven,—

The blessed means to holiest ends,  
Not masters, but benignant friends ;  
That the dear Christ dwells not afar,  
The King of some remoter star,  
Listening, at times, with flattered  
ear

To homage wrung from selfish fear,  
But here, amidst the poor and blind,  
The bound and suffering of our  
kind,

In works we do, in prayers we pray,  
Life of our life, He lives to-day."

### THE ANSWER

SPARE me, dread angel of reproof,  
And let the sunshine weave to-day  
Its gold-threads in the warp and  
woof  
Of life so poor and gray.

Spare me awhile ; the flesh is weak.  
These lingering feet, that fain would  
stray  
Among the flowers, shall some day  
seek  
The strait and narrow way.

Take off thy ever-watchful eye,  
The awe of thy rebuking frown ;  
The dullest slave at times must sigh  
To fling his burdens down ;

To drop his galley's straining oar,  
And press, in summer warmth and  
calm,  
The lap of some enchanted shore  
Of blossom and of balm.

Grudge not my life its hour of bloom,  
My heart its taste of long desire ;  
This day be mine : be those to come  
As duty shall require.

The deep voice answered to my own,  
 Smiting my selfish prayers away ;  
 "To-morrow is with God alone,  
 And man hath but to-day.

"Say not, thy fond, vain heart within,  
 The Father's arm shall still be  
 wide,  
 When from these pleasant ways of sin  
 Thou turn'st at eventide.

"'Cast thyself down,' the tempter  
 saith,  
 'And angels shall thy feet upbear.'  
 He bids thee make a lie of faith,  
 And blasphemy of prayer.

"Though God be good and free be  
 Heaven,  
 No force divine can love compel ;  
 And, though the song of sins forgiven  
 May sound through lowest hell,

"The sweet persuasion of His voice  
 Respects thy sanctity of will.  
 He giveth day : thou hast thy choice  
 To walk in darkness still ;

"As one who, turning from the  
 light,  
 Watches his own grey shadow fall,  
 Doubting, upon his path of night,  
 If there be day at all !

"No word of doom may shut thee out,  
 No wind of wrath may downward  
 whirl,  
 No swords of fire keep watch about  
 The open gates of pearl ;

"A tenderer light than moon or sun,  
 Than song of earth a sweeter hymn,  
 May shine and sound for ever on,  
 And thou be deaf and dim.

"For ever round the Mercy-seat  
 The guiding lights of Love shall  
 burn ;  
 But what if, habit-bound, thy feet  
 Shall lack the will to turn ?

"What if thine eye refuse to see,  
 Thine ear of Heaven's free welcome  
 fail,  
 And thou a willing captive be,  
 Thyself thy own dark jail ?

"O doom beyond the saddest guess,  
 As the long years of God unroll  
 To make thy dreary selfishness  
 The prison of a soul !

"To doubt the love that fain would  
 break  
 The fetters from thyself-bound limb ;  
 And dream that God can thee forsake  
 As thou forsakest Him !"

## G. L. S.

HE has done the work of a true  
 man,—  
 Crown him, honour him, love him.  
 Weep over him, tears of woman,  
 Stoop manliest brows above him !

O dusky mothers and daughters,  
 Vigils of mourning keep for him !  
 Up in the mountains, and down by  
 the waters,  
 Lift up your voices and weep for  
 him !

For the warmest of hearts is frozen,  
 The freest of hands is still ;  
 And the gap in our picked and chosen  
 The long years may not fill.

No duty could overtask him,  
 No need his will outrun ;  
 Or ever our lips could ask him,  
 His hands the work had done.

He forgot his own soul for others,  
 Himself to his neighbour lending ;  
 He found the Lord in his suffering  
 brothers,  
 And not in the clouds descending.

So the bed was sweet to die on,  
 Whence he saw the doors wide  
 swung  
 Against whose bolted iron  
 The strength of his life was flung.

And he saw ere his eye was darkened  
 The sheaves of the harvest-bringing,  
 And knew while his ear yet hearkened  
 The voice of the reapers singing.

Ah, well !—the world is discreet ;  
 There are plenty to pause and  
 wait ;  
 But here was a man who set his feet  
 Sometimes in advance of fate,—

Plucked off the old bark when the  
 inner  
 Was slow to renew it,  
 And put to the Lord's work the sinner,  
 When saints failed to do it.

Never rode to the wrong's redressing  
 A worthier paladin.  
 Shall he not hear the blessing,  
 " Good and faithful, enter in ! "

### *FREEDOM IN BRAZIL*

WITH clearer light, Cross of the South,  
 shine forth  
 In blue Brazilian skies ;  
 And thou, O river, cleaving half the  
 earth  
 From sunset to sunrise,  
 From the great mountains to the  
 Atlantic waves  
 Thy joy's long anthem pour.  
 Yet a few days (God make them  
 less !) and slaves  
 Shall shame thy pride no more.  
 No fettered feet thy shaded margins  
 press ;  
 But all men shall walk free  
 Where thou, the high-priest of the  
 wilderness,  
 Hast wedded sea to sea.

And thou, great-hearted ruler, through  
 whose mouth  
 The word of God is said,  
 Once more, " Let there be light ! "—  
 Son of the South,  
 Lift up thy honoured head,  
 Wear unashamed a crown by thy desert  
 More than by birth thy own,  
 Careless of watch and ward ; thou art  
 begirt  
 By grateful hearts alone.  
 The moated wall and battle-ship may  
 fail,  
 But safe shall justice prove ;  
 Stronger than greaves of brass or iron  
 mail  
 The panoply of love.

Crowned doubly by man's blessing  
 and God's grace,  
 Thy future is secure ;  
 Who frees a people makes his statue's  
 place  
 In Time's Valhalla sure.  
 Lo ! from his Neva's banks the  
 Scythian Czar  
 Stretches to thee his hand,  
 Who, with the pencil of the Northern  
 star,  
 Wrote freedom on his land.  
 And he whose grave is holy by our calm  
 And prairied Sangamon,  
 From his gaunt hand shall drop the  
 martyr's palm  
 To greet thee with " Well done ! "

And thou, O Earth, with smiles thy  
 face make sweet,  
 And let thy wail be stilled,  
 To hear the Muse of prophecy repeat  
 Her promise half fulfilled.  
 The Voice that spake at Nazareth  
 speaks still,  
 No sound thereof hath died ;  
 Alike thy hope and Heaven's eternal  
 will  
 Shall yet be satisfied.  
 The years are slow, the vision tarrieth  
 long,  
 And far the end may be ;  
 But, one by one, the fiends of ancient  
 wrong  
 Go out and leave thee free.

*DIVINE COMPASSION*

LONG since, a dream of heaven I had,  
And still the vision haunts me  
oft ;  
I see the saints in white robes clad,  
The martyrs with their palms aloft ;  
But hearing still, in middle song,  
The ceaseless dissonance of wrong ;  
And shrinking, with hid faces, from  
the strain  
Of sad, beseeching eyes, full of re-  
morse and pain.

The glad song falters to a wail,  
The harping sinks to low lament ;  
Before the still uplifted veil  
I see the crowned foreheads bent,  
Making more sweet the heavenly  
air,  
With breathings of unselfish prayer ;  
And a Voice saith : " O Pity which is  
pain,  
O Love that weeps, fill up My suffer-  
ings which remain !

" Shall souls redeemed by Me refuse  
To share My sorrow in their turn ?  
Or, sin-forgiven, My gift abuse  
Of peace with selfish unconcern ?  
Has saintly ease no pitying care ?  
Has faith no work, and love no  
prayer ?  
While sin remains, and souls in dark-  
ness dwell,  
Can heaven itself be heaven, and look  
unmoved on hell ? "

Then through the Gates of Pain, I  
dream,  
A wind of heaven blows coolly in ;  
Fainter the awful discords seem,  
The smoke of torment grows more  
thin,  
Tears quench the burning soil, and  
thence  
Spring sweet, pale flowers of peni-  
tence ;  
And through the dreary realm of  
man's despair,  
Star-crowned an angel walks, and lo !  
God's hope is there !

Is it a dream ? Is heaven so high  
That pity cannot breathe its air ?  
Its happy eyes for ever dry,  
Its holy lips without a prayer !  
My God ! my God ! if thither led  
By Thy free grace unmerited,  
No crown nor palm be mine, but let  
me keep  
A heart that still can feel, and eyes  
that still can weep.

*LINES ON A FLY-LEAF*

I NEED not ask thee, for my sake,  
To read a book which well may make  
Its way by native force of wit  
Without my manual sign to it.  
Its piquant writer needs from me  
No gravely masculine guaranty,  
And well might laugh her merriest  
laugh  
At broken spears in her behalf ;  
Yet, spite of all the critics tell,  
I frankly own I like her well.  
It may be that she wields a pen  
Too sharply nibbed for thin-skinned  
men,  
That her keen arrows search and try  
The armour joints of dignity,  
And, though alone for error meant,  
Sing through the air irreverent.  
I blame her not, the young athlete  
Who plants her woman's tiny feet,  
And dares the chances of debate  
Where bearded men might hesitate,  
Who, deeply earnest, seeing well  
The ludicrous and laughable,  
Mingling in eloquent excess  
Her anger and her tenderness,  
And, chiding with a half-caress,  
Strives, less for her own sex than ours,  
With principalities and powers,  
And points us upward to the clear  
Sunned heights of her new atmosphere.

Heaven mend her faults !—I will not  
pause  
To weigh and doubt and peck at flaws,  
Or waste my pity when some fool  
Provokes her measureless ridicule.

Strong-minded is she? Better so  
 Than dulness set for sale or show,  
 A household folly, capped and belled  
 In fashion's dance of puppets held,  
 Or poor pretence of womanhood,  
 Whose formal, flavourless platitude  
 Is warranted from all offence  
 Of robust meaning's violence.  
 Give me the wine of thought whose bead  
 Sparkles along the page I read.  
 Electric words in which I find  
 The tonic of the north-west wind,—  
 The wisdom which itself allies  
 To sweet and pure humanities,  
 Where scorn of meanness, hate of  
 wrong,  
 Are underlaid by love as strong ;  
 The genial play of mirth that lights  
 Grave themes of thought, as, when on  
 nights  
 Of summer-time, the harmless blaze  
 Of thunderless heat-lightning plays,  
 And tree and hill-top resting dim  
 And doubtful on the sky's vague rim,  
 Touched by that soft and lambent  
 gleam,  
 Start sharply outlined from their  
 dream.

Talk not to me of woman's sphere,  
 Nor point with Scripture texts a sneer,  
 Nor wrong the manliest saint of all  
 By doubt, if he were here, that Paul  
 Would own the heroines who have  
 lent

Grace to truth's stern arbitrament,  
 Foregone the praise to woman sweet,  
 And cast their crowns at Duty's feet ;  
 Let her, who by her strong Appeal  
 Made Fashion weep and Mammon feel,  
 Who, earliest summoned to withstand  
 The colour-madness of the land,  
 Counted her life-long losses gain,  
 And made her own her sisters' pain ;  
 Or her who, in her greenwood shade,  
 Heard the sharp call that Freedom  
 made,  
 And, answering, struck from Sappho's  
 lyre

Of love the Tyrtæan carmen's fire :  
 Or that young girl,—Domrémy's maid  
 Revived a nobler cause to aid,—  
 Shaking from warning finger-tips

The doom of her apocalypse ;  
 Or her, who world-wide entrance gave  
 To the log-cabin of the slave,  
 Made all his want and sorrow known,  
 And all earth's languages his own.

### HYMN

FOR THE HOUSE OF WORSHIP AT  
 GEORGETOWN.

*Erected in memory of a mother.*

THOU dwellest not, O Lord of all !  
 In temples which Thy children raise ;  
 Our work to Thine is mean and small,  
 And brief to Thy eternal days.

Forgive the weakness and the pride,  
 If marred thereby our gift may be,  
 For love, at least, has sanctified  
 The altar that we rear to Thee.

The heart and not the hand has  
 wrought  
 From sunken base to tower above  
 The image of a tender thought,  
 The memory of a deathless love !

And though should never sound of  
 speech  
 Or organ echo from its wall,  
 Its stones would pious lessons teach,  
 Its shade in benedictions fall.

Here should the dove of peace be  
 found,  
 And blessings and not curses given ;  
 Nor strife profane, nor hatred wound,  
 The mingled loves of earth and  
 heaven.

Thou, who didst soothe with dying  
 breath  
 The dear one watching by Thy cross,  
 Forgetful of the pains of death  
 In sorrow for her mighty loss,

In memory of that tender claim,  
 O Mother-born, the offering take,  
 And make it worthy of Thy name,  
 And bless it for a mother's sake !



# MIRIAM

## AND OTHER POEMS

[1870]

### DEDICATION TO FREDERICK

A. P. BARNARD

THE years are many since, in youth  
and hope,  
Under the Charter Oak, our horoscope  
We drew thick-studded with all  
favouring stars.  
Now, with grey beards, and faces  
seamed with scars  
From life's hard battle, meeting once  
again,  
We smile, half sadly, over dreams so  
vain ;  
Knowing, at last, that it is not in man  
Who walketh to direct his steps, or  
plan  
His permanent house of life. Alike  
we loved  
The muses' haunts, and all our fancies  
moved  
To measures of old song. How since  
that day  
Our feet have parted from the path  
that lay  
So fair before us ! Rich, from life-  
long search  
Of truth, within thy Academic porch  
Thou sittest now, lord of a realm of  
fact,  
Thy servitors the sciences exact ;  
Still listening with thy hand on  
Nature's keys,  
To hear the Samian's spherul harmonies  
And rhythm of law. I called from  
dream and song,  
Thank God ! so early to a strife so  
long,

That, ere it closed, the black, abundant  
hair  
Of boyhood rested silver-sown and  
spare  
On manhood's temples, now at sunset-  
chime  
Tread with fond feet the path of  
morning time.  
And if perchance too late I linger where  
The flowers have ceased to blow, and  
trees are bare,  
Thou, wiser in thy choice, wilt scarcely  
blame  
The friend who shields his folly with  
thy name.

AMESBURY, 10th mo., 1870.

### MIRIAM

ONE Sabbath day my friend and I  
After the meeting, quietly  
Passed from the crowded village lanes,  
White with dry dust for lack of rains,  
And climbed the neighbouring slope,  
with feet  
Slackened and heavy from the heat,  
Although the day was well-nigh done,  
And the low angle of the sun  
Along the naked hillside cast  
Our shadows as of giants vast.  
We reached, at length, the topmost  
swell,  
Whence, either way, the green turf  
fell  
In terraces of nature down  
To fruit-hung orchards, and the town

With white, pretenceless houses, tall  
Church-steeple, and, o'ershadowing  
all,

Huge mills whose windows had the  
look

Of eager eyes that ill could brook  
The Sabbath rest. We traced the track  
Of the sea-seeking river back  
Glistening for miles above its mouth,  
Through the long valley to the south,  
And, looking eastward, cool to view,  
Stretched the illimitable blue  
Of ocean, from its curved coast-line ;  
Sombred and still, the warm sunshine  
Filled with pale gold-dust all the reach  
Of slumberous woods from hill to  
beach,—

Slanted on walls of thronged retreats  
From city toil and dusty streets,  
On grassy bluff, and dune of sand,  
And rocky islands miles from land ;  
Touched the far-glancing sails, and  
showed

White lines of foam where long waves  
flowed

Dumb in the distance. In the north,  
Dim through their misty hair, looked  
forth

The space-dwarfed mountains to the  
sea,

From mystery to mystery !

So, sitting on that green hill-slope,  
We talked of human life, its hope  
And fear, and unsolved doubts, and  
what

It might have been, and yet was not.  
And, when at last the evening air  
Grew sweeter for the bells of prayer  
Ringing in steeples far below,  
We watched the people churchward go,  
Each to his place, as if thereon  
The true shekinah only shone ;  
And my friend queried how it came  
To pass that they who owned the same  
Great Master still could not agree  
To worship Him in company.

Then, broadening in his thought, he  
ran

Over the whole vast field of man,—  
The varying forms of faith and creed  
That somehow served the holders'  
need ;

In which, unquestioned, undenied,  
Uncounted millions lived and died ;  
The bibles of the ancient folk,  
Through which the heart of nations  
spoke ;

The old moralities which lent  
To home its sweetness and content,  
And rendered possible to bear  
The life of peoples everywhere :  
And asked if we, who boast of light,  
Claim not a too exclusive right  
To truths which must for all be meant,  
Like rain and sunshine freely sent.  
In bondage to the letter still,  
We give it power to cramp and kill,—  
To tax God's fulness with a scheme  
Narrower than Peter's house-top  
dream,

His wisdom and His love with plans  
Poor and inadequate as man's.  
It must be that He witnesses  
Somehow to all men that He is :  
That something of His saving grace  
Reaches the lowest of the race,  
Who, through strange creed and rite,  
may draw

The hints of a diviner law.  
We walk in clearer light ;—but then,  
Is He not God ?—are they not men ?  
Are His responsibilities  
For us alone and not for these ?

And I made answer : " Truth is one ;  
And, in all lands beneath the sun,  
Whoso hath eyes to see may see  
The tokens of its unity.  
No scroll of creed its fulness wraps,  
We trace it not by school-boy maps,  
Free as the sun and air it is  
Of latitudes and boundaries.  
In Vedic verse, in dull Korán,  
Are messages of good to man ;  
The angels to our Aryan sires  
Talked by the earliest household fires ;  
The prophets of the elder day,  
The slant-eyed sages of Cathay,  
Read not the riddle all amiss  
Of higher life evolved from this.

" Nor doth it lessen what He taught,  
Or make the gospel Jesus brought  
Less precious, that His lips retold  
Some portion of that truth of old ;

Denying not the proven seers,  
 The tested wisdom of the years ;  
 Confirming with His own impress  
 The common law of righteousness.  
 We search the world for truth ; we cull  
 The good, the pure, the beautiful,  
 From graven stone and written scroll,  
 From all old flower-fields of the soul ;  
 And, weary seekers of the best,  
 We come back laden from our quest,  
 To find that all the sages said  
 Is in the Book our mothers read,  
 And all our treasure of old thought  
 In His harmonious fulness wrought,  
 Who gathers in one sheaf complete  
 The scattered blades of God's sown  
     wheat,  
 The common growth that maketh good  
 His all-embracing Fatherhood.

“ Wherever through the ages rise  
 The altars of self-sacrifice,  
 Where love its arms has opened wide,  
 Or man for man has calmly died,  
 I see the same white wings outspread  
 That hovered o'er the Master's head !  
 Up from undated time they come,  
 The martyr souls of heathendom,  
 And to His cross and passion bring  
 Their fellowship of suffering.  
 I trace His presence in the blind  
 Pathetic gropings of my kind,—  
 In prayers from sin and sorrow wrung,  
 In cradle-hymns of life they sung,  
 Each, in its measure, but a part  
 Of the unmeasured Over-Heart ;  
 And with a stronger faith confess  
 The greater that it owns the less.  
 Good cause it is for thankfulness  
 That the world-blessing of His life  
 With the long past is not at strife ;  
 That the great marvel of His death  
 To the one order witnesseth,  
 No doubt of changeless goodness  
     wakes,  
 No link of cause and sequence breaks,  
 But, one with nature, rooted is  
 In the eternal verities ;  
 Whereby, while differing in degree  
 As finite from infinity,  
 The pain and loss for others borne,  
 Love's crown of suffering meekly  
     worn,

The life man giveth for his friend  
 Become vicarious in the end ;  
 Their healing place in nature take,  
 And make life sweeter for their sake.

“ So welcome I from every source  
 The tokens of that primal Force,  
 Older than heaven itself, yet new  
 As the young heart it reaches to,  
 Beneath whose steady impulse rolls  
 The tidal wave of human souls ;  
 Guide, comforter, and inward word,  
 The eternal spirit of the Lord !  
 Nor fear I aught that science brings  
 From searching through material  
     things ;

Content to let its glasses prove,  
 Not by the letter's oldness move,  
 The myriad worlds on worlds that  
     course

The spaces of the universe ;  
 Since everywhere the Spirit walks  
 The garden of the heart, and talks  
 With man, as under Eden's trees,  
 In all his varied languages.  
 Why mourn above some hopeless  
     flaw

In the stone tables of the law,  
 When scripture every day afresh  
 Is traced on tablets of the flesh ?  
 By inward sense, by outward signs,  
 God's presence still the heart divines ;  
 Through deepest joy of Him we learn,  
 In sorest grief to Him we turn,  
 And reason stoops its pride to share  
 The child-like instinct of a prayer.”

And then, as is my wont, I told—  
 A story of the days of old,  
 Not found in printed books,—in sooth,  
 A fancy, with slight hint of truth,  
 Showing how differing faiths agree  
 In one sweet law of charity.  
 Meanwhile the sky had golden grown,  
 Our faces in its glory shone ;  
 But shadows down the valley swept,  
 And grey below the ocean slept,  
 As time and space I wandered o'er  
 To tread the Mogul's marble floor,  
 And see a fairer sunset fall  
 On Jumna's wave and Agra's wall.

\* \* \*

THE good Shah Akbar (peace be his  
 away !)  
 Came forth from the Divan at close of  
 day  
 Bowed with the burden of his many  
 cares,  
 Worn with the hearing of unnumbered  
 prayers,—  
 Wild cries for justice, the importunate  
 Appeals of greed and jealousy and  
 hate,  
 And all the strife of sect and creed  
 and rite,  
 Santon and Gourou waging holy fight:  
 For the wise monarch, claiming not  
 to be  
 Allah's avenger, left his people free,  
 With a faint hope, his Book scarce  
 justified,  
 That all the paths of faith, though  
 severed wide,  
 O'er which the feet of prayerful rever-  
 ence passed,  
 Met at the gate of Paradise at last.

He sought an alcove of his cool  
 harem,  
 Where, far beneath, he heard the  
 Jumna's stream  
 Lapse soft and low along his palace  
 wall,  
 And all about the cool sound of the  
 fall  
 Of fountains, and of water circling free  
 Through marble ducts along the bal-  
 cony ;  
 The voice of women in the distance  
 sweet,  
 And, sweeter still, of one who, at his  
 feet,  
 Soothed his tired ear with songs of a  
 far land  
 Where Tagus shatters on the salt sea-  
 sand  
 The mirror of its cork-grown hills of  
 drouth  
 And vales of vine, at Lisbon's harbour-  
 mouth.

The date-palms rustled not ; the  
 peepul laid  
 Its topmost boughs against the balus-  
 trade

Motionless as the mimic leaves and  
 vines  
 That, light and graceful as the shawl-  
 designs  
 Of Delhi or Umritsir, twined in stone ;  
 And the tired monarch, who aside had  
 thrown  
 The day's hard burden, sat from care  
 apart,  
 And let the quiet steal into his heart  
 From the still hour. Below him Agra  
 slept,  
 By the long light of sunset overswept :  
 The river flowing through a level  
 land,  
 By mango-groves and banks of yellow  
 sand,  
 Skirted with lime and orange, gay  
 kiosks,  
 Fountains at play, tall minarets of  
 mosques,  
 Fair pleasure-gardens, with their  
 flowering trees  
 Relieved against the mournful  
 cypresses ;  
 And, air-poised lightly as the blown  
 sea-foam,  
 The marble wonder of some holy dome  
 Hung a white moonrise over the still  
 wood,  
 Glassing its beauty in a stiller flood.

Silent the monarch gazed, until the  
 night  
 Swift-falling hid the city from his  
 sight,  
 Then to the woman at his feet he  
 said:  
 "Tell me, O Miriam, something thou  
 hast read  
 In childhood of the Master of thy faith,  
 Whom Islam also owns. Our Prophet  
 saith :  
 ' He was a true apostle, yea, a Word  
 And Spirit sent before me from the  
 Lord.'  
 Thus the Book witnesseth ; and well  
 I know  
 By what thou art, O dearest, it is so.  
 As the lute's tone the maker's hand  
 betrays,  
 The sweet disciple speaks her Master's  
 praise."

Then Miriam, glad of heart, (for in  
 some sort  
 She cherished in the Moslem's liberal  
 court  
 The sweet traditions of a Christian  
 child ;  
 And, through her life of sense, the  
 undefiled  
 And chaste ideal of the sinless One  
 Gazed on her with an eye she might  
 not shun,—  
 The sad, reproachful look of pity, born  
 Of love that hath no part in wrath or  
 scorn,)  
 Began, with low voice and moist eyes,  
 to tell  
 Of the all-loving Christ, and what  
 befell  
 When the fierce zealots, thirsting for  
 her blood,  
 Dragged to His feet a shame of woman-  
 hood.  
 How, when His searching answer  
 pierced within  
 Each heart, and touched the secret of  
 its sin,  
 And her accusers fled His face before,  
 He bade the poor one go and sin no  
 more.  
 And Akbar said, after a moment's  
 thought,  
 "Wise is the lesson by thy prophet  
 taught ;  
 Woe unto him who judges and forgets  
 What hidden evil his own heart besets !  
 Something of this large charity I  
 find  
 In all the sects that sever human kind ;  
 I would to Allah that their lives agreed  
 More nearly with the lesson of their  
 creed !  
 Those yellow Lamas who at Meerut  
 pray  
 By wind and water power, and love  
 to say :  
 'He who forgiveth not shall, unfor-  
 given,  
 Fail of the rest of Buddha,' and who  
 even  
 Spare the black gnat that stings them,  
 vex my ears  
 With the poor hates and jealousies and  
 fears

Nursed in their human hives. That  
 lean, fierce priest  
 Of thy own people, (be his heart in-  
 creased  
 By Allah's love !) his black robes  
 smelling yet  
 Of Goa's roasted Jews, have I not met  
 Meek-faced, barefooted, crying in the  
 street  
 The saying of his prophet true and  
 sweet,—  
 'He who is merciful shall mercy  
 meet !' "

But, next day, so it chanced, as  
 night began  
 To fall, a murmur through the hareem  
 ran  
 That one, recalling in her dusky face  
 The full-lipped, mild-eyed beauty of a  
 race  
 Known as the blameless Ethiops of  
 Greek song,  
 Plotting to do her royal master wrong,  
 Watching, reproachful of the linger-  
 ing light,  
 The evening shadows deepen for her  
 flight,  
 Love-guided, to her home in a far  
 land,  
 Now waited death at the great Shah's  
 command.

Shapely as that dark princess for  
 whose smile  
 A world was bartered, daughter of the  
 Nile  
 Herself, and veiling in her large, soft  
 eyes  
 The passion and the languor of her  
 skies,  
 The Abyssinian knelt low at the feet  
 Of her stern lord : "O king, if it be  
 meet,  
 And for thy honour's sake," she said,  
 "that I,  
 Who am the humblest of thy slaves,  
 should die,  
 I will not tax thy mercy to forgive.  
 Easier it is to die than to outlive  
 All that life gave me,—him whose  
 wrong of thee  
 Was but the outcome of his love for me,

Cherished from childhood, when, be-  
 neath the shade  
 Of templed Axum, side by side we  
 played.  
 Stolen from his arms, my lover fol-  
 lowed me  
 Through weary seasons over land and  
 sea ;  
 And two days since, sitting discon-  
 solate  
 Within the shadow of thy hareem gate,  
 Suddenly, as if dropping from the sky,  
 Down from the lattice of the balcony  
 Fell the sweet song by Tigre's cow-  
 herds sung  
 In the old music of his native tongue.  
 He knew my voice, for love is quick  
 of ear,  
 Answering in song.

This night he waited near  
 To fly with me. The fault was mine  
 alone :  
 He knew thee not, he did but seek his  
 own ;  
 Who, in the very shadow of thy throne,  
 Sharing thy bounty, knowing all thou  
 art,  
 Greatest and best of men, and in her  
 heart  
 Grateful to tears for favour undeserved,  
 Turned ever homeward, nor one mo-  
 ment swerved  
 From her young love. He looked  
 into my eyes,  
 He heard my voice and could not  
 otherwise  
 Than he hath done ; yet, save one  
 wild embrace  
 When first we stood together face to  
 face,  
 And all that fate had done since last  
 we met  
 Seemed but a dream that left us chil-  
 dren yet,  
 He hath not wronged thee nor thy  
 royal bed ;  
 Spare him, O king ! and slay me in  
 his stead ! "

But over Akbar's brow the frown  
 hung black,  
 And, turning to the eunuch at his  
 back,

" Take them," he said, " and let the  
 Jumna's waves  
 Hide both my shame and these ac-  
 cursed slaves ! "  
 His loathly length the unsexed bond-  
 man bowed :  
 " On my head be it ! "

Straightway from a cloud  
 Of dainty shawls and veils of woven  
 mist  
 The Christian Miriam rose, and, stoop-  
 ing, kissed  
 The monarch's hand. Loose down  
 her shoulders bare  
 Swept all the rippled darkness of her  
 hair,  
 Veiling the bosom that, with high,  
 quick swell  
 Of fear and pity, through it rose and  
 fell.

" Alas ! " she cried, " hast thou  
 forgotten quite  
 The words of Him we spake of yester-  
 night ?  
 Or thy own prophet's,— ' Whoso doth  
 endure  
 And pardon, of eternal life is sure ' ?  
 O great and good ! be thy revenge  
 alone  
 Felt in thy mercy to the erring shown ;  
 Let thwarted love and youth their  
 pardon plead,  
 Who sinned but in intent, and not in  
 deed ! "

One moment the strong frame of  
 Akbar shook  
 With the great storm of passion. Then  
 his look  
 Softened to her uplifted face, that  
 still  
 Pleaded more strongly than all  
 words, until  
 Its pride and anger seemed like over-  
 blown,  
 Spent clouds of thunder left to tell  
 alone  
 Of strife and overcoming. With  
 bowed head,  
 And sniting on his bosom : " God,"  
 he said,

"Alone is great, and let His holy name  
 Be honoured, even to His servant's  
 shame !  
 Well spake thy Prophet, Miriam,—he  
 alone  
 Who hath not sinned is meet to cast  
 a stone  
 At such as these, who here their doom  
 await,  
 Held like myself in the strong grasp  
 of fate.  
 They sinned through love, as I through  
 love forgive ;  
 Take them beyond my realm, but let  
 them live !"

And, like a chorus to the words of  
 grace,  
 The ancient Fakir, sitting in his place,  
 Motionless as an idol and as grim,  
 In the pavilion Akbar built for him  
 Under the court-yard trees, (for he  
 was wise,  
 Knew Menu's laws, and through his  
 close-shut eyes  
 Saw things far off, and as an open  
 book  
 Into the thoughts of other men could  
 look,)  
 Began, half chant, half howling, to  
 rehearse  
 The fragment of a holy Vedic verse ;  
 And thus it ran : " He who all things  
 forgives  
 Conquers himself and all things else,  
 and lives  
 Above the reach of wrong or hate or  
 fear,  
 Calm as the gods, to whom he is most  
 dear."

Two leagues from Agra still the  
 traveller sees  
 The tomb of Akbar through its cypress  
 trees ;  
 And, near at hand, the marble walls  
 that hide  
 The Christian Begum sleeping at his  
 side.

And o'er her vault of burial (who shall  
 tell  
 If it be chance alone or miracle ?)  
 The Mission press with tireless hand  
 unrolls  
 The words of Jesus on its lettered  
 scrolls,—  
 Tells, in all tongues, the tale of mercy  
 o'er,  
 And bids the guilty, " Go and sin no  
 more !"

It now was dew-fall ; very still  
 The night lay on the lonely hill,  
 Down which our homeward steps we  
 bent,  
 And, silent, through great silence  
 went,  
 Save that the tireless crickets played  
 Their long, monotonous serenade.  
 A young moon, at its narrowest,  
 Curved sharp against the darkening  
 west ;  
 And, momentarily, the beacon's star,  
 Slow wheeling o'er its rock afar,  
 From out the level darkness shot  
 One instant and again was not.  
 And then my friend spake quietly  
 The thought of both : " Yon crescent  
 see !  
 Like Islam's symbol-moon it gives  
 Hints of the light whereby it lives :  
 Somewhat of goodness, something  
 true  
 From sun and spirit shining through  
 All faiths, all worlds, as through the  
 dark  
 Of ocean shines the lighthouse spark,  
 Attests the presence everywhere  
 Of love and providential care.  
 The faith the old Norse heart confessed  
 In one dear name,—the hopefullest  
 And tenderest heard from mortal lips  
 In pangs of birth or death, from  
 ships  
 Ice-bitten in the winter sea,  
 Or lisped beside a mother's knee,—  
 The wise world hath not outgrown,  
 And the All-Father is our own.



## NOREMBEGA

[Norembega, or Norimbegue, is the name given by early French fishermen and explorers to a fabulous country south of Cape Breton, first discovered by Verrazzani in 1524. It was supposed to have a magnificent city of the same name on a great river, probably the Penobscot. The site of this barbaric city is laid down on a map published at Antwerp in 1570. In 1604 Champlain sailed in search of the Northern Eldorado, twenty-two leagues up the Penobscot from the Isle Haute. He supposed the river to be that of Norembega, but wisely came to the conclusion that those travellers who told of the great city had never seen it. He saw no evidences of anything like civilisation, but mentions the finding of a cross, very old and mossy, in the woods.]

THE winding way the serpent takes  
The mystic water took,  
From where, to count its beaded lakes,  
The forest sped its brook.

A narrow space 'twixt shore and shore,  
For sun or stars to fall,  
While evermore, behind, before,  
Closed in the forest wall.

The dim wood hiding underneath  
Wan flowers without a name ;  
Life tangled with decay and death,  
League after league the same.

Unbroken over swamp and hill  
The rounding shadow lay,  
Save where the river cut at will  
A pathway to the day.

Beside that track of air and light,  
Weak as a child unweaned,  
At shut of day a Christian knight  
Upon his henchman leaned.

The embers of the sunset's fires  
Along the clouds burned down ;  
"I see," he said, "the domes and spires  
Of Norembega town."

"Alack ! the domes, O master mine,  
Are golden clouds on high ;  
Yon spire is but the branchless pine  
That cuts the evening sky "

"O hush and hark ! What sounds  
are these  
But chants and holy hymns ?"  
"Thou hear'st the breeze that stirs  
the trees  
Through all their leafy limbs."

"Is it a chapel bell that fills  
The air with its low tone ?"  
"Thou hear'st the tinkle of the rills,  
The insect's vesper drone."

"The Christ be praised !—He sets  
for me  
A blessed cross in sight !"  
"Now, nay, 'tis but yon blasted tree  
With two gaunt arms outright !"

"Be it wind so sad or tree so stark,  
It mattereth not, my knave ;  
Methinks to funeral hymns I hark,  
The cross is for my grave !

"My life is sped ; I shall not see  
My home-set sails again ;  
The sweetest eyes of Normandie  
Shall watch for me in vain.

"Yet onward still to ear and eye  
The baffling marvel calls ;  
I fain would look before I die  
On Norembega's walls.

"So, haply, it shall be thy part  
At Christian feet to lay  
The mystery of the desert's heart  
My dead hand plucked away.

"Leave me an hour of rest ; go thou  
And look from yonder heights ;  
Perchance the valley even now  
Is starred with city lights."

The henchman climbed the nearest  
hill,  
He saw nor tower nor town,  
But, through the drear woods, lone  
and still,  
The river rolling down.



He heard the stealthy feet of things  
Whose shapes he could not see,  
A flutter as of evil wings,  
The fall of a dead tree.

The pines stood black against the  
moon,  
A sword of fire beyond ;  
He heard the wolf howl, and the  
loon  
Laugh from his reedy pond.

He turned him back : " O master dear,  
We are but men misled ;  
And thou hast sought a city here  
To find a grave instead."

" As God shall will ! what matters  
where  
A true man's cross may stand,  
So Heaven be o'er it here as there  
In pleasant Norman land ?

" These woods, perchance, no secret  
hide  
Of lordly tower and hall ;  
Yon river in its wanderings wide  
Has washed no city wall ;

" Yet mirrored in the sullen stream  
The holy stars are given :  
Is Norembega, then, a dream  
Whose waking is in Heaven ?

" No builded wonder of these lands  
My weary eyes shall see ;  
A City never made with hands  
Alone awaiteth me—

" '*Urbs Syon mystica* ; ' I see  
Its mansions passing fair,  
' *Conditæ calo* ; ' let me be,  
Dear Lord, a dweller there ! "

Above the dying exile hung  
The vision of the bard,  
As faltered on his failing tongue  
The song of good Bernard.

The henchman dug at dawn a grave  
Beneath the hemlocks brown,  
And to the desert's keeping gave  
The lord of fief and town.

Years after, when the Sieur Champlain  
Sailed up the unknown stream,  
And Norembega proved again  
A shadow and a dream,

He found the Norman's nameless grave  
Within the hemlock's shade,  
And, stretching wide its arms to save,  
The sign that God had made,

The cross-boughed tree that marked  
the spot  
And made it holy ground :  
He needs the earthly city not  
Who hath the heavenly found.

NAUHAUGHT, THE DEACON

NAUHAUGHT, the Indian deacon, who  
of old  
Dwelt, poor but blameless, where his  
narrowing Cape  
Stretches its shrunk arm out to all  
the winds  
And therelentless smiting of the waves,  
Awoke one morning from a pleasant  
dream  
Of a good angel dropping in his hand  
A fair, broad gold-piece, in the name  
of God.

He rose and went forth with the  
early day  
Far inland, where the voices of the  
waves  
Mellowed and mingled with the whis-  
pering leaves,  
As, through the tangle of the low,  
thick woods,  
He searched his traps. Therein nor  
beast nor bird  
He found ; though meanwhile in the  
reedy pools  
The otter plashed, and underneath the  
pines  
The partridge drummed : and as his  
thoughts went back  
To the sick wife and little child at  
home,

What marvel that the poor man felt  
 his faith  
 Too weak to bear its burden,—like a  
 rope  
 That, strand by strand uncoiling,  
 breaks above  
 The hand that grasps it. “Even now,  
 O Lord !  
 Send me,” he prayed, “the angel of  
 my dream !  
 Nauhaught is very poor ; he cannot  
 wait.”

Even as he spake he heard at his  
 bare feet  
 A low, metallic clink, and, looking  
 down,  
 He saw a dainty purse with discs of  
 gold  
 Crowding its silken net. Awhile he  
 held  
 The treasure up before his eyes,  
 alone  
 With his great need, feeling the won-  
 drous coins  
 Slide through his eager fingers, one  
 by one.  
 So then the dream was true. The  
 angel brought  
 One broad piece only ; should he  
 take all these ?  
 Who would be wiser, in the blind,  
 dumb woods ?  
 The loser, doubtless rich, would  
 scarcely miss  
 This dropped crumb from a table  
 always full.  
 Still, while he mused, he seemed to  
 hear the cry  
 Of a starved child ; the sick face of  
 his wife  
 Tempted him Heart and flesh in  
 fierce revolt  
 Urged the wild licence of his savage  
 youth  
 Against his later scruples. Bitter toil,  
 Prayer, fasting, dread of blame, and  
 pitiless eyes  
 To watch his halting,—had he lost  
 for these  
 The freedom of the woods ;—the hunt-  
 ing grounds  
 Of happy spirits for a walled-in heaven

Of everlasting psalms ? One healed  
 the sick  
 Very far off thousands of moons  
 ago :  
 Had he not prayed Him night and day  
 to come  
 And cure his bed-bound wife ? Was  
 there a hell ?  
 Were all his fathers' people writhing  
 there—  
 Like the poor shell-fish set to boil  
 alive—  
 For ever, dying never ? If he kept  
 This gold, so needed, would the dread-  
 ful God  
 Torment him like a Mohawk's captive  
 stuck  
 With slow - consuming splinters ?  
 Would the saints  
 And the white angels dance and laugh  
 to see him  
 Burn like a pitch-pine torch ? His  
 Christian garb  
 Seemed falling from him ; with the  
 fear and shame  
 Of Adam naked at the cool of day,  
 He gazed around. A black snake lay  
 in coil  
 On the hot sand, a crow with side-  
 long eye  
 Watched from a dead bough. All his  
 Indian lore  
 Of evil blending with a convert's faith  
 In the supernal terrors of the Book,  
 He saw the Tempter in the coiling  
 snake  
 And ominous, black-winged bird ;  
 and all the while  
 The low rebuking of the distant waves  
 Stole in upon him like the voice of God  
 Among the trees of Eden. Girding up  
 His soul's loins with a resolute hand,  
 he thrust  
 The base thought from him : “ Nau-  
 haught, be a man !  
 Starve, if need be ; but, while you  
 live, look out  
 From honest eyes on all men, un-  
 ashamed.  
 God help me ! I am deacon of the  
 church,  
 A baptized, praying Indian ! Should  
 I do

This secret meanness, even the barken knots  
 Of the old trees would turn to eyes to see it,  
 The birds would tell of it, and all the leaves  
 Whisper above me : ' Nauhaught is a thief ! ' "  
 The sun would know it, and the stars that hide  
 Behind his light would watch me, and at night  
 Follow me with their sharp, accusing eyes.

Yea, Thou, God, seest me ! " Then Nauhaught drew  
 Closer his belt of leather, dulling thus  
 The pain of hunger, and walked bravely back  
 To the brown fishing-hamlet by the sea ;  
 And, pausing at the inn-door, cheerily asked :

" Who hath lost aught to-day ? "

" I," said a voice ;  
 " Ten golden pieces, in a silken purse,  
 My daughter's handiwork." He looked, and lo !

One stood before him in a coat of frieze,  
 And the glazed hat of a seafaring man,  
 Shrewd-faced, broad-shouldered, with no trace of wings.

Marvelling, he dropped within the stranger's hand

The silken web, and turned to go his way.

But the man said : " A tithe at least is yours ;

Take it in God's name as an honest man."

And as the deacon's dusky fingers closed

Over the golden gift, " Yea, in God's name

I take it, with a poor man's thanks," he said.

So down the street that, like a river of sand,

Ran, white in sunshine, to the summer sea,

He sought his home, singing and praising God ;

And when his neighbours in their careless way

Spoke of the owner of the silken purse—

A Wellfleet skipper, known in every port

That the Cape opens in its sandy wall—

He answered, with a wise smile, to himself :

" I saw the angel where they see a man."

### IN SCHOOL-DAYS

STILL sits the school-house by the road,

A ragged beggar sunning ;  
 Around it still the sumachs grow,  
 And backberry-vines are running.

Within, the master's desk is seen,  
 Deep scarred by raps official ;  
 The warping-floor, the battered seats,  
 The jack-knife's carved initial ;

The charcoal frescoes on its wall ;  
 Its door's worn sill, betraying  
 The feet that, creeping slow to school,  
 Went storming out to playing !

Long years ago a winter sun  
 Shone over it at setting ;  
 Lit up its western window-panes,  
 And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls,  
 And brown eyes full of grieving,  
 Of one who still her steps delayed  
 When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy  
 Her childish favour singled :  
 His cap pulled low upon a face  
 Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow  
 To right and left, he lingered ;—  
 As restlessly her tiny hands  
 The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes ; he felt  
 The soft hand's light caressing,  
 And heard the tremble of her voice,  
 As if a fault confessing.

" I'm sorry that I spelt the word :  
 I hate to go above you,  
 Because,"—the brown eyes lower  
 fell,—  
 " Because, you see, I love you ! "

Still memory to a grey-haired man  
 That sweet child-face is showing.  
 Dear girl ! the grasses on her grave  
 Have forty years been growing !

He lives to learn, in life's hard school,  
 How few who pass above him  
 Lament their triumph and his loss,  
 Like her,—because they love him.

### GARIBALDI

IN trance and dream of old, God's  
 prophet saw  
 The casting down of thrones. Thou,  
 watching lone  
 The hot Sardinian coast-line, hazy  
 hilled,  
 Where, fringing round Capern's  
 rocky zone  
 With foam, the slow waves gather  
 and withdraw,  
 Behold'st the vision of the seer ful-  
 filled,  
 And hear'st the sea-winds burdened  
 with a sound  
 Of falling chains, as, one by one,  
 unbound,  
 The nations lift their right hands up  
 and swear  
 Their oath of freedom. From the  
 chalk-white wall  
 Of England, from the black Car-  
 pathian range,  
 Along the Danube and the Theiss,  
 through all  
 The passes of the Spanish Pyrenees,  
 And from the Seine's thronged banks,  
 a murmur strange

And glad floats to thee o'er thy  
 summer seas  
 On the salt wind that stirs thy  
 whitening hair,—  
 The song of freedom's bloodless  
 victories !  
 Rejoice, O Garibaldi ! Though thy  
 sword  
 Failed at Rome's gates, and blood  
 seemed vainly poured  
 Where, in Christ's name, the crownèd  
 infidel  
 Of France wrought murder with the  
 arms of hell  
 On that sad mountain slope whose  
 ghostly dead,  
 Unmindful of the grey exorcist's ban,  
 Walk, unappeased, the chambered  
 Vatican,  
 And draw the curtains of Napo-  
 leon's bed !  
 God's providence is not blind, but,  
 full of eyes,  
 It searches all the refuges of lies ;  
 And in His time and way, the ac-  
 cursed things  
 Before whose evil feet thy battle-  
 gage  
 Has clashed defiance from hot  
 youth to age  
 Shall perish. All men shall be priests  
 and kings,—  
 One royal brotherhood, one church  
 made free  
 By love, which is the law of liberty !  
 1869.

### AFTER ELECTION

THE day's sharp strife is ended now,  
 Our work is done, God knoweth  
 how !  
 As on the thronged, unrestful town  
 The patience of the moon looks down,  
 I wait to hear, beside the wire,  
 The voices of its tongues of fire.  
 Slow, doubtful, faint, they seem at  
 first :  
 Be strong, my heart, to know the  
 worst !

Hark !—there the Alleghanies spoke ;  
That sound from lake and prairie  
    broke,  
That sunset-gun of triumph rent  
The silence of a continent !

That signal from Nebraska sprung,  
This, from Nevada's mountain-tongue !  
Is that thy answer, strong and free,  
O loyal heart of Tennessee ?  
What strange, glad voice is that which  
    calls  
From Wagner's grave and Sumter's  
    walls ?

From Mississippi's fountain-head  
A sound as of the bison's tread !  
There rustled freedom's Charter Oak !  
In that wild burst the Ozarks spoke !  
Cheer answers cheer from rise to set  
Of sun. We have a country yet !

The praise, O God, be Thine alone !  
Thou givest not for bread a stone ;  
Thou hast not led us through the  
    night  
To blind us with returning light ;  
Not through the furnace have we  
    passed,  
To perish at its mouth at last.

O night of peace, thy flight restrain !  
November's moon, be slow to wane !  
Shine on the freedman's cabin floor,  
On brows of prayer a blessing pour ;  
And give, with full assurance blest,  
The weary heart of Freedom rest !  
1868.

### MY TRIUMPH

THE autumn-time has come ;  
On woods that dream of bloom,  
And over purpling vines,  
The low sun fainter shines.

The aster-flower is failing,  
The hazel's gold is paling ;  
Yet overhead more near  
The eternal stars appear !

And present gratitude  
Insures the future's good,  
And for the things I see  
I trust the things to be ;

That in the paths untrod  
And the long days of God,  
My feet shall still be led,  
My heart be comforted.

O living friends who love me !  
O dear ones gone above me !  
Careless of other fame,  
I leave to you my name.

Hide it from idle praises,  
Save it from evil phrases :  
Why, when dear lips that spake it  
Are dumb, should strangers wake it ?

Let the thick curtain fall ;  
I better know than all  
How little I have gained,  
How vast the unattained.

Not by the page word-painted  
Let life be banned or sainted :  
Deeper than written scroll  
The colours of the soul

Sweeter than any sung  
My songs that found no tongue ;  
Nobler than any fact  
My wish that failed of act.

Others shall sing the song,  
Others shall right the wrong,—  
Finish what I begin,  
And all I fail of win.

What matter, I or they ?  
Mine or another's day,  
So the right word be said  
And life the sweeter made ?

Hail to the coming singers !  
Hail to the brave light-bringers !  
Forward I reach and share  
All that they sing and dare.

The airs of heaven blow o'er me ;  
A glory shines before me  
Of what mankind shall be,—  
Pure, generous, brave, and free.

A dream of man and woman  
Diviner, but still human,  
Solving the riddle old,  
Shaping the Age of Gold !

The love of God and neighbour ;  
An equal-handed labour ;  
The richer life, where beauty  
Walks hand in hand with duty.

Ring, bells in unrequited steeples,  
The joy of unborn peoples !  
Sound, trumpets far off blown,  
Your triumph is my own !

Parcel and part of all,  
I keep the festival,  
Fore-reach the good to be,  
And share the victory.

I feel the earth move sunward,  
I join the great march onward,  
And take, by faith, while living,  
My freehold of thanksgiving.

### THE HIVE AT GETTYSBURG

IN the old Hebrew myth the lion's  
frame,  
So terrible alive,  
Bleached by the desert's sun and wind,  
became

The wandering wild bees' hive ;  
And he who, lone and naked-handed,  
tore

Those jaws of death apart,  
In after time drew forth their honeyed  
store  
To strengthen his strong heart.

Dead seemed the legend : but it only  
slept

To wake beneath our sky ;  
Just on the spot whence ravening  
Treason crept

Back to its lair to die,  
Bleeding and torn from Freedom's  
mountain bounds,

A stained and shattered drum  
Is now the hive where, on their flowery  
rounds,  
The wild bees go and come.

Unchallenged by a ghostly sentinel,  
They wander wide and far,  
Along green hillsides, sown with shot  
and shell,

Through vales once choked with war.  
The low reveillé of their battle-drum  
Disturbs no morning prayer ;  
With deeper peace in summer noons  
their hum  
Fills all the drowsy air.

And Samson's riddle is our own to-day,  
Of sweetness from the strong,  
Of union, peace, and freedom plucked  
away

From the rent jaws of wrong.  
From Treason's death we draw a purer  
life,

As, from the beast he slew,  
A sweetness sweeter for his bitter strife  
The old-time athlete drew !

### HOWARD AT ATLANTA

RIGHT in the track where Sherman  
Ploughed his red furrow,  
Out of the narrow cabin,  
Up from the cellar's burrow,  
Gathered the little black people,  
With freedom newly dowered,  
Where, beside their Northern teacher,  
Stood the soldier, Howard.

He listened and heard the children  
Of the poor and long-enslaved  
Reading the words of Jesus,  
Singing the songs of David.  
Behold !—the dumb lips speaking,  
The blind eyes seeing !  
Bones of the Prophet's vision  
Warmed into being !

Transformed he saw them passing  
Their new life's portal !  
Almost it seemed the mortal  
Put on the immortal.  
No more with the beasts of burden,  
No more with stone and clod,  
But crowned with glory and honour  
In the image of God !

There was the human chattel  
 Its manhood taking ;  
 'There, in each dark, brown statue,  
 A soul was waking !  
 The man of many battles,  
 With tears his eyelids pressing,  
 Stretched over those dusky foreheads  
 His one-armed blessing.

And he said : " Who hears can never  
 Fear for or doubt you ;  
 What shall I tell the children  
 Up North about you ? "  
 Then ran round a whisper, a murmur,  
 Some answer devising ;  
 And a little boy stood up : " Massa,  
 Tell 'em we're rising ! "

O black boy of Atlanta !  
 But half was spoken :  
 The slave's chain and the master's  
 Alike are broken.  
 The one curse of the races  
 Held both in tether :  
 They are rising,—all are rising,  
 The black and white together !

O brave men and fair women !  
 Ill comes of hate and scorning :  
 Shall the dark faces only  
 Be turned to morning ?—  
 Make Time your sole avenger,  
 All-healing, all-redressing ;  
 Meet Fate half-way, and make it  
 A joy and blessing !

### TO LYDIA MARIA CHILD

ON READING HER POEM IN "THE  
 STANDARD."

THE sweet spring day is glad with  
 music,  
 But through it sounds a sadder  
 strain ;  
 The worthiest of our narrowing circle  
 Sings Loring's dirges o'er again.

O woman greatly loved ! I join thee  
 In tender memories of our friend ;  
 With thee across the awful spaces  
 The greeting of a soul I send !

What cheer hath he ? How is it with  
 him ?  
 Where lingers he this weary while ?  
 Over what pleasant fields of Heaven  
 Dawns the sweet sunrise of his  
 smile ?

Does he not know our feet are treading  
 The earth hard down on Slavery's  
 grave ?  
 That, in our crowning exultations,  
 We miss the charm his presence  
 gave ?

Why on this spring air comes no  
 whisper  
 From him to tell us all is well ?  
 Why to our flower-time comes no  
 token  
 Of lily and of asphodel ?

I feel the unutterable longing,  
 Thy hunger of the heart is mine ;  
 I reach and grope for hands in dark-  
 ness,  
 My ear grows sharp for voice or  
 sign.

Still on the lips of all we question  
 The finger of God's silence lies ;  
 Will the lost hands in ours be folded ?  
 Will the shut eyelids ever rise ?

O friend ! no proof beyond this yearn-  
 ing,  
 This outreach of our hearts, we need ;  
 God will not mock the hope He giveth,  
 No love He prompts shall vainly  
 plead.

Then let us stretch our hands in  
 darkness,  
 And call our loved ones o'er and o'er ;  
 Some day their arms shall close about  
 us,  
 And the old voices speak once more.

No dreary splendours wait our coming  
 Where rapt ghost sits from ghost  
 apart ;  
 Homeward we go to Heaven's thanks-  
 giving,  
 The harvest-gathering of the heart.

## THE PRAYER-SEEKER

ALONG the aisle where prayer was made  
 A woman, all in black arrayed,  
 Close-veiled, between the kneeling  
 host,  
 With gliding motion of a ghost,  
 Passed to the desk, and laid thereon  
 A scroll which bore these words alone,  
*Pray for me !*

Back from the place of worshipping  
 She glided like a guilty thing :  
 The rustle of her draperies, stirred  
 By hurrying feet, alone was heard ;  
 While, full of awe, the preacher read,  
 As out into the dark she sped :  
*" Pray for me ! "*

Back to the night from whence she  
 came,  
 To unimagined grief or shame !  
 Across the threshold of that door  
 None knew the burden that she bore ;  
 Alone she left the written scroll,  
 The legend of a troubled soul,—  
*Pray for me !*

Glide on, poor ghost of woe or sin !  
 Thou leav'st a common need within ;  
 Each bears, like thee, some nameless  
 weight,  
 Some misery inarticulate,  
 Some secret sin, some shrouded dread,  
 Some household sorrow all unsaid.  
*Pray for us !*

Pass on ! The type of all thou art,  
 Sad witness to the common heart !  
 With face in veil and seal on lip,  
 In mute and strange companionship,  
 Like thee we wander to and fro,  
 Dumbly imploring as we go :  
*Pray for us !*

Ah, who shall pray, since he who pleads  
 Our want perchance hath greater  
 needs ?  
 Yet they who make their loss the gain  
 Of others shall not ask in vain,  
 And Heaven bends low to hear the  
 prayer  
 Of love from lips of self-despair :  
*Pray for us !*

In vain remorse and fear and hate  
 Beat with bruised hands against a  
 fate  
 Whose walls of iron only move  
 And open to the touch of love.  
 He only feels his burdens fall  
 Who, taught by suffering, pities all.  
*Pray for us !*

He prayeth best who leaves unguessed  
 The mystery of another's breast.  
 Why cheeks grow pale, why eyes o'er-  
 flow,  
 Or heads are white, thou need'st not  
 know.  
 Enough to note by many a sign  
 That every heart hath needs like thine.  
*Pray for us !*

## A SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATION

AT THE PRESIDENT'S LEVEE, BROWN  
 UNIVERSITY, 29TH, 6TH MO.,  
 1870.

TO-DAY the plant by Williams set  
 Its summer bloom discloses ;  
 The wilding sweetbrier of his prayers  
 Is crowned with cultured roses

Once more the Island State repeats  
 The lesson that he taught her,  
 And binds his pearl of charity  
 Upon her brown-locked daughter.

Is't fancy that he watches still  
 His Providence plantations?  
 That still the careful Founder takes  
 A part on these occasions ?

Methinks I see that reverend form,  
 Which all of us so well know :  
 He rises up to speak ; he jogs  
 The presidential elbow.

" Good friends," he says, " you reap  
 a field  
 I sowed in self-denial,  
 For toleration had its griefs  
 'And charity its trial.



"Great grace, as saith Sir Thomas  
More,  
To him must needs be given  
Who heareth heresy and leaves  
The heretic to Heaven !

"I hear again the snuffled tones,  
I see in dreary vision  
Dyspeptic dreamers, spiritual bores,  
And prophets with a mission.

"Each zealot thrust before my eyes  
His Scripture-garbled label ;  
All creeds were shouted in my ears  
As with the tongues of Babel.

"Scourged at one cart-tail, each  
denied  
The hope of every other ;  
Each martyr shook his branded fist  
At the conscience of his brother !

"How cleft the dreary drone of  
man  
The shriller pipe of woman,  
As Gorton led his saints elect,  
Who held all things in common !

"Their gay robes trailed in ditch and  
swamp,  
And torn by thorn and thicket,  
The dancing-girls of Merry Mount  
Came dragging to my wicket.

"Shrill Anabaptists, shorn of ears ;  
Grey witch-wives, hobbling slowly ;  
And Antinomians, free of law,  
Whose very sins were holy.

"Hoarse Ranters, crazed Fifth Mon-  
archists,  
Of stripes and bondage braggarts,  
Pale Churchmen, with singed rubrics  
snatched  
From Puritanic faggots.

"And last, not least, the Quakers  
came,  
With tongues still sore from burn-  
ing,  
The Bay State's dust from off their  
feet  
Before my threshold spurning ;

"A motley host, the Lord's débris,  
Faith's odds and ends together ;  
Well might I shrink from guests with  
lungs  
Tough as their breeches' leather :

"If, when the hangman at their heels  
Came, rope in hand to catch them,  
I took the hunted outcasts in,  
I never sent to fetch them.

"I fed, but spared them not a whit ;  
I gave to all who walked in,  
Not clams and succotash alone,  
But stronger meat of doctrine.

"I proved the prophets false, I  
pricked  
The bubble of perfection,  
And clapped upon their inner light  
The snuffers of election.

"And looking backward on my  
times,  
This credit I am taking ;  
I kept each sectary's dish apart,  
No spiritual chowder making.

"Where now the blending signs of  
sect  
Would puzzle their assorter,  
The dry-shod Quaker kept the land,  
The Baptist held the water.

"A common coat now serves for  
both,  
The hat's no more a fixture ;  
And which was wet and which was  
dry,  
Who knows in such a mixture ?

"Well ! He who fashioned Peter's  
dream  
To bless them all is able ;  
And bird and beast and creeping  
thing  
Make clean upon His table !

"I walked by, my own light ; but  
when  
The ways of faith divided,  
Was I to force unwilling feet  
To tread the path that I did ?

"I touched the garment-hem of truth,  
Yet saw not all its splendour ;  
I knew enough of doubt to feel  
For every conscience tender.

"God left men free of choice, as when  
His Eden-trees were planted ;  
Because they chose amiss, should I  
Deny the gift He granted ?

"So, with a common sense of need,  
Our common weakness feeling,  
I left them with myself to God  
And His all-gracious dealing !

"I kept His plan whose rain and sun  
To tare and wheat are given ;  
And if the ways to hell were free,  
I left them free to heaven !"

Take heart with us, O man of old,  
Soul-freedom's brave confessor,  
So love of God and man wax strong,  
Let sect and creed be lesser.

The jarring discords of thy day  
In ours one hymn are swelling ;  
The wandering feet, the severed paths,  
All seek our Father's dwelling.

And slowly learns the world the truth  
That makes us all thy debtor,—  
That holy life is more than rite,  
And spirit more than letter ;

That they who differ pole-wide seive  
Perchance the common Master,  
And other sheep He hath than they  
Who graze one narrow pasture !

For truth's worst foe is he who claims  
To act as God's avenger,  
And deems, beyond his sentry-beat,  
The crystal walls in danger !

Who sets for heresy his traps  
Of verbal quirk and quibble,  
And weeds the garden of the Lord  
With Satan's borrowed dibble.

To-day our hearts like organ keys  
One Master's touch are feeling ;  
The branches of a common Vine  
Have only leaves of healing.

Co-workers, yet from varied fields,  
We share this restful nooning ;  
The Quaker with the Baptist here  
Believes in close communing.

Forgive, dear saint, the playful tone,  
Too light for thy deserving ;  
Thanks for thy generous faith in man  
Thy trust in God unswerving.

Still echo in the hearts of men  
The words that thou hast spoken ;  
No forge of hell can weld again  
The fetters thou hast broken.

The pilgrim needs a pass no more  
From Roman or Genevan ;  
Thought-free, no ghostly tollman keeps  
Henceforth the road to Heaven !

### "THE LAURELS"

AT THE TWENTIETH AND LAST  
ANNIVERSARY.

FROM these wild rocks I look to-day  
O'er leagues of dancing waves, and  
see  
The far, low coast-line stretch away  
To where our river meets the sea.

The light wind blowing off the land  
Is burdened with old voices ; through  
Shut eyes I see how lip and hand  
The greeting of old days renew.

O friends whose hearts still keep their  
prime,  
Whose bright example warms and  
cheers,  
Ye teach us how to smile at Time,  
And set to music all his years !

I thank you for sweet summer days,  
For pleasant memories lingering  
long,  
For joyful meetings, fond delays,  
And ties of friendship woven  
strong.

As for the last time, side by side,  
 You tread the paths familiar grown,  
 I reach across the severing tide,  
 And blend my farewells with your  
 own.

Make room, O river of our home !  
 For other feet in place of ours,  
 And in the summers yet to come,  
 Make glad another Feast of Flowers !

Hold in thy mirror, calm and deep,  
 The pleasant pictures thou hast seen;  
 Forget thy lovers not, but keep  
 Our memory like thy laurels green.  
*ISLES OF SHOALS, 7th mo., 1870*

## HYMN

FOR THE CELEBRATION OF EMANCI-  
 PATION AT NEWBURYPORT.

NOT unto us who did but seek  
 The word that burned within to speak,  
 Not unto us this day belong  
 The triumph and exultant song.

Upon us fell in early youth  
 The burden of unwelcome truth,  
 And left us, weak and frail and few,  
 The censor's painful work to do.

Thenceforth our life a fight became,  
 The air we breathed was hot with  
 blame ;  
 For not with gauged and softened tone  
 We made the bondman's cause our  
 own.

We bore, as Freedom's hope forlorn,  
 The private hate, the public scorn ;  
 Yet held through all the paths we trod  
 Our faith in man and trust in God.

We played and hoped ; but still, with  
 awe,  
 The coming of the sword we saw ;  
 We heard the nearing steps of doom,  
 We saw the shade of things to come

In grief which they alone can feel  
 Who from a mother's wrong appeal,  
 With blended lines of fear and hope  
 We cast our country's horoscope.

For still within her house of life  
 We marked the lurid sign of strife,  
 And, poisoning and embittering all,  
 We saw the star of Wormwood fall.

Deep as our love for her became  
 Our hate of all that wrought her  
 shame,  
 And if, thereby, with tongue and pen  
 We erred,—we were but mortal men.

We hoped for peace ; our eyes survey  
 The blood-red dawn of Freedom's  
 day :  
 We prayed for love to loose the chain ;  
 'Tis shorn by battle's axe in twain !

Nor skill nor strength nor zeal of  
 ours  
 Has mined and heaved the hostile  
 towers ;  
 Not by our hands is turned the key  
 That sets the sighing captives free.

A redder sea than Egypt's wave  
 Is piled and parted for the slave ;  
 A darker cloud moves on in light ;  
 A fiercer fire is guide by night !

The praise, O Lord ! is Thine alone,  
 In Thy own way Thy work is done !  
 Our poor gifts at Thy feet we cast,  
 To whom be glory, first and last !  
 1865.



# THE PENNSYLVANIA PILGRIM

## AND OTHER POEMS

### FRANCIS DANIEL PASTORIUS

THE beginning of German emigration to America may be traced to the personal influence of William Penn, who in 1677 visited the Continent, and made the acquaintance of an intelligent and highly cultivated circle of Pietists, or Mystics, who, reviving in the seventeenth century the spiritual faith and worship of Tauler and the "Friends of God" in the fourteenth, gathered about the pastor Spener, and the young and beautiful Eleonora Johanna Von Merlau. In this circle originated the Frankfort Land Company, which bought of William Penn, the Governor of Pennsylvania, a tract of land near the new city of Philadelphia.

The company's agent in the New World was a rising young lawyer, Francis Daniel Pastorius, son of Judge Pastorius, of Windheim, who, at the age of seventeen, entered the University of Altorf. He studied law at Strasburg, Basle, and Jena, and at Ratisbon, the seat of the Imperial Government, obtained a practical knowledge of international polity. Successful in all his examinations and disputations, he received the degree of Doctor of Law at Nuremberg in 1676. In 1679 he was a law-lecturer at Frankfort, where he became deeply interested in the teachings of Doctor Spener. In 1683, in company with a small number of German friends, he emigrated to America, settling upon the Frankfort Company's tract between the Schuylkill and the Delaware Rivers. Soon after his arrival he united himself with the Society of Friends, and became one of its most able and devoted members, as well as the recognised head and lawgiver of the settlement. He married, two years after his arrival, Anneke (Anna), daughter of Dr. Klosterman, of Muhlheim.

In the year 1688 he drew up a memorial against slaveholding, which was adopted by the Germantown Friends and sent up to the Monthly Meeting, and thence to the Yearly Meeting at Philadelphia. It is noteworthy as the first protest made by a religious body against Negro Slavery.

Under the wise direction of Pastorius, the Germantown settlement grew and prospered. The inhabitants planted orchards and vineyards, and surrounded themselves with souvenirs of their old home. A large number of them were linen-weavers, as well as small farmers. The Quakers were the principal

sect, but men of all religions were tolerated and lived together in harmony.

It will be sufficiently apparent to the reader that, in the poem which follows, I have attempted nothing beyond a study of the life and times of the Pennsylvania colonist,—a simple picture of a noteworthy man and his locality. The colours of my sketch are all very sober, toned down to the quiet and dreamy atmosphere through which its subject is visible. Whether, in the glare and tumult of the present time, such a picture will find favour, may well be questioned. I only know that it has beguiled for me some hours of weariness, and that, whatever may be its measure of public appreciation, it has been to me its own reward. J. G. W.

HAIL to posterity !

Hail, future men of Germanopolis !

Let the young generations yet to be

Look kindly upon this.

Think how your fathers left their  
native land,—

Dear German-land ! O sacred  
hearths and homes !—

And, where the wild beast roams,  
In patience planned

New forest-homes beyond the mighty  
sea.

There undisturbed and free  
To live as brothers of one family.

What pains and cares befell,

What trials and what fears,

Remember, and wherein we have  
done well

Follow our footsteps, men of coming  
years !

Where we have failed to do

Aright, or wisely live,

Bewarned by us, the better way pursue,  
And, knowing we were human, even

as you,

Pity us and forgive !

Farewell, Posterity !

Farewell, dear Germany !

For evermore farewell !

## PRELUDE

I SING the Pilgrim of a softer clime  
 And milder speech than those brave  
 men's who brought  
 To the ice and iron of our winter time  
 A will as firm, a creed as stern, and  
 wrought  
 With one mailed hand, and with  
 the other fought.  
 Simply, as fits my theme, in homely  
 rhyme  
 I sing the blue-eyed German Spener  
 taught,  
 Through whose veiled, mystic faith  
 the Inward Light,  
 Steady and still, an easy brightness,  
 shone,  
 Transfiguring all things in its radiance  
 white.  
 The garland which his meekness never  
 sought  
 I bring him ; over fields of harvest  
 sown  
 With seeds of blessing, now to ripe-  
 ness grown,  
 I bid the sower pass before the reaper's  
 sight.

## THE PENNSYLVANIA PILGRIM

NEVER in tenderer quiet lapsed the  
 day  
 From Pennsylvania's vales of spring  
 away,  
 Where, forest-walled, the scattered  
 hamlets lay

Along the wedded rivers. One long  
 bar  
 Of purple cloud on which the evening  
 star  
 Shone like a jewel on a scimitar,

Held the sky's golden gateway.  
 Through the deep  
 Hush of the woods a murmur seemed  
 to creep,  
 The Schuylkill whispering in a voice  
 of sleep.

All else was still. The oxen from  
 their ploughs  
 Rested at last, and from their long  
 day's browse  
 Came the dun files of Krisheim's home-  
 bound cows.

And the young city, round whose  
 virgin zone  
 The rivers like two mighty arms were  
 thrown,  
 Marked by the smoke of evening fires  
 alone,

Lay in the distance, lovely even  
 then  
 With its fair women and its stately  
 men  
 Gracing the forest court of William  
 Penn,

Urban yet sylvan ; in its rough-hewn  
 frames  
 Of oak and pine the dryads held their  
 claims,  
 And lent its streets their pleasant  
 woodland names.

Anna Pastorius down the leafy lane  
 Looked city-ward, then stooped to  
 prune again  
 Her vines and simples, with a sigh of  
 pain.

For fast the streaks of ruddy sunset  
 paled  
 In the oak clearing, and, as daylight  
 failed,  
 Slow, overhead, the dusky night-  
 birds sailed.

Again she looked : between green  
 walls of shade,  
 With low-bent head as if with sorrow  
 weighed,  
 Daniel Pastorius slowly came and said,

"God's peace be with thee, Anna !"  
 Then he stood  
 Silent before her, wrestling with the  
 mood  
 Of one who sees the evil and not  
 good.

"What is it, my Pastorius?" As she spoke,  
A slow, faint smile across his features broke,  
Sadder than tears. "Dear heart," he said, "our folk

"Are even as others. Yea, our goodliest Friends  
Are frail; our elders have their selfish ends,  
And few dare trust the Lord to make amends

"For duty's loss. So even our feeble word  
For the dumb slaves the startled meeting heard  
As if a stone its quiet waters stirred;

"And, as the clerk ceased reading, there began  
A ripple of dissent which downward ran  
In widening circles, as from man to man.

"Somewhat was said of running before sent,  
Of tender fear that some their guide outwent,  
Troublers of Israel. I was scarce intent

"On hearing, for behind the reverend row  
Of gallery Friends, in dumb and piteous show,  
I saw, methought, dark faces full of woe.

"And, in the spirit, I was taken where  
They toiled and suffered; I was made aware  
Of shame and wrath and anguish and despair!

"And while the meeting smothered our poor plea  
With cautious phrase, a Voice there seemed to be,  
'As ye have done to these ye do to Me!'

"So it all passed; and the old tithe went on  
Of anise, mint, and cumin, till the sun  
Set, leaving still the weightier work undone.

"Help, for the good man faileth!  
Who is strong,  
If these be weak? Who shall rebuke the wrong,  
If these consent? How long, O Lord!  
how long!"

He ceased; and, bound in spirit with the bound,  
With folded arms, and eyes that sought the ground,  
Walked musingly his little garden round.

About him, beaded with the falling dew,  
Rare plants of power and herbs of healing grew,  
Such as Van Helmont and Agrippa knew.

For, by the lore of Gorlitz' gentle sage,  
With the mild mystics of his dreamy age  
He read the herbal signs of nature's page,

As once he heard in sweet Von Merlau's<sup>58</sup> bowers  
Fair as herself, in boyhood's happy hours,  
The pious Spener read his creed in flowers.

"The dear Lord give us patience!" said his wife,  
Touching with finger-tip an aloe, rife  
With leaves sharp-pointed like an Aztec knife

Or Carib spear, a gift to William Penn  
From the rare gardens of John Evelyn,  
Brought from the Spanish Main by merchantmen.

"See this strange plant its steady  
purpose hold,  
And, year by year, its patient leaves  
unfold,  
Till the young eyes that watched it  
first are old.

"But some time, thou hast told me,  
there shall come  
A sudden beauty, brightness, and  
perfume,  
The century-moulded bud shall burst  
in bloom.

"So may the seed which hath been  
sown to-day  
Grow with the years, and, after long  
delay,  
Break into bloom, and God's eternal  
Yea

"Answer at last the patient prayers  
of them  
Who now, by faith alone, behold its  
stem  
Crowned with the flowers of Free-  
dom's diadem.

"Meanwhile, to feel and suffer, work  
and wait,  
Remains for us. The wrong indeed  
is great,  
But love and patience conquer soon  
or late."

"Well hast thou said, my Anna!"  
Tenderer  
Than youth's caress upon the head of  
her  
Pastorius laid his hand. "Shall we  
demur

"Because the vision tarrieth? In an  
hour  
We dream not of the slow-grown bud  
may flower,  
And what was sown in weakness rise  
in power!"

Then through the vine-draped door  
whose legend read,  
"PROCUL ESTE PROPHANI!" Anna led  
To where their child upon his little bed

Looked up and smiled. "Dear heart,"  
she said, "if we  
Must bearers of a heavy burden be,  
Our boy, God willing, yet the day  
shall see

"When, from the gallery to the  
farthest seat,  
Slave and slave-owner shall no longer  
meet,  
But all sit equal at the Master's feet."

On the stone hearth the blazing  
walnut block  
Set the low walls a-glimmer, showed  
the cock  
Rebuking Peter on the Van Wyck  
clock,

Shone on old tomes of law and physic,  
side  
By side with Fox and Behmen, played  
at hide  
And seek with Anna, midst her  
household pride

Of flaxen webs, and on the table,  
bare  
Of costly cloth or silver cup, but  
where,  
Tasting the fat shads of the Dela-  
ware,

The courtly Penn had praised the  
goodwife's cheer,  
And quoted Horace o'er her home-  
brewed beer,  
Till even grave Pastorius smiled to  
hear.

In such a home, beside the Schuyl-  
kill's wave,  
He dwelt in peace with God and  
man, and gave  
Food to the poor and shelter to the  
slave.

For all too soon the New World's  
scandal shamed  
The righteous code by Penn and  
Sidney framed,  
And men withheld the human rights  
they claimed.

And slowly wealth and station sanc-  
tion lent,  
And hardened avarice, on its gains  
intent,  
Stifled the inward whisper of dissent.

Yet all the while the burden rested  
sore  
On tender hearts. At last Pastorius  
bore  
Their warning message to the Church's  
door

In God's name ; and the leaven of the  
word  
Wrought ever after in the souls who  
heard,  
And a dead conscience in its grave-  
clothes stirred

To troubled life, and urged the vain  
excuse  
Of Hebrew custom, patriarchal use,  
Good in itself if evil in abuse.

Gravely Pastorius listened, not the  
less  
Discerning through the decent fig-leaf  
dress  
Of the poor plea its shame of selfish-  
ness.

One Scripture rule, at least, was un-  
forgot ;  
He hid the outcast, and bewrayed  
him not ;  
And, when his prey the human hunter  
sought,

He scrupled not, while Anna's wise  
delay  
And proffered cheer prolonged the  
master's stay,  
To speed the black guest safely on his  
way.

Yet, who shall guess his bitter grief  
who lends  
His life to some great cause, and finds  
his friends  
Shame or betray it for their private  
ends?

How felt the Master when His chosen  
strove  
In childish folly for their seats above ;  
And that fond mother, blinded by  
her love,

Besought Him that her sons, beside  
His throne,  
Might sit on either hand ? Amidst  
his own  
A stranger oft, companionless and  
lone,

God's priest and prophet stands. The  
martyr's pain  
Is not alone from scourge and cell and  
chain ;  
Sharper the pang when, shouting in  
His train,

His weak disciples by their lives  
deny  
The loud hosannas of their daily cry  
And make their echo of His truth a lie.

His forest home no hermit's cell he  
found,  
Guests, motley-minded, drew his  
hearth around,  
And held armed truce upon its neutral  
ground.

Their Indian chiefs with battle-bows  
unstrung,  
Strong, hero-limbed, like those whom  
Homer sung,  
Pastorius fancied, when the world  
was young,

Came with their tawny women, lithe  
and tall,  
Like bronzes in his friend Von  
Rodeck's hall,  
Comely, if black, and not unpleasing  
all.

There hungry folk in homespun drab  
and gray  
Drew round his board on Monthly  
Meeting day,  
Genial, half merry in their friendly  
way.



Or, haply, pilgrims from the Father-  
land,  
Weak, timid, homesick, slow to  
understand  
The New World's promise, sought his  
helping hand.

Or painful Kelpius<sup>60</sup> from his hermit  
den  
By Wissahickon, maddest of good  
men,  
Dreamed o'er the Chiliast dreams of  
Petersen.

Deep in the woods, where the small  
river slid  
Snake-like in shade, the Helmstadt  
Mystic hid,  
Weird as a wizard over arts forbid,

Reading the books of Daniel and of  
John,  
And Behmen's Morning-Redness,  
through the Stone  
Of Wisdom, vouchsafed to his eyes  
alone,

Whereby he read what man ne'er read  
before,  
And saw the visions man shall see no  
more,  
Till the great angel, striding sea and  
shore,

Shall bid all flesh await, on land or  
ships,  
The warning trump of the Apocalypse,  
Shattering the heavens before the  
dread eclipse.

Or meek-eyed Mennonist his bearded  
chin  
Leaned o'er the gate ; or Ranter, pure  
within,  
Aired his perfection in a world of sin.

Or, talking of old home scenes, Op  
den Graaf  
Teased the low back-log with his  
shodden staff,  
Till the red embers broke into a  
laugh

And dance of flame, as if they fain  
would cheer  
The rugged face, half tender, half  
austere,  
Touched with the pathos of a home-  
sick tear !

Or Sluyter,<sup>60</sup> saintly familist, whose  
word  
As law the Brethren of the Manor  
heard,  
Announced the speedy terrors of the  
Lord,

And turned, like Lot at Sodom, from  
his race,  
Above a wrecked world with com-  
placent face  
Riding secure upon his plank of grace !

Haply, from Finland's birchen groves  
exiled,  
Manly in thought, in simple ways a  
child,  
His white hair floating round his  
visage mild,

The Swedish pastor sought the  
Quaker's door,  
Pleased from his neighbour's lips to  
hear once more  
His long-disused and half-forgotten  
lore,

For both could baffle Babel's lingual  
curse,  
And speak in Bion's Doric, and re-  
hearse  
Cleanthes' hymn or Virgil's sounding  
verse.

And oft Pastorius and the meek old  
man  
Argued as Quaker and as Lutheran,  
Ending in Christian love, as they  
began.

With lettered Lloyd on pleasant  
morns he strayed  
Where Sommerhausen over vales of  
shade  
Looked miles away, by every flower  
delayed.

Or song of bird, happy and free with  
one

Who loved, like him, to let his  
memory run

Over old fields of learning, and to sun

Himself in Plato's wise philosophies,  
And dream with Philo over mysteries  
Whereof the dreamer never finds the  
keys ;

To touch all themes of thought, nor  
weakly stop

For doubt of truth, but let the  
buckets drop

Deep down and bring the hidden  
waters up.<sup>61</sup>

For there was freedom in that waken-  
ing time

Of tender souls ; to differ was not  
crime ;

The varying bells made up the perfect  
chime.

On lips unlike was laid the altar's  
coal,

The white, clear light, tradition-  
coloured stole

Through the stained oriel of each  
human soul.

Gathered from many sects, the Quaker  
brought

His old beliefs, adjusting to the  
thought

That moved his soul the creed his  
fathers taught.

One faith alone, so broad that all  
mankind

Within themselves its secret witness  
find,

The soul's communion with the  
Eternal Mind,

The Spirit's law, the Inward Rule  
and Guide,

Scholar and peasant, lord and serf,  
allied,

The polished Penn and Cromwell's  
Ironsides.

As still in Hemskerck's Quaker Meet-  
ing,<sup>62</sup> face

By face in Flemish detail, we may  
trace

How loose-mouthed boor and fine  
ancestral grace

Sat in close contrast,—the clipt-  
headed churl,

Broad market-dame, and simple serv-  
ing girl

By skirt of silk and periwig in curl !

For soul touched soul ; the spiritual  
treasure-trove

Made all men equal, none could rise  
above

Nor sink below that level of God's  
love.

So, with his rustic neighbours sitting  
down,

The homespun frock beside the  
scholar's gown,

Pastorius to the manners of the town

Added the freedom of the woods, and  
sought

The bookless wisdom by experience  
taught,

And learned to love his new-found  
home, while not

Forgetful of the old ; the seasons went  
Their rounds, and somewhat to his

spirit lent  
Of their own calm and measureless  
content.

Glad even to tears, he heard the robin  
sing

His song of welcome to the Western  
spring,

And bluebird borrowing from the sky  
his wing.

And when the miracle of autumn  
came,

And all the woods with many-coloured  
flame

Of splendour, making summer's green-  
ness tame,

Burned, unconsumed, a voice without  
a sound  
Spake to him from each kindled bush  
around,  
And made the strange, new landscape  
holy ground !

And when the bitter north-wind, keen  
and swift,  
Swept the wide street and piled the  
door-yard drift,  
He exercised, as Friends might say,  
his gift

Of verse, Dutch, English, Latin, like  
the hash  
Of corn and beans in Indian succotash;  
Dull, doubtless, but with here and  
there a flash

Of wit and fine conceit,—the good  
man's play  
Of quiet fancies, meet to while away  
The slow hours measuring off an idle  
day.

At evening, while his wife put on her  
look  
Of love's endurance, from its niche he  
took  
The written pages of his ponderous  
book.

And read, in half the languages of  
man,  
His "Rusca Apium," which with  
bees began,  
And through the gamut of creation ran.

Or, now and then, the missive of some  
friend  
In grey Altorf or storied Nürnberg  
penned  
Dropped in upon him like a guest to  
spend

The night beneath his roof-tree.  
Mystical  
The fair Von Merlau spake as waters  
fall  
And voices sound in dreams, and yet  
withal

Human and sweet, as if each far, low  
tone,  
Over the roses of her gardens blown  
Brought the warm sense of beauty all  
her own.

Wise Spener questioned what his friend  
could trace  
Of spiritual influx or of saving grace  
In the wild natures of the Indian race.

And learned Schurmberg, fain, at  
times, to look  
From Talmud, Koran, Veds, and  
Pentateuch,  
Sought out his pupil in his far-off nook,

To query with him of climatic change,  
Of bird, beast, reptile, in his forest  
range,  
Of flowers and fruits and simples new  
and strange.

And thus the Old and New World  
reached their hands  
Across the water, and the friendly lands  
Talked with each other from their  
severed strands.

Pastorius answered all : while seed  
and root  
Sent from his new home grew to flower  
and fruit  
Along the Rhine and at the Spessart's  
foot ;

And, in return, the flowers his boy-  
hood knew  
Smiled at his door, the same in form  
and hue,  
And on his vines the Rhenish clusters  
grew.

No idler he ; whoever else might shirk,  
He set his hand to every honest work,—  
Farmer and teacher, court and meeting  
clerk.

Still on the town seal his device is  
found,  
Grapes, flax, and thread-spool on a  
trefoil ground,  
With "VINUM, LINUM ET TLEX-  
TRINUM" wound.

One house sufficed for gospel and for  
law,  
Where Paul and Grotius, Scripture  
text and saw,  
Assured the good, and held the rest  
in awe.

Whatever legal maze he wandered  
through,  
He kept the Sermon on the Mount in  
view,  
And justice always into mercy grew.

No whipping-post he needed, stocks,  
nor jail,  
Nor ducking-stool; the orchard-thief  
grew pale  
At his rebuke, the vixen ceased to  
rail,

The usurer's grasp released the forfeit  
land;  
The slanderer faltered at the witness-  
stand,  
And all men took his counsel for com-  
mand.

Was it caressing air, the brooding  
love  
Of tenderer skies than German land  
knew of,  
Green calm below, blue quietness  
above,

Still flow of water, deep repose of  
wood  
That, with a sense of loving Father-  
hood  
And childlike trust in the Eternal  
Good,

Softened all hearts, and dulled the  
edge of hate,  
Hushed strife, and taught impatient  
zeal to wait  
The slow assurance of the better state?

Who knows what goadings in their  
sterner way  
O'er jagged ice, relieved by granite  
gray,  
Blew round the men of Massachusetts  
Bay?

What hate of heresy the east-wind  
woke?  
What hints of pitiless power and  
terror spoke  
In waves that on their iron coast-line  
broke?

Be it as it may: within the Land of  
Penn  
The sectary yielded to the citizen,  
And peaceful dwelt the many-creeded  
men.

Peace brooded over all. No trumpet  
stung  
The air to madness, and no steeple  
flung  
Alarums down from bells at midnight  
rung.

The land slept well. The Indian from  
his face  
Washed all his war-paint off, and in  
the place  
Of battle-marches sped the peaceful  
chase,

Or wrought for wages at the white  
man's side,—  
Giving to kindness what his native  
pride  
And lazy freedom to all else denied.

And well the curious scholar loved  
the old  
Traditions that his swarthy neigh-  
bours told  
By wigwam fires when nights were  
growing cold,

Discerned the fact round which their  
fancy drew  
Its dreams, and held their childish  
faith more true  
To God and man than half the creeds  
he knew.<sup>63</sup>

The desert blossomed round him;  
wheat-fields rolled  
Beneath the warm wind waves of green  
and gold;  
The planted ear returned its hundred-  
fold.

Great clusters ripened in a warmer  
 sun  
 Than that which by the Rhine stream  
 shines upon  
 The purpling hillsides with low vines  
 o'errun.

About each rustic porch the humming-  
 bird  
 Tried with light bill, that scarce a  
 petal stirred,  
 The Old World flowers to virgin soil  
 transferred ;

And the first-fruits of pear and apple,  
 bending  
 The young boughs down, their gold  
 and russet blending,  
 Made glad his heart, familiar odours  
 lending

To the fresh fragrance of the birch  
 and pine,  
 Life everlasting, bay, and eglantine,  
 And all the subtle scents the woods  
 combine.

Fair First-Day mornings, steeped in  
 summer calm,  
 Warm, tender, restful, sweet with  
 woodland balm,  
 Came to him, like some mother-  
 hallowed psalm

To the tired grinder at the noisy wheel  
 Of labour, winding off from memory's  
 reel  
 A golden thread of music. With no  
 peal

Of bells to call them to the house of  
 praise,  
 The scattered settlers through green  
 forest-ways  
 Walked meeting-ward. In reverent  
 amaze

The Indian trapper saw them, from  
 the dim  
 Shade of the alders on the rivulet's  
 rim,  
 Seek the Great Spirit's house to talk  
 with Him.

There, through the gathered stillness  
 multiplied  
 And made intense by sympathy, out-  
 side  
 The sparrows sang, and the gold-robin  
 cried,

A-swing upon his elm. A faint per-  
 fume  
 Breathed through the open windows  
 of the room  
 From locust-trees, heavy with clus-  
 tered bloom.

Thither, perchance, sore-tried con-  
 fessors came,  
 Whose fervour jail nor pillory could  
 tame,  
 Proud of the cropped ears meant to  
 be their shame,

Men who had eaten slavery's bitter  
 bread  
 In Indian isles ; pale women who had  
 bled  
 Under the hangman's lash, and bravely  
 said

God's message through their prison's  
 iron bars ;  
 And grey old soldier-converts, seamed  
 with scars  
 From every stricken field of England's  
 wars,

Lowly before the Unseen Presence  
 knelt  
 Each waiting heart, till haply some  
 one felt  
 On his moved lips the seal of silence  
 melt.

Or, without spoken words, low breath-  
 ings stole  
 Of a diviner life from soul to soul,  
 Baptizing in one tender thought the  
 whole.

When shaken hands announced the  
 meeting o'er,  
 The friendly group still lingered at  
 the door,  
 Greeting, inquiring, sharing all the  
 store

Of weekly tidings. Meanwhile youth  
and maid  
Down the green vistas of the woodland  
strayed,  
Whispered and smiled and oft their  
feet delayed.

Did the boy's whistle answer back  
the thrushes?  
Did light girl laughter ripple through  
the bushes,  
As brooks make merry over roots and  
rushes?

Unvexed the sweet air seemed. With-  
out a wound  
The ear of silence heard, and every  
sound  
Its place in nature's fine accordance  
found.

And solemn meeting, summer sky and  
wood,  
Old kindly faces, youth and maiden-  
hood  
Seemed, like God's new creation, very  
good!

And, greeting all with quiet smile and  
word,  
Pastorius went his way. The unscared  
bird  
Sang at his side; scarcely the squirrel  
stirred

At his hushed footstep on the mossy  
sod;  
And, wheresoe'er the good man looked  
or trod,  
He felt the peace of nature and of  
God.

His social life wore no ascetic form,  
He loved all beauty, without fear of  
harm,  
And in his veins his Teuton blood ran  
warm.

Strict to himself, of other men no spy,  
He made his own no circuit judge to  
try  
The freer conscience of his neighbours  
by.

With love rebuking, by his life alone,  
Gracious and sweet, the better way  
was shown,  
The joy of one, who, seeking not his  
own,

And faithful to all scruples, finds at last  
The thorns and shards of duty over-  
past,  
And daily life, beyond his hope's fore-  
cast,

Pleasant and beautiful with sight and  
sound,  
And flowers upspringing in its narrow  
round,  
And all his days with quiet gladness  
crowned.

He sang not; but, if sometimes  
tempted strong,  
He hummed what seemed like Altorf's  
Burschen-song,  
His good wife smiled, and did not  
count it wrong.

For well he loved his boyhood's  
brother band;  
His Memory, while he trod the New  
World's strand,  
A *double-ganger* walked the Father-  
land!

If, when on frosty Christmas eves the  
light  
Shone on his quiet hearth, he missed  
the sight  
Of Yule-log, Tree, and Christ-child  
all in white;

And closed his eyes, and listened to  
the sweet  
Old wait-songs sounding down his  
native street,  
And watched again the dancers' ming-  
ling feet;

Yet not the less, when once the vision  
passed,  
He held the plain and sober maxims  
fast  
Of the dear Friends with whom his  
lot was cast.

Still all attuned to nature's melodies,  
He loved the bird's song in his door-  
yard trees,  
And the low hum of home-returning  
bees ;

The blossomed flax, the tulip-trees in  
bloom  
Down the long street, the beauty and  
perfume  
Of apple-boughs, the mingling light  
and gloom

Of Sommerhausen's woodlands, woven  
through  
With sun-threads ; and the music the  
wind drew,  
Mournful and sweet, from leaves it  
overblew.

And evermore, beneath this outward  
sense,  
And through the common sequence of  
events,  
He felt the guiding hand of Providence

Reach out of space. A Voice spake  
in his ear,  
And lo ! all other voices far and  
near  
Died at that whisper, full of meanings  
clear.

The Light of Life shone round him ;  
one by one  
The wandering lights, that all-mis-  
leading run,  
Went out like candles paling in the  
sun.

That Light he followed, step by step,  
where'er  
It led, as in the vision of the seer  
The wheels moved as the spirit in the  
clear

And terrible crystal moved, with all  
their eyes  
Watching the living splendour sink  
or rise,  
Its will their will, knowing no other-  
wise.

Within himself he found the law of  
right,  
He walked by faith and not the letter's  
sight,  
And read his Bible by the Inward  
Light.

And if sometimes the slaves of form  
and rule,  
Frozen in their creeds like fish in  
winter's pool,  
Tried the large tolerance of his liberal  
school,

His door was free to men of every name,  
He welcomed all the seeking souls who  
came,  
And no man's faith he made a cause  
of blame.

But best he loved in leisure hours to  
see  
His own dear Friends sit by him knee  
to knee,  
In social converse, genial, frank, and  
free.

There sometimes silence (it were hard  
to tell  
Who owned it first) upon the circle  
fell,  
Hushed Anna's busy wheel, and laid  
its spell

On the black boy who grimaced by the  
hearth,  
To solemnise his shining face of mirth ;  
Only the old clock ticked amidst the  
dearth

Of sound ; nor eye was raised nor hand  
was stirred  
In that soul Sabbath, till at last some  
word  
Of tender counsel or low prayer was  
heard.

Then guests, who lingered but fare-  
well to say  
And take love's message, went their  
homeward way ;  
So passed in peace the guileless  
Quaker's day.

His was the Christian's unsung Age  
of Gold,  
A truer idyl than the bards have told  
Of Arno's banks or Arcady of old.

Where still the Friends their place of  
burial keep,  
And century-rooted mosses o'er it  
creep,  
The Nürnberg scholar and his help-  
meet sleep.

And Anna's aloe? If it flowered at  
last  
In Bartram's garden, did John Wool-  
man cast  
A glance upon it as he meekly  
passed?

And did a secret sympathy possess  
That tender soul, and for the slave's  
redress  
Lend hope, strength, patience? It  
were vain to guess.

Nay, were the plant itself but  
mythical,  
Set in the fresco of tradition's wall  
Like Jotham's bramble, mattereth not  
at all.

Enough to know that, through the  
winter's frost  
And summer's heat, no seed of truth  
is lost,  
And every duty pays at last its cost.

For, ere Pastorius left the sun and  
air,  
God sent the answer to his life-long  
prayer;  
The child was born beside the Dela-  
ware,

Who, in the power a holy purpose  
lends,  
Guided his people unto nobler ends,  
And left them worthier of the name  
of Friends.

And lo! the fulness of the time has  
come,  
And over all the exile's Western home,  
From sea to sea the flowers of freedom  
bloom!

And joy-bells ring, and silver trumpets  
blow;  
But not for thee, Pastorius! Even so  
The world forgets, but the wise angels  
know.



### THE PAGEANT

A SOUND as if from bells of silver,  
Or elfin cymbals smitten clear,  
Through the frost-pictured panes  
I hear.

A brightness which outshines the  
morning,  
A splendour brooking no delay,  
Beckons and tempts my feet  
away.

I leave the trodden village highway  
For virgin snow-paths glimmer-  
ing through  
A jewelled elm-tree avenue;

Where, keen against the walls of  
sapphire,  
The gleaming tree-bolls, ice-em-  
bossed,  
Hold up their chandeliers of frost.

I tread in Orient halls enchanted,  
I dream the Saga's dream of caves  
Gem-lit beneath the North Sea  
waves!

I walk the land of Eldorado,  
I touch its mimic garden bowers,  
Its silver leaves and diamond  
flowers!



The flora of the mystic mine-world  
 Around me lifts on crystal stems  
 The petals of its clustered gems !

What miracle of weird transforming  
 In this wild work of frost and  
 light,  
 This glimpse of glory infinite !

This foregleam of the Holy City  
 Like that to him of Patmos given,  
 The white bride coming down  
 from heaven !

How flash the ranked and mail-clad  
 alders,  
 Through what sharp-glancing  
 spears of reeds  
 The brook its muffled water  
 leads !

Yon maple, like the bush of Horeb,  
 Burns unconsumed : a white, cold  
 fire  
 Rays out from every grassy spire.

Each slender rush and spike of mullein,  
 Low laurel shrub and drooping  
 fern,  
 Transfigured, blaze where'er I  
 turn.

How yonder Ethiopian hemlock  
 Crowned with his glistening  
 circlet stands !  
 What jewels light his swarthy  
 hands !

Here, where the forest opens south-  
 ward,  
 Between its hospitable pines,  
 As through a door, the warm  
 sun shines.

The jewels loosen on the branches,  
 And lightly, as the soft winds  
 blow,  
 Fall, tinkling on the ice below.

And through the clashing of their  
 cymbals  
 I hear the old familiar fall  
 Of water down the rocky wall.

Where, from its wintry prison breaking,  
 In dark and silence hidden long,  
 The brook repeats its summer  
 song.

One instant flashing in the sunshine  
 Keen as a sabre from its sheath,  
 Then lost again the ice beneath.

I hear the rabbit lightly leaping,  
 The foolish screaming of the  
 jay,  
 The chopper's axe-stroke far  
 away ;

The clamour of some neighbouring  
 barn-yard,  
 The lazy cock's belated crow,  
 Or cattle-tramp in crispy snow.

And, as in some enchanted forest  
 The lost knight hears his com-  
 rades sing,  
 And, near at hand, their bridles  
 ring,

So welcome I these sounds and  
 voices,  
 These airs from far-off summer  
 blown,  
 This life that leaves me not alone.

For the white glory overawes me ;  
 The crystal terror of the seer  
 Of Chebar's vision blinds me  
 here.

Rebuke me not, O sapphire heaven !  
 Thou stainless earth, lay not on  
 me  
 Thy keen reproach of purity.

If, in this august presence-chamber,  
 I sigh for summer's leaf-green  
 gloom  
 And warm airs thick with odorous  
 bloom !

Let the strange frost-work sink and  
 crumble,  
 And let the loosened tree-boughs  
 swing,  
 Till all their bells of silver ring.

Shine warmly down, thou sun of  
noon-time,  
On this chill pageant, melt and  
move  
The winter's frozen heart with  
love.

And, soft and low, thou wind south-  
blowing,  
Breathe through a veil of tenderest  
haze  
Thy prophecy of summer days.

Come with thy green relief of promise,  
And to this dead, cold splendour  
bring  
The living jewels of the spring !

### THE SINGER

YEARS since (but names to me before),  
Two sisters sought at eve my door ;  
Two song-birds wandering from their  
nest,  
A grey old farm-house in the West.

How fresh of life the younger one,  
Half smiles, half tears, like rain in  
sun !  
Her gravest mood could scarce dis-  
place  
The dimples of her nut-brown face.

Wit sparkled on her lips not less  
For quick and tremulous tenderness ;  
And, following close her merriest  
glance,  
Dreamed through her eyes the heart's  
romance.

Timid and still, the elder had  
Even then a smile too sweetly sad ;  
The crown of pain that all must wear  
Too early pressed her midnight hair.

Yet ere the summer eve grew long,  
Her modest lips were sweet with  
song ;  
A memory haunted all her words  
Of clover-fields and singing birds.

Her dark, dilating eyes expressed  
The broad horizons of the west ;  
Her speech dropped prairie flowers ;  
the gold  
Of harvest wheat about her rolled.

Fore-doomed to song she seemed to  
me :

I queried not with destiny :  
I knew the trial and the need,  
Yet, all the more, I said, God speed !

What could I other than I did ?  
Could I a singing-bird forbid ?  
Deny the wind-stirred leaf ? Rebuke  
The music of the forest brook ?

She went with morning from my door,  
But left me richer than before ;  
Thenceforth I knew her voice of cheer,  
The welcome of her partial ear.

Years passed : through all the land  
her name  
A pleasant household word became :  
All felt behind the singer stood  
A sweet and gracious womanhood.

Her life was earnest work, not play ;  
Her tired feet climbed a weary way ;  
And even through her lightest strain  
We heard an undertone of pain.

Unseen of her her fair fame grew,  
The good she did she rarely knew.  
Unguessed of her in life the love  
That rained its tears her grave above.

When last I saw her, full of peace,  
She waited for her great release ;  
And that old friend so sage and bland,  
Our later Franklin, held her hand.

For all that patriot bosoms stirs  
Had moved that woman's heart of  
hers,  
And men who toiled in storm and sun  
Found her their meet companion.

Our converse, from her suffering bed  
To healthful themes of life she led :  
The out-door world of bud and bloom  
And light and sweetness filled her room.

Yet evermore an underthought  
Of loss to come within us wrought,  
And all the while we felt the strain  
Of the strong will that conquered  
pain.

God giveth quietness at last !  
The common way that all have passed  
She went, with mortal yearnings  
fond,  
To fuller life and love beyond.

Fold the rapt soul in your embrace,  
My dear ones ! Give the singer  
place.

To you, to her,—I know not where,—  
I lift the silence of a prayer.

For only thus our own we find ;  
The gone before, the left behind,  
All mortal voices die between ;  
The unheard reaches the unseen.

Again the blackbirdssing ; the streams  
Wake, laughing, from their winter  
dreams,  
And tremble in the April showers  
The tassels of the maple flowers.

But not for her has spring renewed  
The sweet surprises of the wood ;  
And bird and flower are lost to her  
Who was their best interpreter !

What to shut eyes has God revealed ?  
What hear the ears that death has  
sealed ?  
What undreamed beauty passing  
show  
Requites the loss of all we know ?

O silent land, to which we move,  
Enough if there alone be love,  
And mortal need can ne'er outgrow  
What it is waiting to bestow !

O white soul ! from that far-off shore  
Float some sweet song the waters o'er,  
Our faith confirm, our fears dispel,  
With the old voice we loved so well !

## CHICAGO

MEN said at vespers : " All is well !"  
In one wild night the city fell ;  
Fell shrines of prayer and marts of  
gain  
Before the fiery hurricane.

On threescore spires had sunset shone,  
Where ghastly sunrise looked on none.  
Men clasped each other's hands, and  
said :  
" The City of the West is dead !"

B brave hearts who fought, in slow  
retreat,  
The fiends of fire from street to street,  
Turned, powerless, to the blinding  
glare,  
The dumb defiance of despair.

A sudden impulse thrilled each wire  
That signalled round that sea of fire ;  
Swift words of cheer, warm heart-  
throbs came ;  
In tears of pity died the flame !

From East, from West, from South  
and North,  
The messages of hope shot forth,  
And, underneath the severing wave,  
The world, full-handed, reached to  
save.

Fair seemed the old ; but fairer still  
The new, the dreary void shall fill  
With dearer homes than those o'er-  
thrown,  
For love shall lay each corner-stone.

Rise, stricken city !—from thee throw  
The ashen sackcloth of thy woe :  
And build, as to Amphion's strain,  
To songs of cheer thy walls again !

How shrivelled in thy hot distress  
The primal sin of selfishness !  
How instant rose, to take thy part,  
The angel in the human heart !

Ah ! not in vain the flames that  
 tossed  
 Above thy dreadful holocaust ;  
 The Christ again has preached thro'  
 thee  
 The Gospel of Humanity !

Then lift once more thy towers on  
 high,  
 And fret with spires the western  
 sky,  
 To tell that God is yet with us,  
 And love is still miraculous !

### MY BIRTHDAY

BENEATH the moonlight and the  
 snow  
 Lies dead my latest year ;  
 The winter winds are wailing low  
 Its dirges in my ear.

I grieve not with the moaning wind  
 As if a loss befell ;  
 Before me, even as behind,  
 God is, and all is well !

His light shines on me from above,  
 His low voice speaks within,—  
 The patience of immortal love  
 Outwearying mortal sin.

Not mindless of the growing years  
 Of care and loss and pain,  
 My eyes are wet with thankful tears  
 For blessings which remain.

If dim the gold of life has grown,  
 I will not count it dross,  
 Nor turn from treasures still my own  
 To sigh for lack and loss.

The years no charm from Nature  
 take ;  
 As sweet her voices call,  
 As beautiful her mornings break,  
 As fair her evenings fall.

Love watches o'er my quiet ways,  
 Kind voices speak my name,  
 And lips that find it hard to praise  
 Are slow, at least, to blame.

How softly ebb the tides of will !  
 How fields, once lost or won,  
 Now lie behind me green and still  
 Beneath a level sun !

How hushed the hiss of party hate,  
 The clamour of the throng !  
 How old, harsh voices of debate  
 Flow into rhythmic song !

Methinks the spirit's temper grows  
 Too soft in this still air ;  
 Somewhat the restful heart foregoes  
 Of needed watch and prayer.

The bark by tempest vainly tossed  
 May founder in the calm,  
 And he who braved the polar frost  
 Faint by the isles of balm.

Better than self-indulgent years  
 The outflung heart of youth,  
 Than pleasant songs in idle ears  
 The tumult of the truth.

Rest for the weary hands is good,  
 And love for hearts that pine,  
 But let the manly habitude  
 Of upright souls be mine.

Let winds that blow from heaven re-  
 fresh,  
 Dear Lord, the languid air ;  
 And let the weakness of the flesh  
 Thy strength of spirit share.

And, if the eye must fail of light,  
 The ear forget to hear,  
 Make clearer still the spirit's sight,  
 More fine the inward ear !

Be near me in mine hours of need  
 To soothe, or cheer, or warn,  
 And down these slopes of sunset lead  
 As up the hills of morn !

## THE BREWING OF SOMA

"These libations mixed with milk have been prepared for Indra : offer Soma to the drinker of Soma."—VASHISTA. Trans. by MAX MÜLLER.

THE fagots blazed, the caldron's smoke  
Up through the green wood curled ;  
"Bring honey from the hollow oak,  
Bring milky sap," the brewers spoke,  
In the childhood of the world.

And brewed they well or brewed they  
ill,

The priests thrust in their rods,  
First tasted, and then drank their fill,  
And shouted, with one voice and will,  
"Behold the drink of gods !"

They drank, and lo ! in heart and  
brain

A new, glad life began ;  
The grey of hair grew young again,  
The sick man laughed away his pain,  
The cripple leaped and ran.

"Drink, mortals, what the gods have  
sent,  
Forget your long annoy."  
So sang the priests. From tent to tent  
The Soma's sacred madness went,  
A storm of drunken joy.

Then knew each rapt inebriate  
A winged and glorious birth,  
Soared upward, with strange joy elate,  
Beat, with dazed head, Varuna's gate,  
And, sobered, sank to earth.

The land with Soma's praises rang ;  
On Gihon's banks of shade  
Its hymns the dusky maidens sang ;  
In joy of life or mortal pang  
All men to Soma prayed.

The morning twilight of the race  
Sends down these matin psalms ;  
And still with wondering eyes we trace  
The simple prayers to Soma's grace,  
That Vedic verse embalms.

As in that child-world's early year,  
Age after age has striven  
By music, incense, vigils drear,  
And trance, to bring the skies more  
near,  
Or lift men up to heaven !—

Some fever of the blood and brain,  
Some self-exalting spell,  
The scourger's keen delight of pain,  
The Dervish dance, the Orphic  
strain,  
The wild-haired Bacchant's yell,—

The desert's hair-grown hermit sunk  
The saner brute below ;  
The naked Santon, hashish-drunk,  
The cloister madness of the monk,  
The fakir's torture-show !

And yet the past comes round again,  
And new doth old fulfil ;  
In sensual transports wild as vain  
We brew in many a Christian fane  
The heathen Soma still !

Dear Lord and Father of mankind,  
Forgive our foolish ways !  
Re-clothe us in our rightful mind,  
In purer lives Thy service find,  
In deeper reverence, praise.

In simple trust like theirs who heard  
Beside the Syrian sea  
The gracious calling of the Lord,  
Let us, like them, without a word,  
Rise up and follow Thee.

O Sabbath rest by Galilee !  
O calm of hills above,  
Where Jesus knelt to share with  
thee  
The silence of eternity  
Interpreted by love !

With that deep hush subduing all  
Our words and works that drown  
The tender whisper of Thy call,  
As noiseless let Thy blessing fall  
As fell Thy manna down.

Drop Thy still dews of quietness,  
 Till all our strivings cease ;  
 Take from 'our souls the strain and  
     stress,  
 And let our ordered lives confess  
     The beauty of Thy peace.

Breathe through the heats of our  
     desire,  
 Thy coolness and Thy balm ;  
 Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire :  
 Speak through the earthquake, wind,  
     and fire,  
 O still, small voice of calm !

### A WOMAN

OH, dwarfed and wronged, and stained  
     with ill,  
 Behold ! thou art a woman still !  
 And, by that sacred name and  
     dear,  
 I bid thy better self appear.  
 Still, through thy foul disguise, I  
     see  
 The rudimental purity,  
 That, spite of change and loss, makes  
     good  
 Thy birthright claim of woman-  
     hood ;  
 An inward loathing, deep, intense ;  
 A shame that is half innocence.  
 Cast off the grave-clothes of thy  
     sin !  
 Rise from the dust thou liest in,  
 As Mary rose at Jesus' word,  
 Redeemed and white before the  
     Lord !  
 Reclaim thy lost soul ! In His  
     name,  
 Rise up, and break thy bonds of  
     shame.  
 Art weak ?—He's strong. Art fearful ?  
     —Hear  
 The world's O'ercomer : " Be of  
     cheer !"  
 What lip shall judge when He ap-  
     proves ?  
 Who dare to scorn the child He  
     loves ?

### DISARMAMENT

" PUT up the sword ! " The voice of  
     Christ once more  
 Speaks, in the pauses of the cannon's  
     roar,  
 O'er fields of corn by fiery sickles  
     reaped  
 And left dry ashes ; over trenches  
     heaped  
 With nameless dead ; o'er cities starv-  
     ing slow  
 Under a rain of fire ; through wards  
     of woe  
 Down which a groaning diapason runs  
 From tortured brothers, husbands,  
     lovers, sons  
 Of desolate women in their far-off  
     homes,  
 Waiting to hear the step that never  
     comes !  
 O men and brothers ! let that voice  
     be heard.  
 War fails, try peace ; put up the use-  
     less sword !  
 Fear not the end. There is a story  
     told  
 In Eastern tents, when autumn nights  
     grow cold,  
 And round the fire the Mongol shep-  
     herds sit  
 With grave responses listening unto it :  
 Once, on the errands of his mercy bent,  
 Buddha, the holy and benevolent,  
 Met a fell monster, huge and fierce of  
     look,  
 Whose awful voice the hills and forests  
     shook.  
 " O son of peace ! " the giant cried,  
     " thy fate  
 Is sealed at last, and love shall yield  
     to hate."  
 The unarmed Buddha looking, with  
     no trace  
 Of fear or anger, in the monster's face,  
 In pity said : " Poor fiend, even thee  
     I love."  
 Lo ! as he spake the sky-tall terror sank  
 To hand-breadth size ; the huge ab-  
     horrence shrank  
 Into the form and fashion of a dove ;

And where the thunder of its rage  
was heard,  
Circling above him sweetly sang the  
bird :

"Hate hath no harm for love," so  
ran the song ;

"And peace unweaponed conquers  
every wrong !"

## THE ROBIN

My old Welsh neighbour over the  
way  
Crept slowly out in the sun of spring,  
Pushed from her ears the locks of  
gray,  
And listened to hear the robin sing.

Her grandson, playing at marbles,  
stopped,  
And, cruel in sport as boys will be,  
Tossed a stone at the bird, who hopped  
From bough to bough in the apple-  
tree.

"Nay !" said the grandmother ;  
"have you not heard,  
My poor, bad boy ! of the fiery pit,  
And how, drop by drop, this merciful  
bird  
Carries the water that quenches it ?

"He brings cool dew in his little bill,  
And lets it fall on the souls of sin :  
You can see the mark on his red breast  
still  
Of fires that scorch as he drops it in.

"My poor Bron rhuddyn ! my breast-  
burned bird,  
Singing so sweetly from limb to  
limb,  
Very dear to the heart of our Lord  
Is he who pities the lost like Him !"

"Amen !" I said to the beautiful myth ;  
"Sing, bird of God, in my heart  
as well :

Each good thought is a drop wherewith  
To cool and lessen the fires of hell.

"Prayers of love like rain-drops fall,  
Tears of pity are cooling dew,  
And dear to the heart of our Lord are  
all  
Who suffer like Him in the good  
they do !"

## THE SISTERS

ANNIE and Rhoda, sisters twain,  
Woke in the night to the sound of rain,

The rush of wind, the ramp and roar  
Of great waves climbing a rocky shore.

Annie rose up in her bed-gown white,  
And looked out into the storm and  
night.

"Hush, and hearken !" she cried in  
fear,  
"Hearest thou nothing, sister dear ?"

"I hear the sea, and the plash of rain,  
And roar of the north-east hurricane.

"Get thee back to the bed so warm,  
No good comes of watching a storm.

"What is it to thee, I fain would know,  
That waves are roaring and wild winds  
blow ?

"No lover of thine's afloat to miss  
The harbour-lights on a night like  
this."

"But I heard a voice cry out my name,  
Up from the sea on the wind it came !

"Twice and thrice have I heard it call,  
And the voice is the voice of Estwick  
Hall !"

On her pillow the sister tossed her head,  
"Hall of the Heron is safe," she said.

"In the tautest schooner that ever  
swam  
He rides at anchor at Anisquam.

"And, if in peril from swamping sea  
Or lee shore rocks, would he call on  
thee?"

But the girl heard only the wind and  
tide,  
And wringing her small white hands  
she cried:

"O sister Rhoda, there's something  
wrong;  
I hear it again, so loud and long.

"'Annie! Annie!' I hear it call,  
And the voice is the voice of Estwick  
Hall!"

Up sprang the elder, with eyes aflame,  
"Thou liest! He never would call  
thy name!

"If he did, I would pray the wind  
and sea  
To keep him for ever from thee and  
me!"

Then out of the sea blew a dreadful  
blast;  
Like the cry of a dying man it passed.

The young girl hushed on her lips a  
groan,  
But through her tears a strange light  
shone,—

The solemn joy of her heart's release  
To own and cherish its love in peace.

"Dearest!" she whispered, under  
breath,  
"Life was a lie, but true is death.

"The love I hid from myself away  
Shall crown me now in the light of day.

"My ears shall never to wooer list,  
Never by lover my lips be kissed.

"Sacred to thee am I henceforth,  
Thou in heaven and I on earth!"

She came and stood by her sister's bed:  
"Hall of the Heron is dead!" she said.

"The wind and the waves their work  
have done,  
We shall see him no more beneath the  
sun.

"Little will reck that heart of thine,  
It loved him not with a love like mine.

"I, for his sake, were he but here,  
Could hem and 'broider thy bridal gear,

"Though hands should tremble and  
eyes be wet,  
And stitch for stitch in my heart be set.

"But now my soul with his soul I wed;  
Thine the living, and mine the dead!"

### MARGUERITE

MASSACHUSETTS BAY, 1760.

THE robins sang in the orchard, the  
buds into blossoms grew;  
Little of human sorrow the buds and  
the robins knew!

Sick, in an alien household, the poor  
French neutral lay;  
Into her lonesome garret fell the light  
of the April day.

Through the dusty window, curtained  
by the spider's warp and woof,  
On the loose-laid floor of hemlock, on  
oaken ribs of roof.

The bedquilt's faded patchwork, the  
teacups on the stand,  
The wheel with flaxen tangle, as it  
dropped from her sick hand!

What to her was the song of the robin,  
or warm morning light,  
As she lay in the trance of the dying,  
heedless of sound or sight?

Done was the work of her hands, she  
had eaten her bitter bread;  
The world of the alien people lay be-  
hind her dim and dead.



But her soul went back to its child-  
time ; she saw the sun o'erflow  
With gold the basin of Minas, and  
set over Gasperau ;

The low, bare flats at ebb-tide, the  
rush of the sea at flood,  
Through inlet and creek and river,  
from dyke to upland wood ;

The gulls in the red of morning, the  
fish-hawk's rise and fall,  
The drift of the fog in moonshine,  
over the dark coast-wall.

She saw the face of her mother, she  
heard the song she sang ;  
And far off, faintly, slowly, the bell  
for vespers rang !

By her bed the hard-faced mistress sat,  
smoothing the wrinkled sheet,  
Peering into the face, so helpless, and  
feeling the ice-cold feet.

With a vague remorse atoning for her  
greed and long abuse,  
By care no longer heeded and pity  
too late for use.

Up the stairs of the garret softly the  
son of the mistress stepped,  
Leaned over the head-board, cover-  
ing his face with his hands, and  
wept

Outspake the mother, who watched  
him sharply, with brow afrown :  
"What ! love you the Papist, the  
beggar, the charge of the town ?"

"Be she Papist or beggar who lies  
here, I know and God knows  
I love her, and fain would go with  
her wherever she goes !

"O mother ! that sweet face came  
pleading, for love so athirst.  
You saw but the town-charge ; I knew  
her God's angel at first."

Shaking her grey head, the mistress  
hushed down a bitter cry ;  
And awed by the silence and shadow  
of death drawing nigh,

She murmured a psalm of the Bible ;  
but closer the young girl pressed,  
With the last of her life in her fingers,  
the cross to her breast.

"My son, come away," cried the  
mother, her voice cruel grown.  
"She is joined to her idols, like Eph-  
raim ; let her alone !"

But he knelt with his hand on her  
forehead, his lips to her ear,  
And he called back the soul that was  
passing : "Marguerite, do you  
hear ?"

She paused on the threshold of  
Heaven ; love, pity, surprise,  
Wistful, tender, lit up for an instant  
the cloud of her eyes.

With his heart on his lips he kissed her,  
but never her cheek grew red,  
And the words the living long for he  
spake in the ear of the dead.

And the robins sang in the orchard,  
where buds to blossoms grew ;  
Of the folded hands and the still face  
never the robins knew !

### KING VOLMER AND ELSIE

AFTER THE DANISH OF CHRISTIAN  
WINTER.

WHERE, over heathen doom-rings and  
grey stones of the Horg,  
In its little Christian city stands the  
church of Vordingborg.  
In merry mood King Volmer sat, for-  
getful of his power,  
As idle as the Goose of Gold that  
brooded on his tower.

Out spake the King to Henrik, his  
young and faithful squire :

"Dar'st trust thy little Elsie, the  
maid of thy desire?"

"Of all the men in Denmark she  
loveth only me :

As true to me is Elsie as thy Lily is  
to thee."

Loud laughed the king : "To-morrow  
shall bring another day,\*

When I myself will test her ; she will  
not say me nay."

Thereat the lords and gallants, that  
round about him stood,

Wagged all their heads in concert and  
smiled as courtiers should.

The grey lark sings o'er Vordingborg,  
and on the ancient town

From the tall tower of Valdemar the  
Golden Goose looks down :

The yellow grain is waving in the  
pleasant wind of morn,

The wood resounds with cry of hounds  
and blare of hunter's horn.

In the garden of her father little Elsie  
sits and spins,

And, singing with the early birds, her  
daily task begins.

Gay tulips bloom and sweet mint curls  
around her garden-bower,

But she is sweeter than the mint and  
fairer than the flower.

About her form her kirtle blue clings  
lovingly, and, white

As snow, her loose sleeves only leave  
her small, round wrists in sight :

Below the modest petticoat can only  
half conceal

The motion of the lightest foot that  
ever turned a wheel.

The cat sits purring at her side, bees  
hum in sunshine warm ;

But, look ! she starts, she lifts her  
face, she shades it with her arm.

\* A common saying of Valdemar ; hence  
his sobriquet *Atterday*.

And, hark ! a train of horsemen, with  
sound of dog and horn,  
Come leaping o'er the ditches, come  
trampling down the corn !

Merrily rang the bridle-reins, and scarf  
and plume streamed gay,  
As fast beside her father's gate the  
riders held their way ;

And one was brave in scarlet cloak,  
with golden spur on heel,

And, as he checked his foaming steed  
the maiden checked her wheel.

"All hail among thy roses, the fairest  
rose to me !

For weary months in secret my heart  
has longed for thee !"

What noble knight was this ? What  
words for modest maiden's ear ?

She dropped a lowly courtesy of bash-  
fulness and fear.

She lifted up her spinning-wheel ;  
she fain would seek the door,

Trembling in every limb, her cheek  
with blushes crimsoned o'er.

"Nay, fear me not," the rider said,  
"I offer heart and hand,

Bear witness these good Danish  
knights who round about me  
stand.

"I grant you time to think of this,  
to answer as you may,

For to-morrow, little Elsie, shall bring  
another day."

He spake the old phrase slyly as,  
glancing round his train,

He saw his merry followers seek to  
hide their smiles in vain.

"The snow of pearls I'll scatter in  
your curls of golden hair,

I'll line with fur the velvet of the  
kirtle that you wear ;

All precious gems shall twine your  
neck ; and in a chariot gay

You shall ride, my little Elsie, behind  
four steeds of gray.

"And harps shall sound, and flutes  
shall play, and brazen lamps  
shall glow ;

On marble floors your feet shall weave  
the dances to and fro.

At frosty eventide for us the blazing  
hearth shall shine,

While, at our ease, we play at draughts,  
and drink the blood-red wine."

Then Elsie raised her head and met  
her wooer face to face ;

A roguish smile shone in her eye and  
on her lip found place.

Back from her low white forehead the  
curls of gold she threw,

And lifted up her eyes to his, steady  
and clear and blue.

"I am a lowly peasant, and you a  
gallant knight ;

I will not trust a love that soon may  
cool and turn to slight.

If you would wed me henceforth be a  
peasant, not a lord ;

I bid you hang upon the wall your  
tried and trusty sword."

"To please you, Elsie, I will lay keen  
Dynadel away,

And in its place will swing the scythe  
and mow your father's hay."

"Nay, but your gallant scarlet cloak  
my eyes can never bear ;

A Vadmal coat, so plain and grey, is  
all that you must wear."

"Well, Vadmal will I wear for you,"  
the rider gaily spoke,

"And on the Lord's high altar I'll  
lay my scarlet cloak."

"But mark," she said, "no stately  
horse my peasant love must  
ride,

A yoke of steers before the plough is  
all that he must guide."

The knight looked down upon his  
steed : "Well, let him wander  
free :

No other man must ride the horse  
that has been backed by me.

Henceforth I'll tread the furrow and  
to my oxen talk,

If only little Elsie beside my plough  
will walk."

"You must take from out your cellar  
cask of wine and flask and can ;

The homely mead I brew you may  
serve a peasant-man."

"Most willingly, fair Elsie, I'll drink  
that mead of thine,

And leave my minstrel's thirsty throat  
to drain my generous wine."

"Now break your shield asunder, and  
shatter sign and boss,

Unmeet for peasant-wedded arms,  
your knightly knee across.

And pull me down your castle from  
top to basement wall,

And let your plough trace furrows in  
the ruins of your hall !"

Then smiled he with a lofty pride ;  
right well at last he knew

The maiden of the spinning-wheel was  
to her troth-plight true.

"Ah, roguish little Elsie ! you act  
your part full well :

You know that I must bear my shield  
and in my castle dwell !

"The lions ramping on that shield  
between the hearts aflame

Keep watch o'er Denmark's honour,  
and guard her ancient name.

For know that I am Volmer ; I dwell  
in yonder towers,

Who ploughs them ploughs up Den-  
mark, this goodly home of ours !

"I tempt no more, fair Elsie ! your  
heart I know is true ;

Would God that all our maidens were  
good and pure as you !

Well have you pleased your monarch,  
and he shall well repay ;

God's peace ! Farewell ! To-morrow  
will bring another day !"

He lifted up his bridle hand, he  
spurred his good steed then,

And like a whirl-blast swept away  
with all his gallant men.

The steel hoofs beat the rocky path ;  
 again on winds of morn  
 The wood resounds with cry of hounds  
 and blare of hunter's horn.

"Thou true and ever faithful !" the  
 listening Henrik cried ;  
 And, leaping o'er the green hedge, he  
 stood by Elsie's side  
 None saw the fond embracing, save,  
 shining from afar,  
 The Golden Goose that watched them  
 from the tower of Valdemar.

O darling girls of Denmark ! of all  
 the flowers that throng  
 Her vales of spring the fairest I sing  
 for you my song.  
 No praise as yours so bravely rewards  
 the singer's skill ;  
 Thank God ! of maids like Elsie the  
 land has plenty still !

### THE THREE BELLS

BENEATH the low-hung night cloud  
 That raked her splintering mast,  
 The good ship settled slowly,  
 The cruel leak gained fast.

Over the awful ocean  
 Her signal guns pealed out.  
 Dear God ! was that Thy answer  
 From the horror round about ?

A voice came down the wild wind,  
 "Ho ! ship ahoy !" its cry :  
 "Our stout Three Bells of Glasgow  
 Shall lay till daylight by !"

Hour after hour crept slowly,  
 Yet on the heaving swells  
 Tossed up and down the ship-lights,  
 The lights of the Three Bells !

And ship to ship made signals,  
 Man answered back to man,  
 While oft, to cheer and hearten,  
 The Three Bells nearer ran ;

And the captain from her taffrail  
 Sent down his hopeful cry.  
 "Take heart ! Hold on !" he shouted  
 "The Three Bells shall lay by !"

All night across the waters  
 The tossing lights shone clear ;  
 All night from reeling taffrail  
 The Three Bells sent her cheer.

And when the dreary watches  
 Of storm and darkness passed,  
 Just as the wreck lurched under,  
 All souls were saved at last.

Sail on, Three Bells, for ever,  
 In grateful memory sail !  
 Ring on, Three Bells of rescue,  
 Above the wave and gale !

Type of the Love eternal,  
 Repeat the Master's cry,  
 As tossing through our darkness  
 The lights of God draw nigh !



# HAZEL BLOSSOMS

## AND OTHER POEMS

[1874]

### *HAZEL BLOSSOMS*

THE summer warmth has left the sky,  
The summer songs have died away ;  
And, withered, in the footpaths lie  
The fallen leaves, but yesterday  
With ruby and with topaz gay.

The grass is browning on the hills ;  
No pale, belated flowers recall  
The astral fringes of the rills,  
And drearly the dead vines fall,  
Frost - blackened, from the roadside  
wall.

Yet through the grey and sombre  
wood,  
Against the dusk of fir and pine,  
Last of their floral sisterhood,  
The hazel's yellow blossoms shine,  
The tawny gold of Afric's mine !

Small beauty hath my unsung flower,  
For spring to own or summer hail ;  
But, in the season's saddest hour,  
To skies that weep and winds that wail  
Its glad surprisals never fail.

O days grown cold ! O life grown old !  
No rose of June may bloom again ;  
But, like the hazel's twisted gold,

Through early frost and latter rain  
Shall hints of summer-time remain.

And as within the hazel's bough  
A gift of mystic virtue dwells,  
That points to golden ores below,  
And in dry desert places tells  
Where flow unseen the cool, sweet  
wells,

So, in the wise Diviner's hand,  
Be mine the hazel's grateful part  
To feel, beneath a thirsty land,  
The living waters thrill and start,  
The beating of the rivulet's heart !

Sufficeth me the gift to light  
With latest bloom the dark, cold  
days ;  
To call some hidden spring to sight  
That, in these dry and dusty ways,  
Shall sing its pleasant song of  
praise.

O Love ! the hazel-wand may fail,  
But thou canst lend the surer spell,  
That, passing over Baca's vale,  
Repeats the old-time miracle,  
And makes the desert-land a well.

## SUMNER

"I am not one who has disgraced beauty of sentiment by deformity of conduct, or the maxims of a freeman by the actions of a slave; but, by the grace of God, I have kept my life unsullied."—MILTON'S *Defence of the People of England*.

O MOTHER STATE!—the winds of  
March  
Blew chill o'er Auburn's Field of  
God,  
Where, slow, beneath a leaden arch  
Of sky, thy mourning children trod.

And, now, with all thy woods in leaf,  
Thy fields in flower, beside thy dead  
Thou sittest, in thy robes of grief,  
A Rachel yet un comforted!

And once again the organ swells,  
Once more the flag is half-way hung,  
And yet again the mournful bells  
In all thy steeple-towers are rung

And I, obedient to thy will,  
Have come a simple wreath to lay,  
Superfluous, on a grave that still  
Is sweet with all the flowers of May.

I take, with awe, the task assigned;  
It may be that my friend might miss,  
In his new sphere of heart and mind,  
Some token from my hand in this.

By many a tender memory moved,  
Along the past my thought I send;  
The record of the cause he loved  
Is the best record of its friend.

No trumpet sounded in his ear,  
He saw not Sinai's cloud and flame,  
But never yet to Hebrew seer  
A clearer voice of duty came.

God said: "Break thou these yokes;  
undo  
These heavy burdens. I ordain  
A work to last thy whole life through,  
A ministry of strife and pain.

"Forego thy dreams of lettered ease,  
Put thou the scholar's promise by,  
The rights of man are more than these."  
He heard, and answered: "Here  
am I!"

He set his face against the blast,  
His feet against the flinty shard,  
Till the hard service grew, at last,  
Its own exceeding great reward.

Lifted like Saul's above the crowd,  
Upon his kingly forehead fell  
The first, sharp bolt of Slavery's cloud,  
Launched at the truth he urged so  
well.

Ah! never yet at rack or stake,  
Wassorer loss made Freedom's gain,  
Than his, who suffered for her sake  
The beak-torn Titan's lingering  
pain!

The fixed star of his faith, through all  
Loss, doubt, and peril, shone the  
same;  
As through a night of storm, some  
tall,  
Strong lighthouse lifts its steady  
flame.

Beyond the dust and smoke he saw  
The sheaves of Freedom's large in-  
crease,  
The holy fanes of equal law,  
The New Jerusalem of peace.

The weak might fear, the worldling  
mock,  
The faint and blind of heart regret;  
All knew at last th' eternal rock  
On which his forward feet were set.

The subtlest scheme of compromise  
Was folly to his purpose bold;  
The strongest mesh of party lies  
Weak to the simplest truth he  
told.

One language held his heart and lip,  
Straight onward to his goal he trod,  
And proved the highest statesmanship  
Obedience to the voice of God.

No wail was in his voice,—none heard,  
When treason's storm cloud blackest  
grew,  
The weakness of a doubtful word ;  
His duty, and the end, he knew.

The first to smite, the first to spare ;  
When once the hostile ensigns fell,  
He stretched out hands of generous  
care  
To lift the foe he fought so well.

For there was nothing base or small  
Or craven in his soul's broad plan ;  
Forgiving all things personal,  
He hated only wrong to man.

The old traditions of his State,  
The memories of her great and good,  
Took from his life a fresher date,  
And in himself embodied stood.

How felt the greed of gold and place,  
The venal crew that schemed and  
planned,  
The fine scorn of that haughty face,  
The spurning of that bribeless hand !

If than Rome's tribunes statelier  
He wore his senatorial robe,  
His lofty port was all for her,  
The one dear spot on all the globe.

If to the master's plea he gave  
The vast contempt his manhood felt,  
He saw a brother in the slave,—  
With man as equal man he dealt.

Proud was he ? If his presence kept  
Its grandeur wheresoe'er he trod,  
As if from Plutarch's gallery stepped  
The hero and the demigod,

None failed, at least, to reach his ear,  
Nor want nor woe appealed in vain ;  
The homesick soldier knew his cheer,  
And blessed him from his ward of  
pain.

Safely his dearest friends may own  
The slight defects he never hid,  
The surface-blemish in the stone  
Of the tall, stately pyramid.

Suffice it that he never brought  
His conscience to the public mart ;  
But lived himself the truth he taught,  
White-souled, clean-handed, pure  
of heart.

What if he felt the natural pride  
Of power in noble use, too true  
With thin humilities to hide  
The work he did, the lore he knew ?

Was he not just ? Was any wronged  
By that assured self-estimate ?  
He took but what to him belonged ;  
Unenvious of another's state.

Well might he heed the words he spake,  
And scan with care the written page  
Through which he still shall warm  
and wake  
The hearts of men from age to age.

Ah ! who shall blame him now because  
He solaced thus his hours of pain !  
Should not the o'erworn thresher  
pause,  
And hold to light his golden grain ?

No sense of humour dropped its oil  
On the hard ways his purpose went ;  
Small play of fancy lightened toil ;  
He spake alone the thing he meant.

He loved his books, the Art that hints  
A beauty veiled behind its own,  
The graver's line, the pencil's tints,  
The chisel's shape evoked from  
stone.

He cherished, void of selfish ends,  
The social courtesies that bless  
And sweeten life, and loved his friends  
With most unworldly tenderness.

But still his tired eyes rarely learned  
The glad relief by Nature brought ;  
Her mountain ranges never turned  
His current of persistent thought.

The sea rolled chorus to his speech,  
 Three-banked like Latium's tall  
 trireme,  
 With labouring oars ; the grove and  
 beach  
 Were Forum and the Academe.

The sensuous joy from all things fair  
 His strenuous bent of soul repressed,  
 And left from youth to silvered hair  
 Few hours for pleasure, none for rest.

For all his life was poor without,  
 O Nature, make the last amends !  
 Train all thy flowers his grave about,  
 And make thy singing-birds his  
 friends !

Revive again, thou summer rain,  
 The broken turf upon his bed !  
 Breathe, summer wind, thy tenderest  
 strain  
 Of low, sweet music overhead !

With calm and beauty symbolise  
 The peace which follows long annoy,  
 And lend our earth-bent mourning  
 eyes  
 Some hint of his diviner joy.

For safe with right and truth he is,  
 As God lives he must live alway ;  
 There is no end for souls like his,  
 No night for children of the day !

Nor cant nor poor solicitudes  
 Made weak his life's great argument ;  
 Small leisure his for frames and moods  
 Who followed Duty where she  
 went.

The broad, fair fields of God he saw  
 Beyond the bigot's narrow bound ;  
 The truths he moulded into law  
 In Christ's beatitudes he found.

His State-craft was the Golden Rule,  
 His right of vote a sacred trust ;  
 Clear, over threat and ridicule,  
 All heard his challenge : " Is it  
 just ? "

And when the hour supreme had  
 come,  
 Not for himself a thought he gave ;  
 In that last pang of martyrdom,  
 His care was for the half-freed  
 slave.

Not vainly dusky hands upbore,  
 In prayer, the passing soul to heaven  
 Whose mercy to His suffering poor  
 Was service to the Master given.

Long shall the good State's annals  
 tell,  
 Her children's children long be  
 taught,  
 How, praised or blamed, he guarded  
 well  
 The trust he neither shunned nor  
 sought.

If for one moment turned thy face,  
 O Mother, from thy son, not long  
 He waited calmly in his place  
 The sure remorse which follows  
 wrong.

Forgiven be the State he loved  
 The one brief lapse, the single  
 blot ;  
 Forgotten be the stain removed,  
 Her righted record shows it not !

The lifted sword above her shield  
 With jealous care shall guard his  
 fame ;  
 The pine-tree on her ancient field  
 To all the winds shall speak his  
 name.

The marble image of her son  
 Her loving hands shall yearly crown,  
 And from her pictured Pantheon  
 His grand, majestic face look down.

O State so passing rich before,  
 Who now shall doubt thy highest  
 claim ?  
 The world that counts thy jewels o'er  
 Shall longest pause at SUMNER'S  
 name !



## THE PRAYER OF AGASSIZ

ON the Isle of Penikese,  
 Ringed about by sapphire seas,  
 Fanned by breezes salt and cool,  
 Stood the Master with his school.  
 Over sails that not in vain  
 Wooed the west-wind's steady strain,  
 Line of coast that low and far  
 Stretched its undulating bar,  
 Wings aslant along the rim  
 Of the waves they stooped to skim,  
 Rock and isle and glistening bay,  
 Fell the beautiful white day.  
 Said the Master to the youth :  
 "We have come in search of truth,  
 Trying with uncertain key  
 Door by door of mystery ;  
 We are reaching, through His laws,  
 To the garment-hem of Cause,  
 Him, the endless, unbegun,  
 The Unnamable, the One  
 Light of all our light the Source,  
 Life of life, and Force of force.  
 As with fingers of the blind,  
 We are groping here to find  
 What the hieroglyphics mean  
 Of the Unseen in the seen,  
 What the Thought which underlies  
 Nature's masking and disguise,  
 What it is that hides beneath  
 Blight and bloom and birth and  
 death.  
 By past efforts unavailing,  
 Doubt and error, loss and failing,  
 Of our weakness made aware,  
 On the threshold of our task  
 Let us light and guidance ask,  
 Let us pause in silent prayer !"

Then the Master in his place  
 Bowed his head a little space,  
 And the leaves by soft airs stirred,  
 Lapse of wave and cry of bird  
 Left the solemn hush unbroken  
 Of that wordless prayer unspoken,  
 While its wish, on earth unsaid,  
 Rose to heaven interpreted.  
 As, in life's best hours we hear  
 By the spirit's finer ear  
 His low voice within us, thus  
 The All-Father heareth us ;

And His holy ear we pain  
 With our noisy words and vain.  
 Not for Him our violence  
 Storming at the gates of sense,  
 His the primal language, His  
 The eternal silences !

Even the careless heart was moved,  
 And the doubting gave assent,  
 With a gesture reverent,  
 To the Master well-beloved.  
 As thin mists are glorified  
 By the light they cannot hide,  
 All who gazed upon him saw,  
 Through its veil of tender awe,  
 How his face was still uplit  
 By the old sweet look of it,  
 Hopeful, trustful, full of cheer,  
 And the love that casts out fear.  
 Who the secret may declare  
 Of that brief, unuttered prayer ?  
 Did the shade before him come  
 Of th' inevitable doom,  
 Of the end of earth so near,  
 And Eternity's new year ?

In the lap of sheltering seas  
 Rests the isle of Penikese ;  
 But the lord of the domain  
 Comes not to his own again :  
 Where the eyes that follow fail,  
 On a vaster sea his sail  
 Drifts beyond our beck and hail.  
 Other lips within its bound  
 Shall the laws of life expound ;  
 Other eyes from rock and shell  
 Read the world's old riddles well :  
 But when breezes light and bland  
 Blow from Summer's blossomed  
 land,  
 When the air is glad with wings,  
 And the blithe song-sparrow sings,  
 Many an eye with his still face  
 Shall the living ones displace,  
 Many an ear the word shall seek  
 He alone could fitly speak,  
 And one name for evermore  
 Shall be uttered o'er and o'er  
 By the waves that kiss the shore,  
 By the curlew's whistle sent  
 Down the cool, sea-scented air ;

In all voices known to her,  
 Nature owns her worshipper,  
 Half in triumph, half lament.  
 Thither Love shall tearful turn,  
 Friendship pause uncovered there,  
 And the wisest reverence learn  
 From the Master's silent prayer.

### THE FRIEND'S BURIAL

My thoughts are all in yonder town,  
 Where, wept by many tears,  
 To-day my mother's friend lays down  
 The burden of her years.

True as in life, no poor disguise  
 Of death with her is seen,  
 And on her simple casket lies  
 No wreath of bloom and green.

Oh, not for her the florist's art,  
 The mocking weeds of woe,  
 Dear memories in each mourner's heart  
 Like heaven's white lilies blow.

And all about the softening air  
 Of new-born sweetness tells,  
 And the ungathered May-flowers wear  
 The tints of ocean shells.

The old, assuring miracle  
 Is fresh as heretofore ;  
 And earth takes up its parable  
 Of life from death once more.

Here organ-swell and church-bell toll  
 Methinks but discord were,—  
 The prayerful silence of the soul  
 Is best befitting her.

No sound should break the quietude  
 Alike of earth and sky ;—  
 O wandering wind in Seabrook wood  
 Breathe but a half-heard sigh !

Sing softly, spring-bird, for her sake ;  
 And thou not distant sea,  
 Lapse lightly as if Jesus spake,  
 And thou wert Galilee !

For all her quiet life flowed on  
 As meadow streamlets flow,  
 Where fresher green reveals alone  
 The noiseless ways they go.

From her loved place of prayer I see  
 The plain-robed mourners pass,  
 With slow feet treading reverently  
 The graveyard's springing grass.

Make room, O mourning ones, for me,  
 Where, like the friends of Paul,  
 That you no more her face shall see  
 You sorrow most of all.

Her path shall brighten more and more  
 Unto the perfect day ;  
 She cannot fail of peace who bore  
 Such peace with her away.

O sweet, calm face that seemed to wear  
 The look of sins forgiven !  
 O voice of prayer that seemed to bear  
 Our own needs up to heaven !

How reverent in our midst she stood,  
 Or knelt in grateful praise,  
 What grace of Christian womanhood  
 Was in her household ways !

For still her holy living meant  
 No duty left undone ;  
 The heavenly and the human blent  
 Their kindred loves in one.

And if her life small leisure found  
 For feasting ear and eye,  
 And Pleasure, on her daily round,  
 She passed unpausing by,

Yet with her went a secret sense  
 Of all things sweet and fair,  
 And Beauty's gracious providence  
 Refreshed her unaware.

She kept her line of rectitude  
 With love's unconscious ease ;  
 Her kindly instincts understood  
 All gentle courtesies.

An inborn charm of graciousness  
 Made sweet her smile and tone,  
 And glorified her farm-wife dress  
 With beauty not its own.

The dear Lord's best interpreters  
Are humble human souls ;  
The Gospel of a life like hers  
Is more than books or scrolls.

From scheme and creed the light goes  
out,  
The saintly fact survives ;  
The blessed Master none can doubt  
Revealed in holy lives.

## JOHN UNDERHILL

A SCORE of years had come and gone  
Since the Pilgrims landed on Ply-  
mouth stone,  
When Captain Underhill, bearingscars  
From Indian ambush and Flemish  
wars,  
Left three-hilled Boston and wandered  
down,  
East by north, to Cocheco town.

With Vane the younger, in counsel  
sweet,  
He had sat at Anna Hutchinson's feet,  
And, when the bolt of banishment fell  
On the head of his saintly oracle,  
He had shared her ill as her good report,  
And braved the wrath of the General  
Court.

He shook from his feet as he rode away  
The dust of the Massachusetts Bay.  
The world might bless and the world  
might ban,  
What did it matter the perfect man,  
To whom the freedom of earth was  
given,  
Proof against sin, and sure of heaven ?

He cheered his heart as he rode along  
With creed of Scripture and holy song,  
Or thought how he rode with his lances  
free  
By the Lower Rhine and the Zuyder-  
Zee,  
Till his wood-path grew to a trodden  
road,  
And Hilton Point in the distance  
showed.

He saw the church with the block-  
house nigh,  
The two fair rivers, the flakes thereby,  
And, tacking to windward, low and  
crank,  
The little shallop from Strawberry  
Bank ;  
And he rose in his stirrups and looked  
abroad  
Over land and water, and praised the  
Lord.

Goodly and stately and grave to see,  
Into the clearing space rode he,  
With the sun on the hilt of his sword  
in sheath,  
And his silver buckles and spurs  
beneath,  
And the settlers welcomed him, one  
and all,  
From swift Quampeagan to Gonic  
Fall.

And he said to the elders : " Lo, I  
come  
As the way seemed open to seek a  
home,  
Somewhat the Lord hath wrought by  
my hands  
In the Narragansett and Netherlands,  
And if here ye have work for a Chris-  
tian man,  
I will tarry, and serve ye as best I can.

" I boast not of gifts, but fain would  
own  
The wonderful favour God hath  
shown,  
The special mercy vouchsafed one  
day  
On the shore of Narragansett Bay,  
As I sat, with my pipe, from the camp  
aside,  
And mused like Isaac at eventide.

" A sudden sweetness of peace I found,  
A garment of gladness wrapped me  
round ;  
I felt from the law of works released,  
The strife of the flesh and spirit ceased,  
My faith to a full assurance grew,  
And all I had hoped for myself I  
knew.

"Now, as God appointeth, I keep my way,  
I shall not stumble, I shall not stray ;  
He hath taken away my fig-leaf dress,  
I wear the robe of His righteousness ;  
And the shafts of Satan no more avail  
Than Pequot arrows on Christian mail."

"Tarry with us," the settlers cried,  
"Thou man of God, as our ruler and guide."

And Captain Underhill bowed his head.

"The will of the Lord be done!" he said.

And the morrow beheld him sitting down

In the ruler's seat in Cocheco town.

And he judged therein as a just man should ;

His words were wise and his rule was good ;

He coveted not his neighbour's land,  
From the holding of bribes he shook his hand ;

And through the camps of the heathen ran

A wholesome fear of the valiant man.

But the heart is deceitful, the good Book saith,

And life hath ever a savour of death.

'Through hymns of triumph the tempter calls,

And whoso thinketh he standeth falls.

Alas ! ere their round the seasons ran,  
There was grief in the soul of the saintly man.

The tempter's arrows that rarely fail  
Had found the joints of his spiritual mail ;

And men took note of his gloomy air,  
The shame in his eye, the halt in his prayer,

The signs of a battle lost within,  
The pain of a soul in the coils of sin.

Then a whisper of scandal linked his name

With broken vows and a life of blame ;

And the people looked askance on him  
As he walked among them sullen and grim,  
Ill at ease, and bitter of word,  
And prompt of quarrel with hand or sword.

None knew how, with prayer and fasting still,

He strove in the bonds of his evil will ;  
But he shook himself like Samson at length,

And girded anew his loins of strength,  
And bade the crier go up and down  
And call together the wondering town.

Jeer and murmur and shaking of head  
Ceased as he rose in his place and said :

"Men, brethren, and fathers, well ye know

How I came among you a year ago,  
Strong in the faith that my soul was freed

From sin of feeling, or thought, or deed.

"I have sinned, I own it with grief and shame,

But not with a lie on my lips I came.  
In my blindness I verily thought my heart

Swept and garnished in every part.  
He chargeth His angels with folly ;  
He sees

The heavens unclean. Was I more than these ?

"I urge no plea. At your feet I lay  
The trust you gave me, and go my way.  
Hate me or pity me, as you will,  
The Lord will have mercy on sinners still ;

And I, who am chiefest, say to all,  
Watch and pray, lest ye also fall."

No voice made answer : a sob so low  
That only his quickened ear could know  
Smote his heart with a bitter pain,  
As into the forest he rode again,  
And the veil of its oaken leaves shut down

On his latest glimpse of Cocheco town.

Crystal-clear on the man of sin  
 The streams flashed up, and the sky  
   shone in ;  
 On his cheek of fever the cool wind  
   blew,  
 The leaves dropped on him their tears  
   of dew,  
 And angels of God, in the pure, sweet  
   guise  
 Of flowers, looked on him with sad  
   surprise.

Was his ear at fault that brook and  
   breeze  
 Sang in their saddest of minor keys ?  
 What was it the mournful wood-  
   thrush said ?  
 What whispered the pine-trees over-  
   head ?  
 Did he hear the Voice on his lonely  
   way  
 That Adam heard in the cool of day ?

Into the desert alone rode he,  
 Alone with the Infinite Purity ;  
 And, bowing his soul to its tender  
   rebuke,  
 As Peter did to the Master's look,  
 He measured his path with prayers of  
   pain  
 For peace with God and nature again.

And in after years to Cocheco came  
 The bruit of a once familiar name ;  
 How among the Dutch of New  
   Netherlands,  
 From wild Danskamer to Haarlem  
   sands,  
 A penitent soldier preached the Word,  
 And smote the heathen with Gideon's  
   sword !

And the heart of Boston was glad to  
   hear  
 How he harried the foe on the long  
   frontier,  
 And heaped on the land against him  
   barred  
 The coals of his generous watch and  
   ward.  
 Frailest and bravest ! the Bay State still  
 Counts with her worthies John Under-  
   hill.

## IN QUEST

HAVE I not voyaged, friend beloved,  
   with thee  
 On the great waters of the unsounded  
   sea,  
 Momently listening with suspended  
   oar  
 For the low rote of waves upon a  
   shore  
 Changeless as heaven, where never  
   fog-cloud drifts  
 Over its windless woods, nor mirage  
   lifts  
 The steadfast hills ; where never birds  
   of doubt  
 Sing to mislead, and every dream dies  
   out,  
 And the dark riddles which perplex  
   us here  
 In the sharp solvent of its light are  
   clear ?  
 Thou knowest how vain our quest ;  
   how, soon or late,  
 The baffling tides and circles of de-  
   bate  
 Swept back our bark unto its starting-  
   place,  
 Where, looking forth upon the blank,  
   grey space,  
 And round about us seeing, with sad  
   eyes,  
 The same old difficult hills and cloud-  
   cold skies,  
 We said : " This outward search  
   availeth not  
 To find Him. He is farther than we  
   thought,  
 Or, haply, nearer. To this very  
   spot  
 Whereon we wait, this commonplace  
   of home,  
 As to the well of Jacob, He may  
   come  
 And tell us all things." As I listened  
   there,  
 Through the expectant silences of  
   prayer,  
 Somewhat I seemed to hear, which  
   hath to me  
 Been hope, strength, comfort, and I  
   give it thee.

"The riddle of the world is understood  
 Only by him who feels that God is good.  
 As only he can feel who makes his love  
 The ladder of his faith, and climbs  
     above  
 On th' rounds of his best instincts ;  
     draws no line  
 Between mere human goodness and  
     divine,  
 But, judging God by what in him is  
     best,  
 With a child's trust leans on a Father's  
     breast,  
 And hears unmoved the old creeds  
     babble still  
 Of kingly power and dread caprice of  
     will,  
 Chary of blessing, prodigal of curse,  
 The pitiless doomsman of the universe.  
 Can Hatred ask for Love? Can Self-  
     fishness  
 Invite to self-denial? Is He less  
 Than man in kindly dealing? Can  
     He break  
 His own great law of fatherhood, for-  
     sake  
 And curse His children? Not for  
     earth and heaven  
 Can separate tables of the law be given.  
 No rule can bind which He Himself  
     denies ;  
 The truths of time are not eternal lies."  
  
 So heard I ; and the chaos round me  
     spread  
 To light and order grew ; and,  
     "Lord," I said,  
 "Our sins are our tormentors, worst  
     of all  
 Felt in distrustful shame that dares  
     not call  
 Upon Thee as our Father. We have set  
 A strange god up, but Thou remainest  
     yet.  
 All that I feel of pity Thou hast known  
 Before I was ; my best is all Thy own.  
 From Thy great heart of goodness mine  
     but drew  
 Wishes and prayers ; but Thou, O  
     Lord, wilt do,  
 In Thy own time, by ways I cannot see,  
 All that I feel when I am nearest  
     Thee !"

### A SEA DREAM

We saw the slow tides go and come,  
     The curving surf-lines lightly drawn,  
 The grey rocks touched with tender  
     bloom  
     Beneath the fresh-blown rose of  
     dawn.

We saw in richer sunsets lost  
     The sombre pomp of showery noons ;  
 And signalled spectral sails that crossed  
     The weird, low light of rising moons.

On stormy eves from cliff and head  
     We saw the white spray tossed and  
     spurned ;  
 While over all, in gold and red,  
     Its face of fire the lighthouse turned.

The rail-car brought its daily crowds,  
     Half curious, half indifferent,  
 Like passing sails or floating clouds,  
     We saw them as they came and went

But, one calm morning, as we lay  
     And watched the mirage-lifted wall  
 Of coast, across the dreamy bay,  
     And heard afar the curlew call,

And nearer voices, wild or tame,  
     Of airy flock and childish throng,  
 Up from the water's edge there came  
     Faint snatches of familiar song.

Careless we heard the singer's choice  
     Of old and common airs ; at last  
 The tender pathos of his voice  
     In one low chanson held us fast.

A song that mingled joy and pain,  
     And memories old and sadly sweet ;  
 While, timing to its minor strain,  
     The waves in lapsing cadence beat.

\* \* \*

The waves are glad in breeze and sun ;  
     The rocks are fringed with foam ;  
 I walk once more a haunted shore,  
     A stranger, yet at home,—  
     A land of dreams I roam.

Is this the wind, the soft sea-wind  
That stirred thy locks of brown?  
Are these the rocks whose mosses  
knew  
The trail of thy light gown,  
Where boy and girl sat down?

I see the grey fort's broken wall,  
The boats that rock below;  
And, out at sea, the passing sails  
We saw so long ago  
Rose-red in morning's glow.

The freshness of the early time  
On every breeze is blown;  
As glad the sea, as blue the sky,—  
The change is ours alone;  
The saddest is my own.

A stranger now, a world-worn man,  
Is he who bears my name;  
But thou, methinks, whose mortal  
life  
Immortal youth became,  
Art evermore the same.

Thou art not here, thou art not  
there,  
Thy place I cannot see;  
I only know that where thou art  
The blessed angels be,  
And heaven is glad for thee.

Forgive me if the evil years  
Have left on me their sign;  
Wash out, O soul so beautiful,  
The many stains of mine  
In tears of love divine!

I could not look on thee and live,  
If thou wert by my side;  
The vision of a shining one,  
The white and heavenly bride,  
Is well to me denied.

But turn to me thy dear girl-face  
Without the angel's crown,  
The wedded roses of thy lips,  
Thy loose hair rippling down  
In waves of golden brown.

Look forth once more through space  
and time,  
And let thy sweet shade fall  
In tenderest grace of soul and form  
On memory's frescoed wall,  
A shadow, and yet all!

Draw near, more near, for ever dear!  
Where'er I rest or roam,  
Or in the city's crowded streets,  
Or by the blown sea foam,  
The thought of thee is home!

\* \* \*

At breakfast hour the singer read  
The city news, with comment  
wise,  
Like one who felt the pulse of trade  
Beneath his finger fall and rise.

His look, his air, his curt speech,  
told  
The man of action, not of books,  
To whom the corners made in gold  
And stocks were more than seaside  
nooks.

Of life beneath the life confessed  
His song had hinted unawares;  
Of flowers in traffic's ledger pressed,  
Of human hearts in bulls and bears.

But eyes in vain were turned to watch  
That face so hard and shrewd and  
strong;  
And ears in vain grew sharp to catch  
The meaning of that morning song.

In vain some sweet-voiced querist  
sought  
To sound him, leaving as she came;  
Her baited album only caught  
A common, unromantic name.

No word betrayed the mystery fine,  
That trembled on the singer's  
tongue;  
He came and went, and left no sign  
Behind him save the song he sung.

*A MYSTERY*

THE river hemmed with leaning trees  
Wound through its meadows green ;  
A low, blue line of mountains showed  
The open pines between.

One sharp, tall peak above them all  
Clear into sunlight sprang :  
I saw the river of my dreams,  
The mountains that I sang !

No clue of memory led me on,  
But well the ways I knew ;  
A feeling of familiar things  
With every footstep grew.

Not otherwise above its crag  
Could lean the blasted pine ;  
Not otherwise the maple hold  
Aloft its red ensign.

So up the long and shorn foot-hills  
The mountain road should creep ;  
So, green and low, the meadow fold  
Its red-haired kine asleep.

The river wound as it should wind ;  
Their place the mountains took ;  
The white torn fringes of their clouds  
Wore no unwonted look.

Yet ne'er before that river's rim  
Was pressed by feet of mine,  
Never before mine eyes had crossed  
That broken mountain line.

A presence, strange at once and known,  
Walked with me as my guide ;  
The skirts of some forgotten life  
Trailed noiseless at my side.

Was it a dim-remembered dream ?  
Or glimpse through æons old ?  
The secret which the mountains kept  
The river never told.

But from the vision ere it passed  
A tender hope I drew,  
And, pleasant as a dawn of spring,  
The thought within me grew,

That love would temper every change,  
And soften all surprise,  
And, misty with the dreams of earth,  
The hills of Heaven arise.

*CONDUCTOR BRADLEY*

CONDUCTOR BRADLEY (always may  
his name  
Be said with reverence !) as the swift  
doom came,  
Smitten to death, a crushed and  
mangled frame,

Sank, with the brake he grasped just  
where he stood  
To do the utmost that a brave man  
could,  
And die, if needful, as a true man  
should.

Men stooped above him ; women  
dropped their tears  
On that poor wreck beyond all hopes  
or fears,  
Lost in the strength and glory of his  
years.

What heard they ? Lo ! the ghastly  
lips of pain,  
Dead to all thought save duty's,  
moved again :  
" Put out the signals for the other  
train ! "

No nobler utterance since the world  
began  
From lips of saint or martyr ever  
ran,  
Electric, through the sympathies of  
man.

Ah me ! how poor and noteless seem  
to this  
The sick-bed dramas of self-conscious-  
ness,  
Our sensual fears of pain and hopes  
of bliss !



Oh, grand, supreme endeavour! Not  
 in vain  
 That last brave act of failing tongue  
 and brain!  
 Freight with life the downward  
 rushing train,

Following the wrecked one, as wave  
 follows wave,  
 Obeyed the warning which the dead  
 lips gave.  
 Others he saved, himself he could not  
 save.

Nay, the lost life *was* saved. He is  
 not dead  
 Who in his record still the earth shall  
 tread  
 With God's clear aureole shining round  
 his head.

We bow as in the dust, with all our pride  
 Of virtue dwarfed the noble deed beside.  
 God give us grace to live as Bradley  
 died!

### CHILD-SONGS

STILL linger in our noon of time  
 And on our Saxon tongue  
 The echoes of the home-born hymns  
 The Aryan mothers sung.

And childhood had its litanies  
 In every age and clime;  
 The earliest cradles of the race  
 Were rocked to poet's rhyme.

Nor sky, nor wave, nor tree, nor flower,  
 Nor green earth's virgin sod,  
 So moved the singer's heart of old  
 As these small ones of God.

The mystery of unfolding life  
 Was more than dawning morn,  
 Than opening flower or crescent moon  
 The human soul new-born!

And still to childhood's sweet appeal  
 The heart of genius turns,  
 And more than all the sages teach  
 From lisping voices learns,—

The voices loved of him who sang,  
 Where Tweed and Teviot glide,  
 That sound to-day on all the winds  
 That blow from Rydal-side,—

Heard in the Teuton's household songs,  
 And folk-lore of the Finn,  
 Where'er to holy Christmas hearths  
 The Christ-child enters in!

Before life's sweetest mystery still  
 The heart in reverence kneels;  
 The wonder of the primal birth  
 The latest mother feels.

We need love's tender lessons taught  
 As only weakness can;  
 God hath His small interpreters;  
 The child must teach the man.

We wander wide through evil years,  
 Our eyes of faith grow dim;  
 But he is freshest from His hands  
 And nearest unto Him!

And haply, pleading long with Him  
 For sin-sick hearts and cold,  
 The angels of our childhood still  
 The Father's face behold.

Of such the kingdom!—Teach Thou us  
 O Master most divine,  
 To feel the deep significance  
 Of these wise words of Thine!

The haughty eye shall seek in vain  
 What innocence beholds;  
 No cunning finds the key of heaven,  
 No strength its gate unfolds.

Alone to guilelessness and love  
 That gate shall open fall;  
 The mind of pride is nothingness,  
 The childlike heart is all!

### THE GOLDEN WEDDING OF LONGWOOD

WITH fifty years between you and  
 your well-kept wedding vow,  
 The Golden Age, old friends of mine,  
 is not a fable now.

And, sweet as has life's vintage been  
through all your pleasant past,  
Still, as at Cana's marriage-feast, the  
best wine is the last !

Again before me, with your names,  
fair Chester's landscape comes,  
Its meadows, woods, and ample  
barns, and quaint, stone-built  
homes.

The smooth-shorn vales, the wheaten  
slopes, the -bosage green and  
soft,  
Of which their poet sings so well from  
towered Cedarcroft.

And lo ! from all the country-side come  
neighbours, kith and kin ;  
From city, hamlet, farm-house old,  
the wedding guests come in.

And they who, without scrip or purse,  
mob-hunted, travel-worn,  
In Freedom's age of martyrs came, as  
victors now return.

Older and slower, yet the same, files  
in the long array,  
And hearts are light and eyes are glad,  
though heads are badger-gray.

The fire-tried men of Thirty-eight who  
saw with me the fall,  
Midst roaring flames and shouting  
mob, of Pennsylvania Hall ;

And they of Lancaster who turned  
the cheeks of tyrants pale,  
Singing of freedom through the grates  
of Moyamensing jail !

And haply with them, all unseen, old  
comrades, gone before,  
Pass, silently as shadows pass, within  
your open door,—

The eagle face of Lindley Coates,  
brave Garrett's daring zeal,  
The Christian grace of Pennock, the  
steadfast heart of Neal.

Ah me ! beyond all power to name,  
the worthies tried and true,  
Grave men, fair women, youth and  
maid, pass by in hushed review.

Of varying faiths, a common cause  
fused all their hearts in one.  
God give them now, whate'er their  
names, the peace of duty done !

How gladly would I tread again the  
old-remembered places,  
Sit down beside your hearth once more  
and look in the dear old faces !

And thank you for the lessons your  
fifty years are teaching,  
For honest lives that louder speak  
than half our noisy preaching ;

For your steady faith and courage in  
that dark and evil time,  
When the Golden Rule was treason,  
and to feed the hungry, crime ;

For the poor slave's house of refuge  
when the hounds were on his  
track,  
And saint and sinner, Church and  
State, joined hands to send him  
back.

Blessings upon you !—What you did  
for each sad, suffering one,  
So homeless, faint, and naked, unto  
our Lord was done !

Fair fall on Kennett's pleasant vales  
and Longwood's bowery ways  
The mellow sunset of your lives,  
friends of my early days.

May many more of quiet years be  
added to your sum,  
And, late at last, in tenderest love,  
the beckoning angel come.

Dear hearts are here, dear hearts are  
there, alike below, above ;  
Our friends are now in either world,  
and love is sure of love.

## KINSMAN

DIED AT THE ISLAND OF PANAY  
(PHILIPPINE GROUP), AGED 19  
YEARS.

WHERE ceaseless Spring her garland  
twines,  
As sweetly shall the loved one rest,  
As if beneath the whispering pines  
And maple shadows of the West.

Ye mourn, O hearts of home ! for him,  
But, haply, mourn ye not alone ;  
For him shall far-off eyes be dim,  
And pity speak in tongues unknown.

There needs no graven line to give  
The story of his blameless youth ;  
All hearts shall throb intuitive,  
And nature guess the simple truth.

The very meaning of his name  
Shall many a tender tribute win ;  
The stranger own his sacred claim,  
And all the world shall be his kin.

And there, as here, on main and isle,  
The dews of holy peace shall fall,  
The same sweet heavens above him  
smile,  
And God's dear love be over all !

## VESTA

O CHRIST of God ! whose life and  
death  
Our own have reconciled,  
Most quietly, most tenderly  
Take home Thy star-named child !

Thy grace is in her patient eyes,  
Thy words are on her tongue ;  
The very silence round her seems  
As if the angels sung.

Her smile is as a listening child's  
Who hears its mother call ;  
The lilies of Thy perfect peace  
About her pillow fall.

She leans from out our clinging arms  
To rest herself in Thine ;  
Alone to Thee, dear Lord, can we  
Our well-beloved resign !

Oh, less for her than for ourselves  
We bow our heads and pray ;  
Her setting star, like Bethlehem's,  
To Thee shall point the way !

## THE HEALER

TO A YOUNG PHYSICIAN, WITH  
DORÉ'S PICTURE OF CHRIST HEAL-  
ING THE SICK.

SO stood of old the holy Christ  
Amidst the suffering throng ;  
With whom His lightest touch sufficed  
To make the weakest strong.

That healing gift He lends to them  
Who use it in His name ;  
The power that filled His garment's  
hem  
Is evermore the same.

For lo ! in human hearts unseen  
The Healer dwelleth still,  
And they who make His temples  
clean  
The best subserve His will.

The holiest task by Heaven de-  
creed,  
An errand all divine,  
The burden of our common need  
To render less is thine.

The paths of pain are thine. Go  
forth  
With patience, trust, and hope ;  
The sufferings of a sin-sick earth  
Shall give thee ample scope.

Beside the unveiled mysteries  
Of life and death go stand,  
With guarded lips and reverent eyes  
And pure of heart and hand.

So shalt thou be with power endued  
 From Him who went about  
 The Syrian hillsides doing good  
 And casting demons out.

That Good Physician liveth yet  
 Thy Friend and Guide to be ;  
 The Healer by Gennesaret  
 Shall walk the rounds with thee.

### A CHRISTMAS CARMEN

#### I

SOUND over all waters, reach out from  
 all lands,  
 The chorus of voices, the clasp of  
 hands ;  
 Sing hymns that were sung by the  
 stars of the morn,  
 Sing songs of the angels when Jesus  
 was born !  
 With glad jubilations  
 Bring hope to the nations !  
 The dark night is ending and dawn  
 has begun :  
 Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the  
 sun,  
 All speech flow to music, all hearts  
 beat as one !

#### II

Sing the bridal of nations ! with  
 chorals of love  
 Sing out the war-vulture and sing in  
 the dove,  
 Till the hearts of the peoples keep time  
 in accord,  
 And the voice of the world is the  
 voice of the Lord !  
 Clasp hands of the nations  
 In strong gratulations :  
 The dark night is ending and dawn  
 has begun ;  
 Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the  
 sun,  
 All speech flow to music, all hearts  
 beat as one !

#### III

Blow, bugles of battle, the marches  
 of peace ;  
 East, west, north, and south let the  
 long quarrel cease :  
 Sing the song of great joy that the  
 angels began,  
 Sing of glory to God and of good-will  
 to man !  
 Hark ! joining in chorus  
 The heavens bend o'er us !  
 The dark night is ending and dawn  
 has begun ;  
 Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the  
 sun,  
 All speech flow to music, all hearts  
 beat as one !

### HYMN

FOR THE OPENING OF PLYMOUTH  
 CHURCH, ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.

ALL things are Thine : no gift have we,  
 Lord of all gifts ! to offer Thee ;  
 And hence with grateful hearts to-day,  
 Thy own before Thy feet we lay.

Thy will was in the builders' thought ;  
 Thy hand unseen amidst us wrought ;  
 Through mortal motive, scheme and  
 plan,  
 Thy wise eternal purpose ran.

No lack Thy perfect fulness knew ;  
 For human needs and longings grew  
 This house of prayer, this home of  
 rest,  
 In the fair garden of the West.

In weakness and in want we call  
 On Thee for whom the heavens are  
 small ;  
 Thy glory is Thy children's good,  
 Thy joy Thy tender Fatherhood.

O Father ! deign these walls to bless,  
 Fill with Thy love their emptiness,  
 And let their door a gateway be  
 To lead us from ourselves to Thee !

# THE VISION OF ECHARD

## AND OTHER POEMS

[1878]

### *THE VISION OF ECHARD*

THE Benedictine Echard  
Sat, worn by wandering far,  
Where Marsberg sees the bridal  
Of the Moselle and Sarre.

Fair with its sloping vineyards  
And tawny chestnut bloom,  
The happy vale Ausonius sung  
For holy Treves made room.

On the shrine Helena builded  
To keep the Christ coat well,  
On minster tower and kloster cross,  
The westering sunshine fell.

There, where the rock-hewn circles  
O'erlooked the Roman's game,  
The veil of sleep fell on him,  
And his thought a dream became.

He felt the heart of silence  
Throb with a soundless word,  
And by the inward ear alone  
A Spirit's voice he heard.

And the spoken word seemed written  
On air and wave and sod,  
And the bending walls of sapphire  
Blazed with the thought of God :

"What lack I, O My children ?  
All things are in My hand ;  
The vast earth and the awful stars  
I hold as grains of sand.

"Need I your alms ? The silver  
And gold are Mine alone ;  
The gifts ye bring before Me  
Were evermore My own.

"Heed I the noise of viols,  
Your pomp of masque and show ?  
Have I not dawns and sunsets ?  
Have I not winds that blow ?

"Do I smell your gums of incense ?  
Is My ear with chantings fed ?  
Taste I your wine of worship,  
Or eat your holy bread ?

"Of rank and name and honours  
Am I vain as ye are vain ?  
What can Eternal Fulness  
From your lip-service gain ?

"Ye make Me not your debtor  
Who serve yourselves alone ;  
Ye boast to Me of homage  
Whose gain is all your own.

"For you I gave the prophets,  
For you the Psalmist's lay :  
For you the law's stone tables,  
And holy book and day.

"Ye change to weary burdens  
The helps that should uplift ;  
Ye lose in form the spirit,  
The Giver in the gift.

"Who called ye to self-torment,  
To fast and penance vain ?  
Dream ye Eternal Goodness  
Has joy in mortal pain ?

"For the death in life of Nitria,  
For your Chartreuse ever dumb,  
What better is the neighbour,  
Or happier the home ?

"Who counts his brother's welfare  
As sacred as his own,  
And loves, forgives, and pities,  
He serveth Me alone.

"I note each gracious purpose,  
Each kindly word and deed;  
Are ye not all My children?  
Shall not the Father heed?

"No prayer for light and guidance  
Is lost upon Mine ear:  
The child's cry in the darkness  
Shall not the Father hear?

"I loathe your wrangling councils,  
I tread upon your creeds;  
Who made ye Mine avengers,  
Or told ye of My needs;

"I bless men and ye curse them,  
I love them and ye hate;  
Ye bite and tear each other,  
I suffer long and wait.

"Ye bow to ghastly symbols,  
To cross and scourge and thorn;  
Ye seek His Syrian manger  
Who in the heart is born.

"For the dead Christ, not the living,  
Ye watch His empty grave  
Whose life alone within you  
Has power to bless and save.

"O blind ones, outward groping,  
The idle quest forego;  
Who listens to His inward voice  
Alone of Him shall know.

"His love all love exceeding  
The heart must needs recall,  
Its self-surrendering freedom,  
Its loss that gaineth all.

"Climb not the holy mountains,  
Their eagles know not Me;  
Seek not the Blessed Islands,  
I dwell not in the sea.

"The gods are gone for ever  
From Zanskar's glacier sides,  
And in the Buddha's footprints  
The Ceylon serpent glides.

"No more from shaded Delphos  
The weird responses come;  
Dodona's oaks are silent,  
The Hebrew Bath-Col dumb!

"No more from rocky Horeb  
The smitten waters gush;  
Fallen is Bethel's ladder,  
Quenched is the burning bush.

"The jewels of the Urim  
And Thummim all are dim;  
The fire has left the altar,  
The sign the teraphim.

"No more in ark or hill grove  
The Holiest abides;  
Not in the scroll's dead letter  
The eternal secret hides.

"The eye shall fail that searches  
For Me the hollow sky;  
The far is even as the near,  
The low is as the high.

"What if the earth is hiding  
Her old faiths, long outworn?  
What is it to the changeless truth  
That yours shall fail in turn?

"What if the o'erturned altar  
Lays bare the ancient lie?  
What if the dreams and legends  
Of the world's childhood die?

"Have ye not still My witness  
Within yourselves away,  
My hand that on the keys of life  
For bliss or bale I lay?

"Still, in perpetual judgment,  
I hold assize within,  
With sure reward of holiness,  
And dread rebuke of sin.

"A light, a guide, a warning,  
A presence ever near,  
Through the deep silence of the flesh  
I reach the inward ear.

"My Gerizim and Ebal  
Are in each human soul,  
The still, small voice of blessing,  
And Sinai's thunder-roll.

"The stern behest of duty,  
The doom-book open thrown,  
The heaven ye seek, the hell ye fear,  
Are with yourselves alone."

\* \* \*

A gold and purple sunset  
Flowed down the broad Moselle;  
On hills of vine and meadow lands  
The peace of twilight fell.

A slow, cool wind of evening  
Blew over leaf and bloom;  
And, faint and far, the Angelus  
Rang from Saint Matthew's tomb.

Then up rose Master Echard,  
And marvelled: "Can it be  
"That here, in dream and vision,  
The Lord hath talked with me?"

He went his way; behind him  
The shrines of saintly dead,

The holy coat and nail of cross,  
He left unvisited.

He sought the vale of Eltzbach  
His burdened soul to free,  
Where the foot-hills of the Eifel  
Are glassed in Laachersee.

And, in his Order's kloster,  
He sat, in night-long parle,  
With Tauler of the Friends of God,  
And Nicolas of Basle.

And lo! the twain made answer:  
"Yea, brother, even thus,  
The Voice above all voices  
Hath spoken unto us.

"The world will have its idols,  
And flesh and sense their sign;  
But the blinded eyes shall open,  
And the gross ear be fine.

"What if the vision tarry?  
God's time is always best;  
The true Light shall be witnessed,  
The Christ within confessed.

"In mercy or in judgment  
He shall turn and overturn,  
Till the heart shall be His temple  
Where all of Him shall learn."



## THE WITCH OF WENHAM

### I

ALONG Crane River's sunny slopes,  
Blew warm the winds of May,  
And over Naumkeag's ancient oaks  
The green outgrew the gray.

The grass was green on Rial-side,  
The early birds at will  
Waked up the violet in its dell,  
The wind-flower on its hill.

"Where go you, in your Sunday  
coat,  
Son Andrew, tell me, pray?"  
"For striped perch in Wenham Lake  
I go to fish to-day."

"Unharm'd of thee in Wenham  
Lake  
The mottled perch shall be:  
A blue-eyed witch sits on the bank  
And weaves her net for thee.

"She weaves her golden hair ; she  
sings  
Her spell-song low and faint ;  
The wickedest witch in Salem jail  
Is to that girl a saint."

"Nay, mother, hold thy cruel tongue ;  
God knows," the young man cried,  
"He never made a whiter soul  
Than hers by Wenham side."

"She tends her mother sick and blind,  
And every want supplies ;  
To her above the blessed Book  
She lends her soft blue eyes."

"Her voice is glad with holy songs,  
Her lips are sweet with prayer ;  
Go where you will, in ten miles round  
Is none more good and fair."

"Son Andrew, for the love of God  
And of thy mother, stay !"  
She clasped her hands, she wept aloud,  
But Andrew rode away.

"O reverend sir, my Andrew's soul  
The Wenham witch has caught ;  
She holds him with the curled gold  
Whereof her snare is wrought."

"She charms him with her great blue  
eyes,  
She binds him with her hair ;  
Oh, break the spell with holy words,  
Unbind him with a prayer !"

"Take heart," the painful preacher  
said,  
"This mischief shall not be ;  
The witch shall perish in her sins  
And Andrew shall go free."

"Our poor Ann Putman testifies  
She saw her weave a spell,  
Bare-armed, loose-haired, at full of  
moon,  
Around a dried-up well."

"Spring up, O well !" she softly sang  
The Hebrew's old refrain  
(For Satan uses Bible words),  
Till water flowed amain."

"And many a goodwife heard her  
speak  
By Wenham water words  
That made the buttercups take wings  
And turn to yellow birds."

"They say that swarming wild bees  
seek  
The hive at her command :  
And fishes swim to take their food  
From out her dainty hand."

"Meek as she sits in meeting-time,  
The godly minister  
Notes well the spell that doth compel  
The young men's eyes to her."

"The mole upon her dimpled chin  
Is Satan's seal and sign ;  
Her lips are red with evil bread  
And stain of unblest wine."

"For Tituba, my Indian, saith  
At Quasycung she took  
The Black Man's godless sacrament,  
And signed his dreadful book."

"Last night my sore-afflicted child  
Against the young witch cried.  
To take her Marshal Herrick rides  
Even now to Wenham side."

The marshal in his saddle sat,  
His daughter at his knee ;  
"I go to fetch that arrant witch,  
Thy fair playmate," quoth he."

"Her spectre walks the parsonage,  
And haunts both hall and stair ;  
They know her by the great blue  
eyes  
And floating gold of hair."

"They lie, they lie, my father dear !  
No foul old witch is she,  
But sweet and good and crystal-  
pure  
As Wenham waters be."

"I tell thee, child, the Lord hath set  
Before us good and ill,  
And woe to all whose carnal loves  
Oppose His righteous will."



"Between Him and the powers of  
hell  
Choose thou, my child, to-day :  
No sparing hand, no pitying eye,  
When God commands to slay !"

He went his way; the old wives  
shook  
With fear as he drew nigh :  
The children in the dooryards held  
Their breath as he passed by.

Too well they knew the gaunt grey  
horse  
The grim witch-hunter rode—  
The pale Apocalyptic beast  
By grisly Death bestrode.

## II

Oh, fair the face of Wenham Lake  
Upon the young girl's shone,  
Her tender mouth, her dreaming eye,  
Her yellow hair outblown.

By happy youth and love attuned  
To natural harmonies,  
The singing birds, the whispering  
wind,  
She sat beneath the trees.

Sat shaping for her bridal dress  
Her mother's wedding gown,  
When lo ! the marshal, writ in  
hand,  
From Alford hill rode down.

His face was hard with cruel fear,  
He grasped the maiden's hands :  
"Come with me unto Salem town,  
For so the law commands !"

"Oh, let me to my mother say  
Farewell before I go !"  
He closer tied her little hands  
Unto his saddle bow.

"Unhand me," cried she piteously,  
"For thy sweet daughter's sake."  
"I'll keep my daughter safe," he  
said,  
"From the witch of Wenham  
Lake."

"Oh, leave me for my mother's sake,  
She needs my eyes to see."  
"Those eyes, young witch, the crows  
shall peck  
From off the gallows-tree."

He bore her to a farm-house old,  
And up its stairway long,  
And closed on her the garret-door  
With iron bolted strong.

The day died out, the night came  
down :  
Her evening prayer she said  
While, through the dark, strange faces  
seemed  
To mock her as she prayed.

The present horror deepened all  
The fears her childhood knew ;  
The awe wherewith the air was filled  
With every breath she drew.

And could it be, she trembling asked,  
Some secret thought or sin  
Had shut good angels from her heart  
And let the bad ones in ?

Had she in some forgotten dream  
Let go her hold on Heaven,  
And sold herself unwittingly  
To spirits unforgiven ?

Oh, weird and still the dark hours  
passed ;  
No human sound she heard,  
But up and down the chimney stack  
The swallows moaned and stirred.

And o'er her, with a dread surmise  
Of evil sight and sound,  
The blind bats on their leathern wings  
Went wheeling round and round.

Low hanging in the midnight sky  
Looked in a half-faced moon.  
Was it a dream, or did she hear  
Her lover's whistled tune ?

She forced the oaken scuttle back ;  
A whisper reached her ear :  
"Slide down the roof to me," it said,  
"So softly none may hear."

She slid along the sloping roof  
Till from its eaves she hung,  
And felt the loosened shingles yield  
To which her fingers clung.

Below, her lover stretched his hands  
And touched her feet so small ;  
"Drop down to me, dear heart," he  
said,  
"My arms shall break the fall."

He set her on his pillion soft,  
Her arms about him twined ;  
And, noiseless as if velvet-shod,  
They left the house behind.

But when they reached the open way,  
Full free the rein he cast ;  
Oh, never through the mirk midnight  
Rode man and maid more fast.

Along the wild wood-paths they  
sped,  
The bridgeless streams they swam ;  
At set of moon they passed the Bass,  
At sunrise Agawam.

At high noon on the Merrimack  
The ancient ferryman  
Forgot, at times, his idle oars,  
So fair a freight to scan.

And when from off his grounded boat  
He saw them mount and ride,  
"God keep her from the evil eye,  
And harm of witch !" he cried.

The maiden laughed, as youth will  
laugh  
At all its fears gone by ;  
"He does not know," she whispered  
low,  
"A little witch am I."

All day he urged his weary horse,  
And, in the red sundown,  
Drew rein before a friendly door  
In distant Berwick town.

A fellow-feeling for the wronged  
The Quaker people felt ;  
And safe beside their kindly hearths  
The hunted maiden dwelt,

Until from off its breast the land  
The haunting horror threw,  
And hatred, born of ghastly dreams,  
To shame and pity grew.

Sad were the year's spring morns, and  
sad  
Its golden summer day,  
But blithe and glad its withered fields,  
And skies of ashen gray ;

For spell and charm had power no  
more,  
The spectres ceased to roam,  
And scattered households knelt again  
Around the hearths of home.

And when once more by Beaver Dam  
The meadow-lark outsang,  
And once again on all the hills  
The early violets sprang,

And all the windy pasture slopes  
Lay green within the arms  
Of creeks that bore the salted sea  
To pleasant inland farms,

The smith filed off the chains he forged,  
The jail-bolts backward fell ;  
And youth and hoary age came forth  
Like souls escaped from hell.

### SUNSET ON THE BEARCAMP

A GOLD fringe on the purpling hem  
Of hills the river runs,  
As down its long, green valley falls  
The last of summer's suns.  
Along its tawny gravel-bed  
Broad-flowing, swift, and still,  
As if its meadow levels felt  
The hurry of the hill,  
Noiseless between its banks of green  
From curve to curve it slips ;  
The drowsy maple-shadows rest  
Like fingers on its lips,  
A waif from Carroll's wildest hills,  
Unstoried and unknown ;  
The ursine legend of its name  
Prowls on its banks alone.

Yet flowers as fair its slopes adorn  
 As ever Yarrow knew,  
 Or, under rainy Irish skies,  
 By Spenser's Mulla grew ;  
 And through the gaps of leaning trees  
 Its mountain cradle shows :  
 The gold against the amethyst,  
 The green against the rose.

Touched by a light that hath no name,  
 A glory never sung,  
 Aloft on sky and mountain wall  
 Are God's great pictures hung.  
 How changed the summits vast and  
 old !

No longer granite-browed,  
 They melt in rosy mist ; the rock  
 Is softer than the cloud ;  
 The valley holds its breath ; no leaf  
 Of all its elms is twirled :  
 The silence of eternity  
 Seems falling on the world.  
 The pause before the breaking seals  
 Of mystery is this ;  
 Yon miracle-play of night and day  
 Makes dumb its witnesses.  
 What unseen altar crowns the hills  
 That reach up stair on stair ?  
 What eyes look through, what white  
 wings fan  
 These purple veils of air ?  
 What Presence from the heavenly  
 heights  
 To those of earth stoops down ?  
 Not vainly Hellas dreamed of gods  
 On Ida's snowy crown !

Slow fades the vision of the sky,  
 The golden water pales,  
 And over all the valley-land  
 A grey-winged vapour sails.  
 I go the common way of all ;  
 The sunset fires will burn,  
 The flowers will blow, the river flow,  
 When I no more return.  
 No whisper from the mountain pine  
 Nor lapsing stream shall tell  
 The stranger, treading where I tread,  
 Of him who loved them well.  
 But beauty seen is never lost,  
 God's colours all are fast ;  
 The glory of this sunset heaven  
 Into my soul has passed,—

A sense of gladness unconfined  
 To mortal date or clime :  
 As the soul liveth, it shall live  
 Beyond the years of time.  
 Beside the mystic asphodels  
 Shall bloom the home-born flowers,  
 And new horizons flush and glow  
 With sunset hues of ours.

Farewell ! these smiling hills must  
 wear  
 Too soon their wintry frown,  
 And snow-cold winds from off them  
 shake  
 The maple's red leaves down.  
 But I shall see a summer sun  
 Still setting broad and low ;  
 The mountain slopes shall blush and  
 bloom,  
 The golden water flow.  
 A lover's claim is mine on all  
 I see to have and hold,—  
 The rose-light of perpetual hills,  
 And sunsets never cold !

### THE SEEKING OF THE WATER- FALL

THEY left their home of summer ease  
 Beneath the lowland's sheltering trees,  
 To seek, by ways unknown to all,  
 The promise of the waterfall.

Some vague, faint rumour to the vale,  
 Had crept—perchance a hunter's  
 tale—

Of its wild mirth of waters lost  
 On the dark woods through which it  
 tossed.

Somewhere it laughed and sang ; some-  
 where  
 Whirled in mad dance its misty hair ;  
 But who had raised its veil, or seen  
 The rainbow skirts of that Undine ?

They sought it where the mountain  
 brook  
 Its swift way to the val'ey took ;  
 Along the rugged slope they clomb,  
 Their guide a thread of sound and foam.

Height after height they slowly won ;  
The fiery javelins of the sun  
Smote the bare ledge ; the tangled  
shade

With rock and vine their steps delayed.

But, through leaf-openings, now and  
then

They saw the cheerful homes of  
men,

And the great mountains with their  
wall

Of misty purple girdling all.

The leaves through which the glad  
winds blew

Shared the wild dance the waters  
knew ;

And where the shadows deepest fell  
The wood-thrush rang his silver bell.

Fringing the stream, at every turn  
Swung low the waving fronds of fern ;  
From stony cleft and mossy sod  
Pale asters sprang, and golden-rod.

And still the water sang the sweet,  
Glad song that stirred its gliding feet,  
And found in rock and root the keys  
Of its beguiling melodies.

Beyond, above, its signals flew  
Of tossing foam the birch-trees  
through ;

Now seen, now lost, but baffling still  
The weary seekers' slackening will.

Each called to each : "Lo here ! Lo  
there !

Its white scarf flutters in the air !"   
They climbed anew ; the vision fled,  
To beckon higher overhead.

So toiled they up the mountain-slope  
With faint and ever fainter hope ;  
With faint and fainter voice the brook  
Still bade them listen, pause, and  
look.

Meanwhile below the day was done ;  
Above, the tall peaks saw the sun  
Sink, beam-shorn, to its misty set  
Behind the hills of violet.

"Here ends our quest !" the seekers  
cried,

"The brook and rumour both have  
lied !

The phantom of a waterfall  
Has led us at its beck and call."

But one, with years grown wiser,  
said :

"So, always baffled, not misled,  
We follow where before us runs  
The vision of the saining ones.

"Not where they seem their signals  
fly,

Their voices while we listen die ;  
We cannot keep, however fleet,  
The quick time of their winged feet.

"From youth to age unresting stray  
These kindly mockers in our way ;  
Yet lead they not, the baffling elves,  
To something better than themselves ?

"Here, though unreached the goal  
we sought,

Its own reward our toil has brought :  
The winding water's sounding rush,  
The long note of the hermit thrush,

"The turquoise lakes, the glimpse of  
pond

And river track, and, vast, beyond  
Broad meadows belted round with  
pines,

The grand uplift of mountain lines !

"What matter though we seek with  
pain

The garden of the gods in vain,  
If lured thereby we climb to greet  
Some wayside blossom Eden-sweet ?

"To seek is better than to gain ;  
The fond hope dies as we attain ;  
Life's fairest things are those which  
seem,

The best is that of which we dream.

"Then let us trust our waterfall  
Still flashes down its rocky wall,  
With rainbow crescent curved across  
Its sunlit spray from moss to moss.

"And we, forgetful of our pain,  
In thought shall seek it oft again ;  
Shall see this aster-blossomed sod,  
This sunshine of the golden-rod,

"And haply gain, through parting  
boughs,  
Grand glimpses of great mountain  
brows  
Cloud turbaned, and the sharp steel  
sheen  
Of lakes deep set in valleys green.

"So failure wins ; the consequence  
Of loss becomes its recompense ;  
And evermore the end shall tell  
The unreachd ideal guided well.

"Our sweet illusions only die  
Fulfilling love's sure prophecy ;  
And every wish for better things  
An undreamed beauty nearer brings.

"For fate is servitor of love ;  
Desire and hope and longing prove  
The secret of immortal youth,  
And Nature cheats us into truth.

"O kind allurers, wisely sent,  
Beguiling with benign intent,  
Still move us, through divine unrest,  
To seek the loveliest and the best !

"Go with us when our souls go free,  
And, in the clear, white light to be,  
Add unto Heaven's beatitude  
The old delight of seeking good !"

### JUNE ON THE MERRIMACK

O DWELLERS in the stately towns,  
What come ye out to see ?  
This common earth, this common  
sky,  
This water flowing free ?

As gaily as these kalmia flowers  
Your door-yard blossoms spring ;  
As sweetly as these wild wood birds  
Your caged minstrels sing.

You find but common bloom and  
green,  
The rippling river's rune,  
The beauty which is everywhere  
Beneath the skies of June ;

The Hawkswood oaks, the storm-torn  
plumes  
Of old pine-forest kings,  
Beneath whose century-woven shade  
Deer Island's mistress sings.

And here are pictured Artichoke,  
And Curson's bowery mill ;  
And Pleasant Valley smiles between  
The river and the hill.

You know full well these banks of  
bloom,  
The upland's wavy line,  
And how the sunshine tips with fire  
The needles of the pine.

Yet, like some old remembered psalm,  
Or sweet, familiar face,  
Not less because of commonness  
You love the day and place.

And not in vain in this soft air  
Shall hard-strung nerves relax,  
Not all in vain the o'erworn brain  
Forego its daily tax.

The lust of power, the greed of gain,  
Have all the year their own ;  
The haunting demons well may let  
Our one bright day alone.

Unheeded let the newsboy call,  
Aside the ledger lay :  
The world will keep its treadmill  
step  
Though we fall out to-day.

The truants of life's weary school  
Without excuse from theft,  
We change for once the gains of toil  
For God's unpurchased gift.

From ceiled rooms, from silent books,  
From crowded car and town,  
Dear Mother Earth, upon thy lap,  
We lay our tired heads down.

Cool, summer wind, our heated brows;  
 Blue river, through the green  
 Of clustering pines, refresh the eyes  
 Which all too much have seen.

For us these pleasant woodland ways  
 Are thronged with memories old,  
 Have felt the grasp of friendly hands  
 And heard love's story told.

A sacred presence overbroods  
 The earth whereon we meet;  
 These winding forest paths are trod  
 By more than mortal feet.

Old friends called from us by the voice  
 Which they alone could hear,  
 From mystery to mystery,  
 From life to life, draw near.

More closely for the sake of them  
 Each other's hands we press;  
 Our voices take from them a tone  
 Of deeper tenderness.

Our joy is theirs, their trust is ours;  
 Alike below, above,  
 Or here or there, about us fold  
 The arms of one great love!

We ask to-day no countersign,  
 No party names we own;  
 Unlabelled, individual,  
 We bring ourselves alone.

What cares the unconventional wood  
 For pass-words of the town?  
 The sound of fashion's shibboleth  
 The laughing waters drown.

Here cant forgets his dreary tone,  
 And care his face forlorn;  
 The liberal air and sunshine laugh  
 The bigot's zeal to scorn.

From manhood's weary shoulder falls  
 His load of selfish cares;  
 And woman takes her rights, as flowers  
 And brooks and birds take theirs.

The licence of the happy woods,  
 The brook's release are ours;  
 The freedom of the unshamed wind  
 Among the glad-eyed flowers.

Yet here no evil thought finds place,  
 Nor foot profane comes in;  
 Our grove, like that of Samothrace,  
 Is set apart from sin.

We walk on holy ground; above  
 A sky more holy smiles;  
 The chant of the beatitudes  
 Swells down these leafy aisles.

Thanks to the gracious Providence  
 That brings us here once more;  
 For memories of the good behind  
 And hopes of good before!

And if, unknown to us, sweet days  
 Of June like this must come,  
 Unseen of us these laurels clothe  
 The river-banks with bloom;

And these green paths must soon be  
 trod  
 By other feet than ours,  
 Full long may annual pilgrims come  
 To keep the Feast of Flowers;

The matron be a girl once more,  
 The bearded man a boy,  
 And we, in heaven's eternal June,  
 Be glad for earthly joy!

### HYMN OF THE DUNKERS

KLOSTER KEDAR, EPHRATA, PENN-  
 SYLVANIA (1738).

*Sister Maria Christiana sings—*

WAKE, sisters, wake! the day-star  
 shines;  
 Above Ephrata's eastern pines  
 The dawn is breaking, cool and calm.  
 Wake, sisters, wake to prayer and  
 psalm!

Praised be the Lord for shade and light,  
 For toil by day, for rest by night!  
 Praised be His name who deigns to  
 bless  
 Our Kedar of the wilderness!—

Our refuge when the spoiler's hand  
Was heavy on our native land ;  
And Freedom, to her children due,  
The wolf and vulture only knew.

We praised Him when to prison led,  
We owned Him when the stake blazed  
red ;  
We knew, whatever might befall  
His love and power were over all.

He heard our prayers ; with out-  
stretched arm  
He led us forth from cruel harm ;  
Still, wheresoe'er our steps were bent,  
His cloud and fire before us went !

The watch of faith and prayer He set,  
We kept it then, we keep it yet.  
At midnight, crow of cock, or noon,  
He cometh sure, He cometh soon.

He comes to chasten, not destroy,  
To purge the earth from sin's alloy.  
At last, at last shall all confess  
His mercy as His righteousness.

The dead shall live, the sick be  
whole,  
The scarlet sin be white as wool ;  
No discord mar below, above,  
The music of eternal love !

Sound, welcome trump, the last alarm !  
Lord God of hosts. make bare Thine  
arm,  
Fulfil this day our long desire,  
Make sweet and clean the world with  
fire !

Sweep, flaming besom, sweep from  
sight  
The lies of time ; be swift to smite,  
Sharp sword of God, all idols down,  
Genevan creed and Roman crown.

Quake, earth, through all thy zones,  
till all  
The fanes of pride and priestcraft  
fall ;  
And lift thou up in place of them  
Thy gates of pearl, Jerusalem !

Lo ! rising from baptismal flame,  
Transfigured, glorious, yet the same,  
Within the heavenly city's bound  
Our Kloster Kedar shall be found.

He cometh soon ! at dawn or noon  
Or set of sun, He cometh soon.  
Our prayers shall meet Him on His  
way ;  
Wake, sisters, wake ! arise and pray !

## IN THE "OLD SOUTH"

1677.

SHE came and stood in the Old South  
Church,  
A wonder and a sign,  
With a look the old-time sibyls  
wore,  
Half-crazed and half-divine.

Save the mournful sackcloth about her  
wound  
Unclothed as the primal mother,  
With limbs that trembled and eyes  
that blazed  
With a fire she dared not smother.

Loose on her shoulders fell her hair  
With sprinkled ashes gray,  
She stood in the broad aisle strange  
and weird  
As a soul at the judgment day.

And the minister paused in his ser-  
mon's midst,  
And the people held their breath,  
For these were the words the maiden  
spoke  
Through lips as pale as death :

" Thus saith the Lord, with equal  
feet  
All men My courts shall tread,  
And priest and ruler no more shall  
eat  
My people up like bread !

"Repent ! repent ! ere the Lord shall  
speak

In thunder and breaking seals !  
Let all souls worship Him in the  
way  
His light within reveals."

She shook the dust from her naked  
feet,

And her sackcloth closer drew,  
And into the porch of the awe-hushed  
church  
She passed like a ghost from view.

They whipped her away at the tail o'  
the cart

Through half the streets of the  
town,  
But the words she uttered that day  
nor fire  
Could burn nor water drown.

And now the aisles of the ancient  
church

By equal feet are trod,  
And the bell that swings in its belfry  
rings  
Freedom to worship God !

And now whenever a wrong is done  
It thrills the conscious walls ;  
The stone from the basement cries  
aloud  
And the beam from the timber calls.

There are steeple-houses on every  
hand,  
And pulpits that bless and ban,  
And the Lord will not grudge the  
single church  
That is set apart for man.

For in two commandments are all the  
law  
And the prophets under the sun,  
And the first is last and the last is first,  
And the twain are verily one.

So, long as Boston shall Boston be,  
And her bay-tides rise and fall,  
Shall freedom stand in the Old South  
Church  
And plead for the rights of all !

## LEXINGTON

1775.

No Berserk thirst of blood had they,  
No battle-joy was theirs, who set  
Against the alien bayonet  
Their homespun breasts in that old  
day.

Their feet had trodden peaceful ways ;  
They loved not strife, they dreaded  
pain ;  
They saw not, what to us is plain,  
That God would make man's wrath  
His praise.

No seers were they, but simple men ;  
Its vast results the future hid :  
The meaning of the work they did  
Was strange and dark and doubtful  
then.

Swift as their summons came they left  
The plow mid-furrow standing still,  
The half-ground corn grist in the  
mill,  
The spade in earth, the axe in cleft.

They went where duty seemed to call,  
They scarcely asked the reason why ;  
They only knew they could but die,  
And death was not the worst of all !

Of man for man the sacrifice,  
All that was theirs to give, they gave.  
The flowers that blossomed from  
their grave  
Have sown themselves beneath all  
skies.

Their death-shot shook the feudal  
tower,  
And shattered slavery's chain as  
well ;  
On the sky's dome, as on a bell,  
Its echo struck the world's great hour.

That fateful echo is not dumb :  
The nations listening to its sound  
Wait, from a century's vantage-  
ground,  
The holier triumphs yet to come,—



The bridal time of Law and Love,  
The gladness of the world's release,  
When, war-sick, at the feet of  
Peace

The hawk shall nestle with the dove!—

The golden age of brotherhood  
Unknown to other rivalries  
Than of the mild humanities,  
And gracious interchange of good,

When closer strand shall lean to  
strand,  
Till meet, beneath saluting flags,  
The eagle of our mountain-crag,  
The lion of our Motherland!

### CENTENNIAL HYMN

#### I

OUR fathers' God! from out whose  
hand

The centuries fall like grains of sand,  
We meet to-day, united, free,  
And loyal to our land and Thee,  
To thank Thee for the era done,  
And trust Thee for the opening one.

#### II

Here, where of old, by Thy design,  
The fathers spake that word of Thine  
Whose echo is the glad refrain  
Of rended bolt and falling chain,  
To grace our festal time, from all  
The zones of earth our guests we call.

#### III

Be with us while the New World  
greet  
The Old World thronging all its  
streets,  
Unveiling all the triumphs won  
By art or toil beneath the sun;  
And unto common good ordain  
This rivalry of hand and brain.

#### IV

Thou, who hast here in concord  
furled

The war flags of a gathered world,  
Beneath our Western skies fulfil  
The Orient's mission of good-will,  
And, freighted with love's Golden  
Fleece,  
Send back its Argonauts of peace.

#### V

For art and labour met in truce,  
For beauty made the bride of use,  
We thank Thee; but, withal, we  
crave

The austere virtues strong to save,  
The honour proof to place or gold,  
The manhood never bought nor sold!

#### VI

Oh make Thou us, through centuries  
long,

In peace secure, in justice strong;  
Around our gift of freedom draw  
The safeguards of Thy righteous  
law:

And, cast in some diviner mould,  
Let the new cycle shame the old!

### THIERS

#### I

FATE summoned, in grey-bearded age,  
to act

A history stranger than his written  
fact,

Him who portrayed the splendour  
and the gloom  
Of that great hour when throne and  
altar fell

With long death-groan which still is  
audible.

He, when around the walls of  
Paris rung  
The Prussian bugle like the blast of  
doom,

And every ill which follows unblest war  
Maddened all France from Finisterre  
to Var,

The weight of fourscore from his  
shoulders flung,  
And guided Freedom in the path he saw  
Lead out of chaos into light and law,  
Peace, not imperial, but republican,  
And order pledged to all the Rights  
of Man.

## II

Death called him from a need as  
imminent  
As that from which the Silent William  
went  
When powers of evil, like the smiting  
seas  
On Holland's dykes, assailed her  
liberties.  
Sadly, while yet in doubtful balance  
hung  
The weal and woe of France, the bells  
were rung  
For her lost leader. Paralysed of will,  
Above his bier the hearts of men stood  
still.  
Then, as if set to his dead lips, the horn  
Of Roland wound once more to rouse  
and warn,  
The old voice filled the air! His last  
brave word  
Not vainly France to all her boundaries  
stirred.  
Strong as in life, he still for Freedom  
wrought,  
As the dead Cid at red Toloso fought.

## FITZ-GREENE HALLECK

AT THE UNVEILING OF HIS STATUE.

AMONG their graven shapes to whom  
Thy civic wreaths belong,  
O city of his love, make room  
For one whose gift was song.

Not his the soldier's sword to wield,  
Nor his the helm of state,  
Nor glory of the stricken field,  
Nor triumph of debate.

In common ways, with common men,  
He served his race and time  
As well as if his clerkly pen  
Had never danced to rhyme.

If, in the thronged and noisy mart,  
The Muses found their son,  
Could any say his tuneful art  
A duty left undone?

He toiled and sang; and year by  
year  
Men found their homes more  
sweet,  
And through a tenderer atmosphere  
Looked down the brick-walled  
street.

The Greek's wild onset Wall Street  
knew;  
The Red King walked Broadway;  
And Alnwick Castle's roses blew  
From Palisades to Bay.

Fair City by the Sea! upraise  
His veil with reverent hands;  
And mingle with thy own the praise  
And pride of other lands.

Let Greece his fiery lyric breathe  
Above her hero-urns;  
And Scotland, with her holly, wreath  
The flower he culled for Burns.

Oh, stately stand thy palace walls,  
Thy tall ships ride the seas;  
To-day thy poet's name recalls  
A prouder thought than these.

Not less thy pulse of trade shall beat,  
Nor less thy tall fleets swim,  
That shady square and dusty street  
Are classic ground through him.

Alive, he loved, like all who sing,  
The echoes of his song;  
Too late the tardy meed we bring,  
The praise delayed so long.

Too late, alas! Of all who knew  
The living man, to-day  
Before his unveiled face, how few  
Make bare their locks of gray!

Our lips of praise must soon be  
dumb,  
Our grateful eyes be dim ;  
O brothers of the days to come,  
Take tender charge of him !

New hands the wires of song may  
sweep,  
New voices challenge fame ;  
But let no moss of years o'ercreeep  
The lines of Halleck's name.

### WILLIAM FRANCIS BARTLETT

OH, well may Essex sit forlorn  
Beside her sea-blown shore ;  
Her well-beloved, her noblest born,  
Is hers in life no more !

No lapse of years can render less  
Her memory's sacred claim ;  
No fountain of forgetfulness  
Can wet the lips of Fame.

A grief alike to wound and heal,  
A thought to soothe and pain,  
The sad, sweet pride that mothers  
feel  
To her must still remain.

Good men and true she has not lacked,  
And brave men yet shall be ;  
The perfect flower, the crowning  
fact,  
Of all her years was he !

As Galahad pure, as Merlin sage,  
What worthier knight was found  
To grace in Arthur's golden age  
The fabled Table Round ?

A voice, the battle's trumpet-note,  
To welcome and restore ;  
A hand, that all unwilling smote,  
To heal and build once more !

A soul of fire, a tender heart  
Too warm for hate, he knew  
The generous victor's graceful part  
To sheathe the sword he drew.

When Earth, as if on evil dreams,  
Looks back upon her wars,  
And the white light of Christ out-  
streams  
From the red disc of Mars

His fame who led the stormy van  
Of battle well may cease,  
But never that which crowns the  
man  
Whose victory was Peace.

Mourn, Essex, on thy sea-blown  
shore  
Thy beautiful and brave,  
Whose failing hand the olive bore,  
Whose dying lips forgave !

Let age lament the youthful chief,  
And tender eyes be dim ;  
The tears are more of joy than grief  
That fall for one like him !

### THE TWO ANGELS

GOD called the nearest angels who  
dwell with Him above :  
The tenderest one was Pity, the  
dearest one was Love.

"Arise," He said, "My angels ! a  
wail of woe and sin  
Steals through the gates of heaven,  
and saddens all within.

"My harps take up the mournful strain  
that from a lost world swells,  
The smoke of torment clouds the light  
and blights the asphodels.

"Fly downward to that under world,  
and on its souls of pain  
Let Love drop smiles like sunshine,  
and Pity tears like rain !"

Two faces bowed before the Throne,  
veiled in their golden hair ;  
Four white wings lessened swiftly down  
the dark abyss of air.

The way was strange, the flight was  
long ; at last the angels came  
Whereswung the lost and nether world,  
red-wrapped in rayless flame.

There Pity, shuddering, wept ; but  
Love, with faith too strong for  
fear,  
Took heart from God's almightiness,  
and smiled a smile of cheer.

And lo ! that tear of Pity quenched  
the flame whereon it fell,  
And, with the sunshine of that smile,  
hope entered into hell !

Two unveiled faces full of joy looked  
upward to the Throne,  
Four white wings folded at the feet of  
Him who sat thereon !

And deeper than the sound of seas,  
more soft than falling flake,  
Amidst the hush of wing and song  
the Voice Eternal spake :

" Welcome, My angels ! ye have  
brought a holier joy to heaven ;  
Henceforth its sweetest song shall be  
the song of sin forgiven ! "

### THE LIBRARY

SUNG AT THE OPENING OF THE  
HAVERHILL LIBRARY.

" LET THERE BE LIGHT ! " God spake  
of old,  
And over chaos dark and cold,  
And, through the dead and formless  
frame  
Of nature, life and order came.

Faint was the light at first that shone  
On giant fern and mastodon,  
On half-formed plant and beast of prey,  
And man as rude and wild as they.

Age after age, like waves, o'erran  
The earth, uplifting brute and man ;  
And mind, at length, in symbols  
dark  
Its meanings traced on stone and bark.

On leaf of palm, on sedge-wrought  
roll,  
On plastic clay and leathern scroll,  
Man wrote his thoughts ; the ages  
passed,  
And lo ! the Press was found at last !

Then dead souls woke ; the thoughts  
of men  
Whose bones were dust revived again ;  
The cloister's silence found a tongue,  
Old prophets spake, old poets sung.

And here, to-day, the dead look  
down,  
The kings of mind again we crown ;  
We hear the voices lost so long,  
The sage's word, the sibyl's song.

Here Greek and Roman find them-  
selves  
Alive along these crowded shelves ;  
And Shakespeare treads again his stage,  
And Chaucer paints anew his age.

As if some Pantheon's marbles broke  
Their stony trance, and lived and  
spoke,  
Life thrills along the alcoved hall,  
The lords of thought await our call !

### THE HENCHMAN

My lady walks her morning round,  
My lady's page her fleet greyhound,  
My lady's hair the fond winds stir,  
And all the birds make songs for  
her.

Her thrushes sing in Rathburn bowers,  
And Rathburn side is gay with  
flowers ;  
But ne'er like hers, in flower or bird,  
Was beauty seen or music heard.

The distance of the stars is hers ;  
The least of all her worshippers,  
The dust beneath her dainty heel,  
She knows not that I see or feel.

O proud and calm !—she cannot  
know

Where'er she goes with her I go ;  
O cold and fair !—she cannot guess  
I kneel to share her hound's caress !

Gay knights beside her hunt and  
hawk,

I rob their ears of her sweet talk ;  
Her suitors come from east and  
west,

I steal her smiles from every guest.

Unheard of her, in loving words,  
I greet her with the song of birds ;  
I reach her with her green-armed  
bowers,  
I kiss her with the lips of flowers.

The hound and I are on her trail,  
The wind and I uplift her veil ;  
As if the calm, cold moon she were,  
And I the tide, I follow her.

As unrebuked as they, I share  
The licence of the sun and air,  
And in a common homage hide  
My worship from her scorn and  
pride.

World-wide apart, and yet so near,  
I breathe her charmed atmosphere,  
Wherein to her my service brings  
The reverence due to holy things.

Her maiden pride, her haughty  
name,  
My dumb devotion shall not shame ;  
The love that no return doth crave  
To nightly levels lifts the slave.

No lance have I, in joust or fight,  
To splinter in my lady's sight ;  
But, at her feet, how blest were I  
For any need of hers to die !

## KING SOLOMON AND THE ANTS

OUT from Jerusalem  
The king rode with his great  
War chiefs and lords of state,  
And Sheba's queen with them,

Comely, but black withal,  
To whom, perchance, belongs  
That wondrous Song of songs,  
Sensuous and mystical,

Whereto devout souls turn  
In fond, ecstatic dream,  
And through its earth-born theme  
The Love of loves discern.

Proud in the Syrian sun,  
In gold and purple sheen,  
The dusky Ethiop queen  
Smiled on King Solomon.

Wise of men, he knew  
The languages of all  
The creatures great or small  
That trod the earth or flew.

Across an ant-hill led  
The king's path, and he heard  
Its small folk, and their word  
He thus interpreted :

" Here comes the king men greet  
As wise and good and just,  
To crush us in the dust  
Under his heedless feet."

The great king bowed his head,  
And saw the wide surprise  
Of the Queen of Sheba's eyes  
As he told her what they said.

" O king ! " she whispered sweet,  
" Too happy fate have they  
Who perish in thy way  
Beneath thy gracious feet !

" Thou of the God-lent crown,  
Shall these vile creatures dare  
Murmur against thee where  
The knees of kings kneel down ? "

"Nay," Solomon replied,  
 "The wise and strong should seek  
 The welfare of the weak,"  
 And turned his horse aside.

His train, with quick alarm,  
 Curved with their leader round  
 The ant-hill's peopled mound  
 And left it free from harm.

The jewelled head bent low ;  
 "O king !" she said, "henceforth  
 The secret of thy worth  
 And wisdom well I know.

' Happy must be the State  
 Whose ruler heedeth more  
 The murmurs of the poor  
 Than flatteries of the great."

### RED RIDING-HOOD

ON the wide lawn the snow lay deep,  
 Ridged o'er with many a drifted heap ;  
 The wind that through the pine-trees  
 sung  
 The naked elm-boughs tossed and  
 swung ;  
 While, through the window, frosty-  
 starred,  
 Against the sunset purple barred,  
 We saw the sombre crow flap by,  
 The hawk's grey fleck along the sky,  
 The crested blue-jay flitting swift,  
 The squirrel poising on the drift,  
 Erect, alert, his broad grey tail  
 Set to the north wind like a sail.

It came to pass, our little lass,  
 With flattened face against the glass,  
 And eyes in which the tender dew  
 Of pity shone, stood gazing through  
 The narrow space her rosy lips  
 Had melted from the frost's eclipse :  
 "Oh, see," she cried, "the poor blue-  
 jays !

What is it that the black crow says ?  
 The squirrel lifts his little legs  
 Because he has no hands, and begs ;  
 He's asking for my nuts, I know :  
 May I not feed them on the snow ?"

Half lost within her boots, her head  
 Warm-sheltered in her hood of red,  
 Her plaid skirt close about her drawn,  
 She floundered down the wintry lawn ;  
 Now struggling through the misty veil  
 Blown round her by the shrieking  
 gale ;

Now sinking in a drift so low  
 Her scarlet hood could scarcely show  
 Its dash of colour on the snow.

She dropped for bird and beast forlorn  
 Her little store of nuts and corn,  
 And thus her timid guests bespoke :  
 "Come, squirrel, from your hollow  
 oak,—

Come, black old crow,—come, poor  
 blue-jay,

Before your supper's blown away !  
 Don't be afraid, we all are good ;  
 And I'm mamma's Red Riding-  
 Hood !"

O Thou whose care is over all,  
 Who heedest even the sparrow's fall,  
 Keep in the little maiden's breast  
 The pity which is now its guest !  
 Let not her cultured years make less  
 The childhood charm of tenderness,  
 But let her feel as well as know,  
 Nor harder with her polish glow !  
 Unmoved by sentimental grief  
 That wails along some printed leaf,  
 But, prompt with kindly word and  
 deed

To own the claims of all who need,  
 Let the grown woman's self make good  
 The promise of Red Riding-Hood !

### THE PRESSED GENTIAN

THE time of gifts has come again,  
 And, on my northern window-pane,  
 Outlined against the day's brief light,  
 A Christmas token hangs in sight.  
 The wayside travellers, as they pass,  
 Mark the grey disc of clouded glass ;  
 And the dull blankness seems, per-  
 chance,  
 Folly to their wise ignorance.

They cannot from their outlook see  
The perfect grace it hath for me ;  
For there the flower, whose fringes  
through

The frosty breath of autumn blew,  
Turns from without its face of bloom  
To the warm tropic of my room,  
As fair as when beside its brook  
The hue of bending skies it took.

So from the trodden ways of earth,  
Seem some sweet souls who veil their  
worth,

And offer to the careless glance  
The clouding grey of circumstance.  
They blossom best where hearth-fires  
burn,

To loving eyes alone they turn  
The flowers of inward grace that  
hide

Their beauty from the world outside.

But deeper meanings come to me,  
My half-immortal flower from thee !  
Man judges from a partial view,  
None ever yet his brother knew ;  
The Eternal Eye that sees the whole  
May better read the darkened soul,  
And find, to outward sense denied,  
The flower upon its inmost side !

### OVERRULED

THE threads our hands in blindness  
spin

No self-determined plan weaves in ;  
The shuttle of the unseen powers  
Works out a pattern not as ours.

Ah ! small the choice of him who sings  
What sound shall leave the smitten  
strings ;

Fate holds and guides the hand of art ;  
The singer's is the servant's part.

The wind-harp chooses not the tone  
That through its trembling threads is  
blown ;

The patient organ cannot guess  
What hand its passive keys shall press.

Through wish, resolve, and act, our will  
Is moved by undreamed forces still :  
And no man measures in advance  
His strength with untried circumstance.

As stream take hue from shade and sun,  
As runs the life the song must run ;  
But, glad or sad, to His good end  
God grant the varying notes may tend !

### HYMN

SUNG AT THE ANNIVERSARY OF  
THE CHILDREN'S MISSION, BOSTON  
(1878).

THINE are all the gifts, O God !  
Thine the broken bread ;  
Let the naked feet be shod,  
And the starving fed.

Let Thy children, by Thy grace,  
Give as they abound,  
Till the poor have breathing space  
And the lost are found.

Wiser than the miser's hoards  
Is the giver's choice ;  
Sweeter than the song of birds  
Is the thankful voice.

Welcome smiles on faces sad  
As the flowers of spring ;  
Let the tender hearts be glad  
With the joy they bring.

Happier for their pity's sake  
Make their sports and plays,  
And from lips of childhood take  
Thy perfected praise !

### GIVING AND TAKING.\*

WHO gives and hides the giving hand,  
Nor counts on favour, fame, or praise,  
Shall find his smallest gift outweighs  
The burden of the sea and land.

\* I have attempted to put in English verse  
a prose translation of a poem by Tinne-  
valuva, a Hindoo poet of the third century  
of our era.

Who gives to whom hath naught been  
 given,  
 His gift in need, though small in-  
 deed  
 As is the grass-blade's wind-blown  
 seed,  
 Is large as earth and rich as heaven.

Forget it not, O man, to whom  
 A gift shall fall, while yet on earth ;  
 Yea, even to thy seven-fold birth  
 Recall it in the lives to come.

Who broods above a wrong in thought  
 Sins much ; but greater sin is his  
 Who, fed and clothed with kind  
 nesses,  
 Shall count the holy alms as nought.

Who dares to curse the hands that bless  
 Shall know of sin the deadliest cost ;  
 The patience of the heavens is lost  
 Beholding man's unthankfulness.

For he who breaks all laws may still  
 In Sivam's mercy be forgiven ;  
 But none can save, in earth or  
 heaven,  
 The wretch who answers good with ill.

*" I WAS A STRANGER, AND YE  
 TOOK ME IN "*

'NEATH skies that winter never knew  
 The air was full of light and balm,  
 And warm and soft the Gulf wind blew  
 Through orange bloom and groves  
 of palm.

A stranger from the frozen North,  
 Who sought the fount of health in  
 vain,  
 Sank homeless on the alien earth,  
 And breathed the languid air with  
 pain.

God's angel came ! The tender shade  
 Of pity made her blue eye dim ;  
 Against her woman's breast she laid  
 The drooping, fainting head of him.

She bore him to a pleasant room,  
 Flower-sweet and cool with salt sea  
 air,  
 And watched beside his bed, for  
 whom  
 His far-off sisters might not care.

She fanned his feverish brow and  
 smoothed  
 Its lines of pain with tenderest  
 touch,  
 With holy hymn and prayer she  
 soothed  
 The trembling soul that feared so  
 much.

Through her the peace that passeth  
 sight  
 Came to him, as he lapsed away  
 As one whose troubled dreams of night  
 Slide slowly into tranquil day.

The sweetness of the Land of Flowers  
 Upon his lonely grave she laid :  
 The jasmine dropped its golden  
 showers,  
 The orange lent its bloom and shade.

And something whispered in her  
 thought,  
 More sweet than mortal voices be :  
 " The service thou for him hast  
 wrought  
 O daughter ! hath been done for  
 Me."

### *AT SCHOOL-CLOSE*

BOWDOIN STREET (1877).

THE end has come, as come it must  
 To all things ; in these sweet June  
 days  
 The teacher and the scholar trust  
 Their parting feet to separate ways.

They part : but in the years to be  
 Shall pleasant memories cling to  
 each,  
 As shells bear inland from the sea  
 The murmur of the rhythmic beach



One knew the joy the sculptor knows  
 When, plastic to his lightest touch,  
 His clay-wrought model slowly grows  
 To that fine grace desired so much.

So daily grew before her eyes  
 The living shapes whereon she  
 wrought,  
 Strong, tender, innocently wise,  
 The child's heart with the woman's  
 thought.

And one shall never quite forget  
 The voice that called from dream  
 and play,  
 The firm but kindly hand that set  
 Her feet in learning's pleasant way,--

The joy of Undine, soul-possessed,  
 The wakening sense, the strange  
 delight  
 That swelled the fabled statue's breast  
 And filled its clouded eyes with  
 sight !

O Youth and Beauty, loved of all !  
 Ye pass from girlhood's gate of  
 dreams ;  
 In broader ways your footsteps fall,  
 Ye test the truth of all that seems

Her little realm the teacher leaves,  
 She breaks her wand of power apart,  
 While, for your love and trust, she  
 gives  
 The warm thanks of a grateful heart.

Hers is the sober summer noon  
 Contrasted with your morn of  
 spring ;  
 The waning with the waxing moon,  
 The folded with the outspread wing.

Across the distance of the years  
 She sends her God-speed back to  
 you ;  
 She has no thought of doubts or fears :  
 Be but yourselves, be pure, be true,

And prompt in duty ; heed the deep,  
 Low voice of conscience ; through  
 the ill  
 And discord round about you, keep  
 Your faith in human nature still.

Be gentle : unto griefs and needs,  
 Be pitiful as woman should,  
 And, spite of all the lies of creeds,  
 Hold fast the truth that God is good.

Give and receive ; go forth and bless  
 The world that needs the hand and  
 heart  
 Of Martha's helpful carefulness  
 No less than Mary's better part.

So shall the stream of time flow by  
 And leave each year a richer good,  
 And matron loveliness outvie  
 The nameless charm of maidenhood.

And, when the world shall link your  
 names  
 With gracious lives and manners  
 fine,  
 The teacher shall assert her claims,  
 And proudly whisper, "These were  
 mine !"

## AT EVENTIDE

POOR and inadequate the shadow-play  
 Of gain and loss, of waking and of  
 dream,  
 Against life's solemn background  
 needs must seem  
 At this late hour. Yet, not unthank-  
 fully,  
 I call to mind the fountains by the way,  
 The breath of flowers, the bird-song  
 on the spray,  
 Dear friends, sweet human loves, the  
 joy of giving  
 And of receiving, the great boon of  
 living  
 In grand historic years when Liberty  
 Had need of word and work, quick  
 sympathies  
 For all who fail and suffer, song's relief,  
 Nature's uncloying loveliness ; and  
 chief,  
 The kind restraining hand of Provi-  
 dence,  
 The inward witness, the assuring  
 sense

Of an Eternal Good which overlies  
 The sorrow of the world, Love which  
 outlives  
 All sin and wrong, Compassion which  
 forgives  
 To the uttermost, and Justice whose  
 clear eyes  
 Through lapse and failure look to the  
 intent,  
 And judge our frailty by the life we  
 meant.

### THE PROBLEM

#### I

NOR without envy Wealth at times  
 must look  
 On their brown strength who wield  
 the reaping-hook  
 And scythe, or at the forge-fire  
 shape the plow  
 Or the steel harness of the steeds of  
 steam ;  
 All who, by skill and patience, any-  
 how  
 Make service noble, and the earth  
 redeem  
 From savageness. By kingly accolade  
 Than theirs was never worthier knight-  
 hood made.  
 Well, for them, if, while demagogues  
 their vain  
 And evil counsels proffer, they maintain  
 Their honest manhood unswayed,  
 and wage  
 No war with Labour's right to Labour's  
 gain  
 Of sweet home-comfort, rest of hand  
 and brain,  
 And softer pillow for the head of  
 Age.

And well for Gain if it ungrudging  
 yields  
 Labour its just demand ; and well  
 for Ease  
 If in the uses of its own, it sees  
 No wrong to him who tills its plea-  
 sant fields  
 And spreads the table of its luxuries.

The interests of the rich man and the  
 poor  
 Are one and same, inseparable ever-  
 more ;  
 And, when scant wage or labour fail  
 to give  
 Food, shelter, raiment, wherewithal  
 to live,  
 Need has its rights, necessity its claim.  
 Yea, even self-wrought misery and  
 shame  
 Test well the charity suffering long  
 and kind.  
 The home-pressed question of the age  
 can find  
 No answer in the catch-words of the  
 blind  
 Leaders of blind. Solution there is  
 none  
 Save in the Golden Rule of Christ  
 alone.

### RESPONSE

1877.

BESIDE that milestone where the level  
 sun,  
 Nigh unto setting, sheds his last,  
 low rays  
 On word and work irrevocably done,  
 Life's blending threads of good and  
 ill outspun,  
 I hear, O friends ! your words of  
 cheer and praise,  
 Half doubtful if myself or otherwise.  
 Like him who, in the old Arabian  
 joke,  
 A beggar slept and crownèd Caliph  
 woke.

Thanks not the less. With not un-  
 glad surprise  
 I see my life-work through your par-  
 tial eyes ;  
 Assured, in giving to my home-taught  
 songs  
 A higher value than of right belongs,  
 You do but read between the written  
 lines  
 The finer grace of unfulfilled designs.

# INSCRIPTIONS

## *ON A SUN-DIAL*

FOR DR. HENRY I. BOWDITCH.

WITH warning hand I mark Time's rapid flight  
From life's glad morning to its solemn night ;  
Yet, through the dear God's love, I also show  
There's Light above me by the Shade below.



## *ON A FOUNTAIN*

FOR DOROTHEA L. DIX.

STRANGER and traveller  
    Drink freely, and bestow  
A kindly thought on her  
    Who bade this fountain flow,  
Yet hath no other claim  
    Than as the minister  
Of blessing in God's name.  
    Drink, and in His peace go !

# ORIENTAL MAXIMS

## PARAPHRASE OF SANSKRIT TRANSLATIONS

### *THE INWARD JUDGE*

FROM "INSTITUTES OF MANU."

THE soul itself its awful witness is.  
Say not in evil doing, "No one sees,"  
And so offend the conscious One  
within.

Whose ear can hear the silences of sin  
Ere they find voice, whose eyes un-  
sleeping see  
The secret motions of iniquity.

Nor in thy folly say, "I am alone."  
For, seated in thy heart, as on a  
throne,

The ancient Judge and Witness liveth  
still,

To note thy act and thought; and as  
thy ill

Or good goes from thee, far beyond  
thy reach,

The solemn Doomsman's seal is set  
on each.



### *LAYING UP TREASURE*

FROM THE "MAHABHARATA."

BEFORE the Ender comes, whose  
charioteer

Is swift or slow Disease, lay up each year  
Thy harvests of well-doing, wealth  
that kings

Nor thieves can take away. When  
all the things

Thou callest thine, goods, pleasures,  
honours fall,

Thou in thy virtue shalt survive them  
all.

### *CONDUCT*

FROM THE "MAHABHARATA."

HEED how thou livest. Do no act by  
day

Which from the night shall drive thy  
peace away.

In months of sun so live that months  
of rain

Shall still be happy. Evermore re-  
strain

Evil and cherish good, so shall there  
be

Another and a happier life for thee.

# THE KING'S MISSIVE

## AND OTHER POEMS

[1881]

### THE KING'S MISSIVE

#### PRELUDE.

I SPREAD a scanty board too late ;  
The old - time guests for whom I  
wait  
Come few and slow, methinks,  
to-day.  
Ah! who could hear my messages  
Across the dim unsounded seas  
On which so many have sailed  
away!

Come, then, old friends, who linger  
yet,  
And let us meet, as we have met,  
Once more beneath this low sun-  
shine ;  
And grateful for the good we've  
known,  
The riddles solved, the ills outgrown,  
Shake hands upon the border  
line.

The favour, asked too oft before,  
From your indulgent ears, once  
more

I crave, and, if belated lays  
To slower, feebler measures move,  
The silent sympathy of love  
To me is dearer now than praise.

And ye, O younger friends, for whom  
My hearth and heart keep open  
room,

Come smiling through the shadows  
long,  
Be with me while the sun goes down,  
And with your cheerful voices drown  
The minor of my even-song.

For, equal through the day and  
night,  
The wise Eternal oversight  
And love and power and righteous  
will  
Remain : the law of destiny  
The best for each and all must be,  
And life its promise shall fulfil.

\* \* \*

Under the great hill sloping bare  
To cove and meadow and Common  
lot,  
In his council chamber and oaken  
chair,  
Sat the worshipful Governor Endi-  
cott.  
A grave, strong man, who knew no  
peer  
In the pilgrim land, where he ruled in  
fear  
Of God, not man, and for good or ill  
Held his trust with an iron will.

He had shorn with his sword the cross  
from out  
The flag, and cloven the May-pole  
down,  
Harried the heathen round about,  
And whipped the Quakers from  
town to town.  
Earnest and honest, a man at need  
To burn like a torch for his own harsh  
creed,  
He kept with the flaming brand of  
his zeal  
The gate of the holy common weal.

His brow was clouded, his eye was stern  
 With a look of mingled sorrow and wrath ;

"Woe's me !" he murmured : "at every turn

The pestilent Quakers are in my path !

Some we have scourged, and banished some,

Some hanged, more doomed, and still they come,

Fast as the tide of yon bay sets in,  
 Sowing their heresy's seed of sin.

"Did we count on this? Did we leave behind

The graves of our kin, the comfort and ease

Of our English hearths and homes, to find

Troublers of Israel such as these?

Shall I spare? Shall I pity them?  
 God forbid !

I will do as the prophet to Agag did :

They come to poison the wells of the Word,

I will hew them in pieces before the Lord !"

The door swung open, and Rawson the clerk

Entered, and whispered under breath,

"There waits below for the hangman's work

A fellow banished on pain of death—  
 Shattuck, of Salem, unhealed of the whip

Brought over in Master Goldsmith's ship

At anchor here in a Christian port.

With freight of the devil and all his sort !"

Twice and thrice on the chamber floor

Striding fiercely from wall to wall,  
 "The Lord do so to me and more,"

The Governor cried, "if I hang not all !

Bring hither the Quaker." Calm, sedate,

With the look of a man at ease with fate,

Into that presence grim and dread  
 Came Samuel Shattuck, with hat on head.

"Off with the knave's hat !" An angry hand

Smote down the offence ; but the wearer said,

With a quiet smile, "By the king's command

I bear this message and stand in his stead."

In the Governor's hand a missive he laid

With the royal arms on its seal displayed,

And the proud man spake as he gazed thereat,

Uncovering, "Give Mr. Shattuck his hat."

He turned to the Quaker, bowing low,—

"The king commandeth your friends' release,

Doubt not he shall be obeyed, although  
 To his subjects' sorrow and sin's increase.

What he here enjoineeth, John Endicott,

His loyal servant, questioneth not.

You are free ! God grant the spirit you own

May take you from us to parts unknown."

So the door of the jail was open cast,

And, like Daniel, out of the lions' den

Tender youth and girlhood passed,  
 With age-bowed women and grey-locked men.

And the voice of one appointed to die

Was lifted in praise and thanks on high,

And the little maid from New Nether-  
lands,  
Kissed, in her joy, the doomed man's  
hands.

And one, whose call was to minister  
To the souls in prison, beside him  
went,

An ancient woman, bearing with her  
The linen shroud for his burial  
meant.

For she, not counting her own life  
dear,

In the strength of a love that cast out  
fear,

Had watched and served where her  
brethren died,

Like those who waited the cross  
beside.

One moment they paused on their way  
to look

On the martyr graves by the  
Common side,

And much scourged Wharton of Salem  
took

His burden of prophecy up and  
cried:

"Rest, souls of the valiant! Not in  
vain

Have ye borne the Master's cross of  
pain;

Ye have fought the fight, ye are  
victors crowned,

With a fourfold chain ye have Satan  
bound!"

The autumn haze lay soft and still

On wood and meadow and upland  
farms;

On the brow of Snow Hill the great  
windmill

Slowly and lazily swung its arms;  
Broad in the sunshine stretched  
away,

With its capes and islands, the  
turquoise bay;

And over water and dusk of pines  
Blue hills lifted their faint outlines.

The topaz leaves of the walnut glowed,  
The sumach added its crimson  
fleck,

And double in air and water showed  
The tinted maples along the  
Neck;

Through frost flower clusters of pale  
star-mist,

And gentian fringes of amethyst,  
And royal plumes of golden rod,  
The grazing cattle on Centry trod.

But as they who see not, the Quakers  
saw

The world about them; they only  
thought

With deep thanksgiving and pious  
awe

On the great deliverance God had  
wrought.

Through lane and alley the gazing  
town

Noisily followed them up and down;  
Some with scoffing and brutal jeer,  
Some with pity and words of cheer.

One brave voice rose above the din.

Upsall, grey with his length of  
days,

Cried from the door of his Red Lion  
Inn:

"Men of Boston, give God the  
praise!

No more shall innocent blood call-  
down

The bolts of wrath on your guilty  
town.

The freedom of worship, dear to  
you,

Is dear to all, and to all is due.

"I see the vision of days to come,

When your beautiful City of the  
Bay

Shall be Christian liberty's chosen  
home,

And none shall his neighbour's  
rights gainsay.

The varying notes of worship shall  
blend

And as one great prayer to God  
ascend,

And hands of mutual charity raise  
Walls of salvation and gates of  
praise."

So passed the Quakers through Boston  
town,  
Whose painful ministers sighed to  
see  
The walls of their sheep-fold falling  
down,  
And wolves of heresy prowling free.  
But the years went on, and brought  
no wrong;  
With milder counsels the State grew  
strong,  
As outward Letter and inward Light  
Kept the balance of truth aright.

The Puritan spirit perishing not,  
To Concord's yeomen the signal sent,  
And spake in the voice of the cannon-  
shot  
That severed the chains of a conti-  
nent.  
With its gentler mission of peace and  
good-will  
The thought of the Quaker is living  
still,  
And the freedom of soul he prophesied  
Is gospel and law where the martyrs  
died.



### ST. MARTIN'S SUMMER 64

THOUGH flowers have perished at the  
touch  
Of Frost, the early comer,  
I hail the season loved so much,  
The good St. Martin's summer.

O gracious morn, with rose-red dawn,  
And thin moon curving o'er it !  
The old year's darling, latest born,  
More loved than all before it !

How flamed the sunrise through the  
pines !  
How stretched the birchen shadows,  
Braiding in long, wind-wavered lines  
The westward sloping meadows !

The sweet day, opening as a flower  
Unfolds its petals tender,  
Renews for us at noontide's hour  
The summer's tempered splendour.

The birds are hushed ; alone the wind,  
That through the woodland searches,  
The red-oak's lingering leaves can find,  
And yellow plumes of larches.

But still the balsam-breathing pine  
Invites no thought of sorrow,  
No hint of loss from air like wine  
The earth's content can borrow.

The summer and the winter here  
Midway a truce are holding,  
A soft, consenting atmosphere  
Their tents of peace enfolding.

The silent woods, the lonely hills,  
Rise solemn in their gladness ;  
The quiet that the valley fills  
Is scarcely joy or sadness.

How strange ! The autumn yester-  
day  
In winter's grasp seemed dying ;  
On whirling winds from skies of  
grey  
The early snow was flying.

And now, while over Nature's mood  
There steals a soft relenting,  
I will not mar the present good,  
Forecasting or lamenting.

My autumn time and Nature's hold  
A dreamy tryst together,  
And, both grown old, about us fold  
The golden-tissued weather.

I lean my heart against the day  
To feel its bland caressing ;  
I will not let it pass away  
Before it leaves its blessing.



God's angels come not as of old  
 The Syrian shepherds knew them ;  
 In reddening dawns, in sunset gold,  
 And warm noon lights I view  
 them.

Nor need there is, in times like this  
 When heaven to earth draws nearer,  
 Of wing or song as witnesses  
 To make their presence clearer.

O stream of life, whose swifter flow  
 Is of the end forewarning,  
 Methinks thy sundown afterglow  
 Seems less of night than morning !

Old cares grow light ; aside I lay  
 The doubts and fears that troubled ;  
 The quiet of the happy day  
 Within my soul is doubled.

That clouds must veil this fair sun-  
 shine  
 Not less a joy I find it ;  
 Nor less yon warm horizon line  
 That winter lurks behind it.

The mystery of the untried days  
 I close my eyes from reading.  
 His will be done whose darkest ways  
 To light and life are leading !

Less drear the winter night shall be,  
 If memory cheer and hearten  
 Its heavy hours with thoughts of thee,  
 Sweet summer of St. Martin !

### THE DEAD FEAST OF THE KOL-FOLK

CHOTA NAGPOOR.

WE have opened the door,  
 Once, twice, thrice !  
 We have swept the floor,  
 We have boiled the rice.  
 Come hither, come hither !  
 Come from the far lands,  
 Come from the star lands,  
 Come as before !

We lived long together,  
 We loved one another ;  
 Come back to our life.  
 Come father, come mother,  
 Come sister and brother,  
 Child, husband, and wife,  
 For you we are sighing.  
 Come take your old places,  
 Come look in our faces,  
 The dead on the dying,  
 Come home !

We have opened the door,  
 Once, twice, thrice !  
 We have kindled the coals,  
 And we boil the rice  
 For the feast of souls.  
 Come hither, come hither !  
 Think not we fear you,  
 Whose hearts are so near you  
 Come tenderly thought on,  
 Come all unforgotten,  
 Come from the shadow-lands,  
 From the dim meadow-lands  
 Where the pale grasses bend  
 Low to our sighing.  
 Come father, come mother,  
 Come sister and brother,  
 Come husband and friend,  
 The dead to the dying,  
 Come home !

We have opened the door  
 You entered so oft ;  
 For the feast of souls  
 We have kindled the coals,  
 And we boil the rice soft.  
 Come you who are dearest  
 To us who are nearest,  
 Come hither, come hither,  
 From out the wild weather ;  
 The storm clouds are flying,  
 The peepul is sighing ;  
 Come in from the rain.  
 Come father, come mother,  
 Come sister and brother,  
 Come husband and lover,  
 Beneath our roof-cover.  
 Look on us again,  
 The dead on the dying,  
 Come home !

We have opened the door !  
For the feast of souls  
We have kindled the coals

We may kindle no more !  
Snake, fever, and famine,  
The curse of the Brahmin,  
The sun and the dew,  
They burn us, they bite us,  
They waste us and smite us ;  
Our days are but few !

In strange lands far yonder  
To wonder and wander

We hasten to you.  
List then to our sighing,  
While yet we are here :

Nor seeing nor hearing,  
We wait without fearing,  
To feel you draw near.

O dead to the dying  
Come home !

### THE LOST OCCASION

SOME die too late and some too soon,  
At early morning, heat of noon,  
Or the chill evening twilight. Thou,  
Whom the rich heavens did so endow  
With eyes of power and Jove's own  
brow,

With all the massive strength that fills,  
Thy home-horizon's granite hills,  
With rarest gifts of heart and head  
From manliest stock inherited,  
New England's stateliest type of man,  
In port and speech Olympian ;  
Whom no one met, at first, but took  
A second awed and wondering look  
(As turned, perchance, the eyes of  
Greece

On Phidias' unveiled masterpiece) ;  
Whose words in simplest home-spun  
clad,

The Saxon strength of Cædmon's  
had,

With power reserved at need to reach  
The Roman forum's loftiest speech,  
Sweet with persuasion, eloquent  
In passion, cool in argument,  
Or, ponderous, falling on thy foes  
As fell the Norse god's hammer blows,

Crushing as if with Talus' flail  
Through Error's logic-woven mail,  
And failing only when they tried  
The adamant of the righteous side,—  
Thou, foiled in aim and hope, bereaved  
Of old friends, by the new deceived,  
Too soon for us, too soon for thee,  
Beside thy lonely Northern sea,  
Where long and low the marsh-lands  
spread,  
Laid wearily down thy august head.

Thou shouldst have lived to feel below  
Thy feet Disunion's fierce upthrow,—  
The late-sprung mine that underlaid  
Thy sad concessions vainly made.  
Thou shouldst have seen from Sumter's  
wall

The star-flag of the Union fall,  
And armed rebellion pressing on  
The broken lines of Washington !  
No stronger voice than thine had then  
Called out the utmost might of men,  
To make the Union's charter free  
And strengthen law by liberty.

How had that stern arbitrament  
To thy grey age youth's vigour lent,  
Shaming ambition's paltry prize  
Before thy disillusioned eyes ;  
Breaking the spell about thee wound  
Like the green withes that Samson  
bound ;

Redeeming in one effort grand,  
Thyself and thy imperilled land !  
Ah, cruel fate, that closed to thee,  
O sleeper by the Northern sea,  
The gates of opportunity !  
God fills the gaps of human need,  
Each crisis brings its word and deed.  
Wise men and strong we did not  
lack ;

But still, with memory turning back,  
In the dark hours we thought of  
thee,  
And thy lone grave beside the sea.

Above that grave the east winds blow,  
And from the marsh-lands drifting  
slow

The sea-fog comes, with evermore  
The wave-wash of a lonely shore  
And sea-bird's melancholy cry,  
As Nature fain would typify

The sadness of a closing scene,  
The loss of that which should have  
been.

But, where thy native mountains  
bare

Their foreheads to diviner air,  
Fit emblem of enduring fame,  
One lofty summit keeps thy name,  
For thee the cosmic forces did  
The rearing of that pyramid,  
The prescient ages shaping with  
Fire, flood, and frost thy monolith.  
Sunrise and sunset lay thereon  
With hands of light their benison,  
The stars of midnight pause to set  
Their jewels in its coronet,  
And evermore that mountain mass  
Seems climbing from the shadowy  
pass

To light, as if to manifest  
Thy nobler self, thy life at best !

We rest in peace where these sad  
eyes

Saw peril, strife, and pain ;  
His was the nation's sacrifice,  
And ours the priceless gain.

O symbol of God's will on earth  
As it is done above !  
Bear witness to the cost and worth  
Of justice and of love.

Stand in thy place and testify  
To coming ages long,  
That truth is stronger than a lie,  
And righteousness than wrong.

### THE JUBILEE SINGERS

VOICE of a people suffering long,  
The pathos of their mournful song,  
The sorrow of their night of wrong !

Their cry like that which Israel  
gave,  
A prayer for one to guide and save,  
Like Moses by the Red Sea's wave !

The stern accord her timbrel lent  
To Miriam's note of triumph sent  
O'er Egypt's sunken armament !

The tramp that startled camp and  
town,  
And shook the walls of slavery  
down,  
The spectral march of old John  
Brown !

The storm that swept through battle-  
days,  
The triumph after long delays,  
The bondmen giving God the praise !

Voice of a ransomed race, sing on  
Till Freedom's every right is won,  
And Slavery's every wrong undone !

### THE EMANCIPATION GROUP

BOSTON, 1879.

AMIDST thy sacred effigies  
Of old renown give place,  
O city, Freedom-loved ! to his  
Whose hand unchained a race.

Take the worn frame, that rested  
not  
Save in a martyr's grave—  
The care-lined face, that none forgot,  
Bent to the kneeling slave.

Let man be free ! The mighty word  
He spake was not his own ;  
An impulse from the Highest stirred  
These chiselled lips alone.

The cloudy sign, the fiery guide,  
Along his pathway ran,  
And Nature, through his voice,  
denied  
The ownership of man.

## WITHIN THE GATE

L. M. C.

WE sat together, last May-day, and  
talked

Of the dear friends who walked  
Beside us, sharers of the hopes and  
fears

Of five-and-forty years

Since first we met in Freedom's hope  
forlorn,

And heard her battle-horn  
Sound through the valleys of the sleep-  
ing North,  
Calling her children forth.

And youth pressed forward with hope-  
lighted eyes,

And age, with forecast wise  
Of the long strife before the triumph  
won,  
Girded his armour on.

Sadly, as name by name we called  
the roll,

We heard the dead-bells toll  
For the unanswering many, and we  
knew  
The living were the few.

And we, who waited our own call  
before

The inevitable door,  
Listened and looked, as all have done,  
to win  
Some token from within.

No sign we saw, we heard no voices  
call ;

The impenetrable wall  
Cast down its shadow, like an awful  
doubt,  
On all who sat without.

Of many a hint of life beyond the  
veil,

And many a ghostly tale  
Wherewith the ages spanned the gulf  
between  
The seen and the unseen,

Seeking from omen, trance, and dream  
to gain

Solace to doubtful pain,  
And touch, with groping hands, the  
garment hem  
Of truth sufficing them,

We talked ; and, turning from the  
sore unrest

Of an all-baffling quest,  
We thought of holy lives that from  
us passed  
Hopeful unto the last,

As if they saw beyond the river of  
death,

Like Him of Nazareth,  
The many mansions of the Eternal  
days  
Lift up their gates of praise.

And, hushed to silence by a reverent  
awe,

Methought, O friend, I saw  
In thy true life of word, and work,  
and thought  
The proof of all we sought.

Did we not witness in the life of thee  
Immortal prophecy ?

And feel, when with thee, that thy  
footsteps trod  
• An everlasting road ?

Not for brief days thy generous sym-  
pathies,

Thy scorn of selfish ease ;  
Not for the poor prize of an earthly goal  
Thy strong uplift of soul.

Than thine was never turned a fonder  
heart

To nature and to art  
In fair-formed Hellas in her golden  
prime,  
Thy Philothea's time.

Yet, loving beauty, thou could'st pass  
it by,

And for the poor deny  
Thyself, and see thy fresh, sweet flower  
of fame  
Wither in blight and blame.

Sharing His love who holds in His  
embrace

The lowliest of our race,  
Sure the Divine economy must be  
Conservative of thee !

For truth must live with truth, self-  
sacrifice

Seek out its great allies ;  
Good must find good by gravitation  
sure,  
And love with love endure.

And so, since thou hast passed within  
the gate

Whereby awhile I wait,  
I give blind grief and blinder sense  
the lie :

Thou hast not lived to die !

### THE KHAN'S DEVIL

THE Khan came from Bokhara town .  
To Hamza, santan of renown.

"My head is sick, my hands are weak ;  
Thy help, O holy man, I seek."

In silence marking for a space  
The Khan's red eyes and purple face,

Thick voice, and loose, uncertain  
tread,  
"Thou hast a devil !" Hamza said.

"Allah forbid !" exclaimed the  
Khan,

"Rid me of him at once, O man !"

"Nay," Hamza said, "no spell of  
mine  
Can slay that cursèd thing of thine.

"Leave feast and wine, go forth and  
drink  
Water of healing on the brink

"Where clear and cold from moun-  
tain snows  
The Nahr el Zeben downward flows.

"Six moons remain, then come to me ;  
May Allah's pity go with thee !"

Awe-struck, from feast and wine, the  
Khan  
Went forth where Nahr el Zeben  
ran.

Roots were his food, the desert dust  
His bed, the water quenched his  
thirst,

And when the sixth moon's scimitar  
Curved sharp above the evening star,

He sought again the santan's door,  
Not weak and trembling as before,

But strong of limb and clear of  
brain ;  
"Behold," he said, "the fiend is  
slain."

"Nay," Hamza answered, "starved  
and drowned,  
The curst one lies in death-like  
swoond.

"But evil breaks the strongest gyves,  
And jins like him have charmed lives.

"One beaker of the juice of grape  
May call him up in living shape.

"When the red wine of Badakshan  
Sparkles for thee, beware, O Khan !

"With water quench the fire within,  
And drown each day thy devilkin !"

Thenceforth the great Khan shunned  
the cup  
As Shitan's own, though offered up,

With laughing eyes and jewelled  
hands,  
By Yarkand's maids and Samarcand's.

And, in the lofty vestibule  
Of the medress of Kaush Kodul,

The students of the holy law  
A golden-lettered tablet saw,

With these words, by a cunning hand,  
Graved on it at the Khan's command :

"In Allah's name, to him who hath  
A devil, Khan el Hamed saith,

"Wisely our Prophet cursed the vine :  
The fiend that loves the breath of wine

"No prayer can slay, no marabout  
Nor Meccan dervish can drive out.

"I, Khan el Hamed, know the charm  
That robs him of his power to harm.

"Drown him, O Islam's child ! the  
spell  
To save thee lies in tank and well !"

### ABRAM MORRISON

'MIDST the men and things which will  
Haunt an old man's memory still,  
Drollest, quaintest of them all,  
With a boy's laugh I recall  
Good old Abram Morrison.

When the Grist and Rolling Mill  
Ground and rumbled by Po Hill,  
And the old red school-house stood  
Midway in the Powow's flood,  
Here dwelt Abram Morrison.

From the Beach to far beyond  
Bear-Hill, Lion's Mouth and Pond,  
Marvellous to our tough old stock,  
Chips o' the Anglo-Saxon block,  
Seemed the Celtic Morrison.

Mudknock, Balmawhistle, all  
Only knew the Yankee drawl,  
Never brogue was heard till when,  
Foremost of his countrymen,  
Hither came Friend Morrison ;

Yankee born, of alien blood,  
Kin of his had well withstood  
Pope and King with pike and ball  
Under Derry's leaguered wall,  
As became the Morrisons.

Wandering down from Nutfield woods  
With his household and his goods,  
Never was it clearly told  
How within our quiet fold  
Came to be a Morrison.

Once a soldier, blame him not  
That the Quaker he forgot,  
When, to think of battles won,  
And the red-coats on the run,  
Laughed aloud Friend Morrison.

From grey Lewis over sea  
Bore his sires their family tree,  
On the rugged boughs of it  
Grafting Irish mirth and wit,  
And the brogue of Morrison.

Half a genius, quick to plan,  
Blundering like an Irishman,  
But with canny shrewdness lent  
By his far-off Scotch descent,  
Such was Abram Morrison.

Back and forth to daily meals,  
Rode his cherished pig on wheels,  
And to all who came to see :  
"Aisier for the pig an' me,  
Sure it is," said Morrison.

Simple-hearted, boy o'ergrown,  
With a humour quite his own,  
Of our sober stepping ways,  
Speech and look and cautious phrase,  
Slow to learn was Morrison.

Much we loved his stories told  
Of a country strange and old,  
Where the fairies danced till dawn,  
And the goblin Leprecaun  
Looked, we thought, like Morri-  
son.

Or wild tales of feud and fight,  
Witch and troll and second sight  
Whispered still where Stornoway  
Looks across its stormy bay,  
Once the home of Morrisons.

First was he to sing the praise  
Of the Powow's winding ways ;  
And our straggling village took  
City grandeur to the look  
Of its poet Morrison.

All his words have perished. Shame  
On the saddle-bags of Fame,  
That they bring not to our time  
One poor couplet of the rhyme  
Made by Abram Morrison !

When, on calm and fair First Days,  
Rattled down our one-horse chaise  
Through the blossomed apple-boughs  
To the old, brown meeting-house,  
There was Abram Morrison.

Underneath his hat's broad brim  
Peered the queer old face of him ;  
And with Irish jauntiness  
Swung the coat-tails of the dress  
Worn by Abram Morrison.

Still, in memory, on his feet,  
Leaning o'er the elders' seat,  
Mingling with a solemn drone,  
Celtic accents all his own,  
Rises Abram Morrison.

"Don't," he's pleading, "don't ye go,  
Dear young friends, to sight and show ;  
Don't run after elephants,  
Learned pigs and presidents,  
And the likes !" said Morrison.

On his well-worn theme intent,  
Simple, child-like, innocent,  
Heaven forgive the half-checked smile  
Of our careless boyhood, while  
Listening to Friend Morrison !

We have learned in later days  
Truth may speak in simplest phrase ;  
That the man is not the less  
For quaint ways and home-spun dress,  
Thanks to Abram Morrison !

Not to pander nor to please  
Come the needed homilies,  
With no lofty argument  
Is the fitting message sent  
Through such lips as Morrison's.

Dead and gone ! But while its track  
Powow keeps to Merrimack,  
While Po Hill is still on guard,  
Looking land and ocean ward,  
They shall tell of Morrison !

After half a century's lapse,  
We are wiser now, perhaps,  
But we miss our streets amid  
Something which the past has hid,  
Lost with Abram Morrison.

Gone for ever with the queer  
Characters of that old year !  
Now the many are as one ;  
Broken is the mould that run  
Men like Abram Morrison.

### VOYAGE OF THE JETTIE<sup>60</sup>

A SHALLOW stream, from fountains  
Deep in the Sandwich mountains,  
Ran lakeward Bearcamp River ;  
And, between its flood-torn shores,  
Sped by sail or urged by oars  
No keel had vexed it ever.

Alone the dead trees yielding  
To the dull axe Time is wielding,  
The shy mink and the otter,  
And golden leaves and red,  
By countless autumns shed,  
Had floated down its water.

From the grey rocks of Cape Ann,  
Came a skilled seafaring man,  
With his dory, to the right place ;  
Over hill and plain he brought her,  
Where the boatless Bearcamp water  
Comes winding down from White-  
Face.

Quoth the skipper : " Ere she floats  
forth,  
I'm sure my pretty boat's worth,  
At least, a name as pretty."  
On her painted side he wrote it,  
And the flag that o'er her floated  
Bore aloft the name of Jettie.

On a radiant morn of summer,  
Elder guest and latest comer  
Saw her wed the Bearcamp water ;  
Heard the name the skipper gave her.  
And the answer to the favour  
From the Bay State's graceful  
daughter.

Then, a singer, richly gifted,  
 Her charmed voice uplifted ;  
 And the wood-thrush and song-  
   sparrow  
 Listened, dumb with envious pain,  
 To the clear and sweet refrain  
   Whose notes they could not borrow.

Then the skipper plied his oar,  
 And from off the shelving shore,  
   Glided out the strange explorer ;  
 Floating on, she knew not whither,—  
 The tawny sands beneath her,  
   The great hills watching o'er her.

On, where the stream flows quiet  
 As the meadows' margins by it,  
   Or widens out to borrow a  
 New life from that wild water,  
 The mountain giant's daughter,  
   The pine-besung Chocorua.

Or, mid the tangling cumber  
 And pack of mountain lumber  
   That spring floods downward force,  
 Over sunken snag, and bar  
 Where the grating shallows are  
   The good boat held her course.

Under the pine-dark highlands,  
 Around the vine-hung islands,  
   She ploughed her crooked furrow ;  
 And her rippling and her lurches  
 Scared the river eels and perches,  
   And the musk-rat in his burrow.

Every sober clam below her,  
 Every sage and grave pearl-grower,  
   Shut his rusty valves the tighter ;  
 Crow called to crow complaining,  
 And old tortoises sat craning  
   Their leathern necks to sight her.

So, to where the still lake glasses  
 The misty mountain masses  
   Rising dim and distant north-  
   ward,  
 And, with faint - drawn shadow  
   pictures,  
 Low shores, and dead pine spectres,  
   Blends the skyward and the earth-  
   ward,

On she glided, overladen,  
 With merry man and maiden  
   Sending back their song and  
   laughter,—  
 While, perchance, a phantom crew,  
 In a ghostly birch canoe,  
   Paddled dumb and swiftly after !

And the bear on Ossipee  
 Climbed the topmost crag to see  
   The strange thing drifting under ;  
 And, through the haze of August,  
 Passaconaway and Paugus  
   Looked down in sleepy wonder.

All the pines that o'er her hung  
 In mimic sea-tones sung  
   The song familiar to her ;  
 And the maples leaned to screen her,  
 And the meadow-grass seemed greener,  
   And the breeze more soft to woo  
   her.

The lone stream mystery-haunted,  
 To her the freedom granted  
   To scan its every feature,  
 Till new and old were blended,  
 And round them both extended  
   The loving arms of Nature.

Of these hills the little vessel  
 Henceforth is part and parcel ;  
   And on Bearcamp shall her log  
 Be kept, as if by George's  
 Or Grand Menan, the surges  
   Tossed her skipper through the  
   fog.

And I who, half in sadness,  
 Recall the morning gladness  
   Of life, at evening time,  
 By chance, onlooking idly,  
 Apart from all so widely,  
   Have set her voyage to rhyme.

Dies now the gay persistence  
 Of song and laugh, in distance ;  
   Alone with me remaining  
 The stream, the quiet meadow,  
 The hills in shine and shadow,  
   The sombre pines complaining.



And, musing here, I dream  
 Of voyagers on a stream  
 From whence is no returning,  
 Under sealed orders going,  
 Looking forward little knowing,  
 Looking back with idle yearning.

And I pray that every venture  
 The port of peace may enter,  
 That, safe from snag and fall  
 And siren-haunted islet,  
 And rock, the Unseen Pilot  
 May guide us one and all.

### OUR AUTOCRAT

READ AT DR. HOLMES' BREAKFAST.

HIS laurels fresh from song and lay,  
 Romance, art, science, rich in all,  
 And young of heart, how dare we say  
 We keep his seventieth festival ?

No sense is here of loss or lack ;  
 Before his sweetness and his light  
 The dial holds its shadow back,  
 The charmed hours delay their  
 flight.

His still the keen analysis  
 Of men and moods, electric wit,  
 Free play of mirth, and tenderness  
 To heal the slightest wound from it.

And his the pathos touching all  
 Life's sins and sorrows and regrets,  
 Its hopes and fears, its final call  
 And rest beneath the violets.

His sparkling surface scarce betrays  
 The thoughtful tide beneath it  
 rolled,  
 The wisdom of the latter days,  
 And tender memories of the old.

What shapes and fancies, grave or gay,  
 Before us at his bidding come !  
 The Treadmill tramp, the One-Horse  
 Shay,  
 The dumb despair of Elsie's doom.

The tale of Avis and the Maid,  
 The plea for lips that cannot speak,  
 The holy kiss that Iris laid  
 On Little Boston's pallid cheek !

Long may he live to sing for us  
 His sweetest songs at evening time,  
 And, like his Chambered Nautilus,  
 To holier heights of beauty climb !

Though now unnumbered guests sur-  
 round  
 The table that he rules at will,  
 Its Autocrat, however crowned,  
 Is but our friend and comrade  
 still.

The world may keep his honoured  
 name,  
 The wealth of all his varied powers  
 A stronger claim has love than fame,  
 And he himself is only ours !

### GARRISON

THE storm and peril overpast,  
 The hounding hatred shamed and  
 still,  
 Go, soul of freedom ; take at last  
 The place which thou alone canst  
 fill.

Confirm the lesson taught of old—  
 Life saved for self is lost, while  
 they  
 Who lose it in His service hold  
 The lease of God's eternal day.

Not for thyself, but for the slave  
 Thy words of thunder shook the  
 world ;  
 No selfish griefs or hatred gave  
 The strength wherewith thy bolts  
 were hurled.

From lips that Sinai's trumpet blew  
 We heard a tender undersong ;  
 Thy very wrath from pity grew,  
 From love of man thy hate of  
 wrong.

Now past and present are as one ;  
 The life below is life above ;  
 Thy mortal years have but begun  
 The immortality of love.

With somewhat of thy lofty faith  
 We lay thy outworn garment by,  
 Give death but what belongs to  
 death,  
 And life the life that cannot die !

Not for a soul like thine the calm  
 Of selfish ease and joys of sense ;  
 But duty, more than crown or palm,  
 Its own exceeding recompense.

Go up and on ! thy day well done,  
 Its morning promise well fulfilled,  
 Arise to triumphs yet unwon,  
 To holier tasks that God has willed.

Go, leave behind thee all that mars  
 The work below of man for man ;  
 With the white legions of the stars  
 Do service such as angels can.

Wherever wrong shall right deny  
 Or suffering spirits urge their plea,  
 Be thine a voice to smite the lie,  
 A hand to set the captive free !

### BAYARD TAYLOR

#### I

"AND where now, Bayard, will thy  
 footsteps tend ?"  
 My sister asked our guest one  
 winter's day.  
 Smiling he answered in the Friends'  
 sweet way  
 Common to both : "Wherever thou  
 shalt send !  
 What wouldst thou have me see for  
 thee ?" She laughed,  
 Her dark eyes dancing in the wood-  
 fire's glow :  
 "Loffoden isles, the Kijpis, and  
 the low,  
 Unsetting sun on Finmark's fishing-  
 craft."

"All these and more I soon shall see  
 for thee !"

He answered cheerily : and he kept  
 his pledge  
 On Lapland snows, the North  
 Cape's windy wedge,  
 And Tromso freezing in its winter  
 sea.  
 He went and came. But no man  
 knows the track  
 Of his last journey, and he comes  
 not back !

#### II

He brought us wonders of the new  
 and old ;  
 We shared all climes with him.  
 The Arab's tent  
 To him its story-telling secret  
 lent.  
 And, pleased, we listened to the tales  
 he told.  
 His task, beguiled with songs that  
 shall endure,  
 In manly, honest thoroughness he  
 wrought ;  
 From humble home-lays to the  
 heights of thought  
 Slowly he climbed, but every step was  
 sure.  
 How, with the generous pride that  
 friendship hath,  
 We, who so loved him, saw at last  
 the crown  
 Of civic honour on his brows pressed  
 down,  
 Rejoiced, and knew not that the gift  
 was death.  
 And now for him, whose praise in  
 deafened ears  
 Two nations speak, we answer but  
 with tears !

#### III

O Vale of Chester ! trod by him so oft,  
 Green as thy June turf keep his  
 memory. Let  
 Nor wood, nor dell, nor storied  
 stream forget,  
 Nor winds that blow round lonely  
 Cedarcroft ;

Let the home voices greet him in the  
 far,  
 Strange land that holds him ; let  
 the messages  
 Of love pursue him o'er the chartless  
 seas  
 And unmapped vastness of his un-  
 known star !  
 Love's language, heard beyond the  
 loud discourse  
 Of perishable fame, in every sphere  
 Itself interprets ; and its utterance  
 here  
 Somewhere in God's unfolding universe  
 Shall reach our traveller, softening  
 the surprise  
 Of his rapt gaze on unfamiliar skies !

## A NAME

TO G. W. P.

THE name the Gallic exile bore,  
 St. Malo ! from thy ancient mart,  
 Became upon our Western shore  
 Greenleaf for Feuillevert.

A name to hear in soft accord  
 Of leaves by light winds overrun,  
 Or read, upon the greening sward  
 Of May, in shade and sun.

The name my infant ear first heard  
 Breathed softly with a mother's kiss ;  
 His mother's own, no tenderer word  
 My father spake than this.

No child have I to bear it on ;  
 Be thou its keeper ; let it take  
 From gifts well used and duty done  
 New beauty for thy sake.

The fair ideals that outran  
 My halting footsteps seek and find—  
 The flawless symmetry of man,  
 The poise of heart and mind.

Stand firmly where I felt the sway  
 Of every wing that fancy flew,  
 See clearly where I groped my way,  
 Nor real from seeming knew.

And wisely choose, and bravely hold  
 Thy faith unswerved by cross or  
 crown,  
 Like the stout Huguenot of old  
 Whose name to thee comes down.

As Marot's songs made glad the  
 heart  
 Of that lone exile, haply mine  
 May in life's heavy hours impart  
 Some strength and hope to thine.

Yet when did Age transfer to Youth  
 The hard-gained lessons of its  
 day ?  
 Each lip must learn the taste of  
 truth,  
 Each foot must feel its way.

We cannot hold the hands of choice  
 That touch or shun life's fateful  
 keys ;  
 The whisper of the inward voice  
 Is more than homilies.

Dear boy ! for whom the flowers are  
 born,  
 Stars shine, and happy song-birds  
 sing,  
 What can my evening give to morn,  
 My winter to thy spring !

A life not void of pure intent,  
 With small desert of praise or  
 blame,  
 The love I felt, the good I meant,  
 I leave thee with my name.

## THE MINISTER'S DAUGHTER

IN the minister's morning sermon  
 He had told of the primal fall,  
 And how thenceforth the wrath of God  
 Rested on each and all.

And how, of His will and pleasure,  
 All souls, save a chosen few,  
 Were doomed to the quenchless burn-  
 ing,  
 And held in the way thereto.

Yet never by faith's unreason  
A saintlier soul was tried,  
And never the harsh old lesson  
A tenderer heart belied.

And, after the painful service  
On that pleasant Sabbath day,  
He walked with his little daughter  
Through the apple-bloom of May.

Sweet in the fresh green meadows  
Sparrow and blackbird sung ;  
Above him their tinted petals  
The blossoming orchards hung.

Around on the wonderful glory  
The minister looked and smiled ;  
"How good is the Lord who  
gives us  
These gifts from His hand, my  
child.

"Behold in the bloom of apples  
And the violets in the sward  
A hint of the old, lost beauty  
Of the Garden of the Lord !"

Then up spake the little maiden,  
Treading on snow and pink :  
"O father ! these pretty blossoms  
Are very wicked, I think.

"Had there been no Garden of  
Eden  
There never had been a fall ;  
And if never a tree had blossomed  
God would have loved us all."

"Hush, child !" the father answered,  
"By His decree man fell ;  
His ways are in clouds and darkness,  
But He doeth all things well.

"And whether by His ordaining  
To us cometh good or ill,  
Joy or pain, or light or shadow,  
We must fear and love Him  
still."

"Oh, I fear Him !" said the daughter,  
"And I try to love Him, too ;  
But I wish He was good and gentle,  
Kind and loving as you."

The minister groaned in spirit  
As the tremulous lips of pain  
And wide, wet eyes uplifted  
Questioned his own in vain.

Bowing his head he pondered  
The words of the little one ;  
Had he erred in his life-long teaching?  
Had he wrong to his Master done?

To what grim and dreadful idol  
Had he lent the holiest name ?  
Did his own heart, loving and human,  
The God of his worship shame ?

And lo ! from the bloom and green-  
ness,  
From the tender skies above,  
And the face of his little daughter,  
He read a lesson of love.

No more as the cloudy terror  
Of Sinai's mount of law,  
But as Christ in the Syrian lilies  
The vision of God he saw.

And, as when, in the clefts of Horeb,  
Of old was His presence known,  
The dread Ineffable Glory  
Was Infinite Goodness alone.

Thereafter his hearers noted  
In his prayers a tenderer strain,  
And never the gospel of hatred  
Burned on his lips again.

And the scoffing tongue was prayerful,  
And the blinded eyes found sight,  
And hearts, as flint aforetime,  
Grew soft in his warmth and light.

### MY TRUST

A PICTURE memory brings to me :  
I look across the years and see  
Myself beside my mother's knee.

I feel her gentle hand restrain  
My selfish moods, and know again  
A child's blind sense of wrong and pain.

## BY THEIR WORKS

But wiser now, a man grey grown,  
My childhood's needs are better  
known,  
My mother's chastening love I own.

Grey grown, but in our Father's  
sight  
A child still groping for the light  
To read His works and ways aright.

I wait, in His good time to see  
That as my mother dealt with me  
So with His children dealeth He.

I bow myself beneath His hand :  
That pain itself was wisely planned  
I feel, and partly understand.

The joy that comes in sorrow's  
guise,  
The sweet pains of self-sacrifice,  
I would not have them otherwise.

And what were life and death if sin  
Knew not the dread rebuke within,  
The pang of merciful discipline ?

Not with thy proud despair of old,  
Crowned stoic of Rome's noblest  
mould !  
Pleasure and pain alike I hold.

I suffer with no vain pretence  
Of triumph over flesh and sense,  
Yet trust the grievous providence,

How dark soe'er it seems, may tend,  
By ways I cannot comprehend,  
To some unguessed benignant end ;

That every loss and lapse may gain  
The clear-aired heights by steps of  
pain,  
And never cross is borne in vain.



## THE TRAILING ARBUTUS

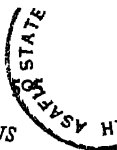
I WANDERED lonely where the pine-  
trees made  
Against the bitter East their barricade,  
And, guided by its sweet  
Perfume, I found, within a narrow  
dell,  
The trailing spring flower tinted like  
a shell  
Amid dry leaves and mosses at my  
feet.

From under dead boughs, for whose  
loss the pines  
Moaned ceaseless overhead, the  
blossoming vines  
Lifted their glad surprise,  
While yet the bluebird smoothed in  
leafless trees  
His feathers ruffled by the chill sea-  
breeze,  
And snow - drifts lingered under  
April skies.

As, pausing, o'er the lonely flower I  
bent,  
I thought of lives thus lowly, clogged  
and pent,  
Which yet find room,  
Through care and cumber, coldness  
and decay,  
To lend a sweetness to the ungenial  
day,  
And make the sad earth happier  
for their bloom.

## BY THEIR WORKS

CALL him not heretic whose works  
attest  
His faith in goodness by no creed  
confessed.  
Whatever in love's name is truly done  
To free the bound and lift the fallen  
one  
Is done to Christ. Whoso in deed  
and word  
Is not against Him labours for our  
Lord.



When He, who, sad and weary, long-  
ing sore  
For love's sweet service, sought the  
sisters' door,  
One saw the heavenly, one the human  
guest,  
But who shall say which loved the  
Master best?

Their age-dimmed tablets traced in  
doubtful writ !  
But only when on form and word  
obscure  
Falls from above the white supernal  
light  
We read the mystic characters  
aright,  
And life informs the silent portraiture,  
Until we pause at last, awe-held,  
before  
The One ineffable Face, love, wonder,  
and adore.

### THE WORD

VOICE of the Holy Spirit, making  
known  
Man to himself, a witness swift and  
sure,  
Warning, approving, true and wise  
and pure,  
Counsel and guidance that misleadeth  
none !  
By Thee the mystery of life is read ;  
The picture-writing of the world's  
grey seers,  
The myths and parables of the  
primal years,  
Whose letter kills, by Thee interpreted  
Take healthful meanings fitted to our  
needs,  
And in the soul's vernacular express  
The common law of simple right-  
eousness.  
Hatred of cant and doubt of human  
creeds  
May well be felt: the unpardonable sin  
Is to deny the Word of God within !

### THE BOOK

GALLERY of sacred pictures manifold,  
A minster rich in holy effigies,  
And bearing on entablature and  
frieze  
The hieroglyphic oracles of old.  
Along its transept aureoled martyrs sit ;  
And the low chancel, side-lights  
half acquaint  
The eye with shrines of prophet,  
bard, and saint,

### REQUIREMENT

WE live by Faith ; but Faith is not  
the slave  
Of text and legend. Reason's voice  
and God's,  
Nature's and Duty's, never are at  
odds.  
What asks our Father of His children,  
save  
Justice and mercy and humility,  
A reasonable service of good  
deeds,  
Pure living, tenderness to human  
needs,  
Reverence and trust, and prayer for  
light to see  
The Master's footprints in our daily  
ways ?  
No knotted scourge nor sacrificial  
knife,  
But the calm beauty of an ordered  
life,  
Whose very breathing is unworded  
praise !—  
A life that stands as all true lives have  
stood,  
Firm-rooted in the faith that God is  
Good.



HELP

DREAM not, O Soul, that easy is the  
task  
Thus set before thee. If it proves  
at length,  
As well it may, beyond thy natural  
strength,  
Faint not, despair not. As a child  
may ask  
A father, pray the Everlasting Good  
For light and guidance midst the  
subtle snares  
Of sin thick planted in life's  
thoroughfares,  
For spiritual strength and moral  
hardihood ;  
Still listening, through the noise of  
time and sense,  
To the still whisper of the Inward  
Word ;  
Bitter in blame, sweet in approval  
heard,  
Itself its own confirming evidence :  
To health of soul a voice to cheer and  
please,  
To guilt the wrath of the Eumenides.

UTTERANCE

BUT what avail inadequate words to  
reach  
The innermost of Truth? Who  
shall essay,  
Blinded and weak, to point and  
lead the way,  
Or solve its mystery in familiar speech?  
Yet, if it be that something not thy own,  
Some shadow of the Thought to  
which our schemes,  
Creeds, cult, and ritual are at best  
but dreams,  
Is even to thy unworthiness made  
known,  
Thou mayest not hide what yet thou  
shouldst not dare  
To utter lightly, lest on lips of thine  
The real seem false, the beauty un-  
divine.  
So, weighing duty in the scale of  
prayer,  
Give what seems given thee. It may  
prove a seed  
Of goodness dropped in fallow-grounds  
of need.



# THE BAY OF SEVEN ISLANDS

## AND RECENT POEMS

[1863]

### THE BAY OF SEVEN ISLANDS

TO H. P. S.

FROM the green Amesbury hill which  
bears the name  
Of that half mythic ancestor of mine  
Who trod its slopes two hundred  
years ago,  
Down the long valley of the Merrimack  
Midway between me and the river's  
mouth,  
I see thy home, set like an eagle's nest  
Among Deer Island's immemorial  
pines,  
Crowning the crag on which the sun-  
set breaks  
Its last red arrow. Many a tale and  
song,  
Which thou hast told or sung, I call  
to mind,  
Softening with silvery mist the woods  
and hills,  
The out-thrust headlands and in-  
reaching bays  
Of our north-eastern coast-line, trend-  
ing where  
The Gulf, midsummer, feels the chill  
blockade  
Of icebergs stranded at its northern  
gate.  
To thee the echoes of the Island Sound  
Answer not vainly, nor in vain the  
moan  
Of the South Breaker prophesying  
storm.  
And thou hast listened, like myself,  
to men  
Sea-perilled oft where Anticosti lies  
Like a fell spider in its web of fog,

Or where the Grand Bank shallows  
with the wrecks  
Of sunken fishers; and to whom  
strange isles  
And frost-rimmed bays and trading  
stations seem  
Familiar as Great Neck and Kettle  
Cove,  
Nubble and Boon, the common names  
of home.

So let me offer thee this lay of mine,  
Simple and homely, lacking much thy  
play  
Of colour and of fancy. If its theme  
And treatment seem to thee befitting  
youth  
Rather than age, let this be my  
excuse :  
It has beguiled some heavy hours and  
called  
Some pleasant memories up; and,  
better still,  
Occasion lent me for a kindly word  
To one who is my neighbour and my  
friend.

\* \* \*

The skipper sailed out of the harbour  
mouth,  
Leaving the apple-bloom of the South  
For the ice of the Eastern seas,  
In his fishing schooner Breeze.

Handsome and brave and young  
was he,  
And the maids of Newbury sighed  
to see  
His lessening white sail fall  
Under the sea's blue wall.



Through the Northern Gulf and the  
misty screen  
Of the isles of Mingan and Madeleine,  
St. Paul's and Blanc Sablon,  
The little Breeze sailed on,

Backward and forward, along the  
shore  
Of lorn and desolate Labrador,  
And found at last her way  
To the Seven Islands Bay.

The little hamlet, nestling below  
Great hills white with lingering  
snow,  
With its tin-roofed chapel stood  
Half hid in the dwarf spruce  
wood ;

Green-turfed, flower-sown, the last  
outpost  
Of summer upon the dreary coast,  
With its gardens small and spare,  
Sad in the frosty air.

Hard by where the skipper's schooner  
lay,  
A fisherman's cottage looked away  
Over isle and bay, and behind  
On mountains dim-defined.

And there twin sisters, fair and young,  
Laughed with their stranger guest,  
and sung  
In their native tongue the lays  
Of the old Provençal days.

Alike were they, save the faint outline  
Of a scar on Suzette's forehead fine ;  
And both, it so befell,  
Loved the heretic stranger well.

Both were pleasant to look upon,  
But the heart of the skipper clave to  
one ;  
Though less by his eye than heart  
He knew the twain apart.

Despite of alien race and creed,  
Well did his wooing of Marguerite  
speed ;  
And the mother's wrath was vain  
As the sister's jealous pain.

The shrill-tongued mistress her house  
forbade,  
And solemn warning was steinly said  
By the black-robed priest, whose  
word  
As law the hamlet heard.

But half by voice and half by signs  
The skipper said, "A warm sun shines  
On the green-banked Merrimack ;  
Wait, watch, till I come back.

"And when you see, from my mast-  
head,  
The signal fly of a kerchief red,  
My boat on the shore shall wait ;  
Come, when the night is late."

Ah ! weighed with childhood's haunts  
and friends,  
And all that the home sky overbends,  
Did ever young love fail  
To turn the trembling scale ?

Under the night, on the wet sea sands,  
Slowly unclasped their plighted hands:  
One to the cottage hearth,  
And one to his sailor's berth.

What was it the parting lovers heard ?  
Nor leaf, nor ripple, nor wing of bird,  
But a listener's stealthy tread  
On the rock-moss, crisp and dead.

He weighed his anchor, and fished  
once more  
By the black coast-line of Labrador ;  
And by love and the north wind  
driven,  
Sailed back to the Islands Seven.

In the sunset's glow the sisters twain  
Saw the Breeze come sailing in again ;  
Said Suzette, "Mother dear  
The heretic sail is here."

"Go, Marguerite, to your room, and  
hide ;  
Your door shall be bolted !" the  
mother cried ;  
While Suzette, ill at ease,  
Watched the red sign of the  
Breeze.

At midnight, down to the waiting  
skiff  
She stole in the shadow of the cliff;  
And out of the Bay's mouth ran  
The schooner with maid and  
man.

And all night long, on a restless  
bed,  
Her prayers to the Virgin Marguerite  
said;  
And thought of her lover's pain  
Waiting for her in vain.

Did he pace the sands? Did he pause  
to hear  
The sound of her light step drawing  
near?  
And, as the slow hours passed,  
Would he doubt her faith at  
last?

But when she saw through the misty  
pane,  
The morning break on a sea of  
rain,  
Could even her love avail  
To follow his vanished sail?

Meantime the Breeze, with favouring  
wind,  
Left the rugged Moisis hills be-  
hind,  
And heard from an unseen  
shore  
The falls of Manitou roar.

On the morrow's morn, in the thick.  
grey weather  
They sat on the reeling deck to-  
gether,  
Lover and counterfeit,  
Of hapless Marguerite.

With a lover's hand, from her fore-  
head fair  
He smoothed away her jet-black  
hair.  
What was it his fond eyes met?—  
The scar of the false Suzette!

Fiercely he shouted: "Bear away  
East by north for Seven Isles Bay!"  
The maiden wept and prayed,  
But the ship her helm obeyed.

Once more the Bay of the Isles they  
found:  
They heard the bell of the chapel  
sound,  
And the chant of the dying sung  
In the harsh, wild Indian tongue.

A feeling of mystery, change, and awe  
Was in all they heard and all they saw:  
Spell-bound the hamlet lay  
In the hush of its lonely bay.

And when they came to the cottage  
door,  
The mother rose up from her weeping  
sore,  
And with angry gestures met  
The scared look of Suzette.

"Here is your daughter," the skipper  
said;  
"Give me the one I love instead."  
But the woman sternly spake:  
"Go, see if the dead will wake!"

He looked. Her sweet face still and  
white  
And strange in the noonday taper  
light,  
She lay on her little bed,  
With the cross at her feet and  
head.

In a passion of grief the strong man  
bent  
Down to her face, and, kissing it,  
went  
Back to the waiting Breeze,  
Back to the mournful seas.

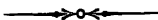
Never again to the Merrimack  
And Newbury's homes that bark came  
back.  
Whether her fate she met  
On the shores of Carraquette,

Miscou, or Tracadie, who can say ?  
 But even yet at Seven Isles Bay  
 Is told the ghostly tale  
 Of a weird, unspoken sail,

In the pale, sad light of the Northern  
 day  
 Seen by the blanketed Montagnais,  
 Or squaw, in her small kyack,  
 Crossing the spectre's track.

On the deck a maiden wrings her hands;  
 Her likeness kneels on the grey coast  
 sands ;  
 One in her wild despair,  
 And one in the trance of prayer.

She flits before no earthly blast,  
 The red sign fluttering from her mast,  
 Over the solemn seas,  
 The ghost of the schooner Breeze !



## HOW THE WOMEN WENT FROM DOVER

1662.

THE tossing spray of Cocheco's fall  
 Hardened to ice on its rocky wall,  
 As through Dover town in the chill,  
 grey dawn,  
 Three women passed, at the cart-tail  
 drawn ! \*

Bared to the waist, for the north wind's  
 grip  
 And keener sting of the constable's  
 whip,  
 The blood that followed each hissing  
 blow  
 Froze as it sprinkled the winter  
 snow.

\* The following is a copy of the warrant issued by Major Waldron, of Dover, in 1662 The Quakers, as was their wont, prophesied against him, and saw, as they supposed, the fulfilment of their prophecy when, many years after, he was killed by the Indians.

*To the constables of Dover, Hampton, Salisbury, Newbury, Rowley, Ipswich, Wenham, Lynn, Boston, Roxbury, Dedham, and until these vagabond Quakers are carried out of this jurisdiction.*

You, and every one of you, are required, in the King's Majesty's name, to take these vagabond Quakers, Anne Colman, Mary Tomkins, and Alice Ambrose, and make them fast to the cart's tail, and driving the cart through your several towns, to whip them upon their naked backs not exceeding

Priest and ruler, boy and maid,  
 Followed the dismal cavalcade ;  
 And from door and window, open  
 thrown,  
 Looked and wondered gaffer and  
 crone.

"God is our witness," the victims  
 cried,  
 "We suffer for Him who for all men  
 died ;  
 The wrong ye do has been done be-  
 fore,  
 We bear the stripes that the Master  
 bore !

ten stripes apiece on each of them, in each town ; and so to convey them from constable to constable till they are out of this jurisdiction, as you will answer it at your peril ; and this shall be your warrant.

RICHARD WALDRON.

*Dated at Dover, December 22, 1662.*

This warrant was executed only in Dover and Hampton. At Salisbury the constable refused to obey it. He was sustained by the townspeople, who were under the influence of Major Robert Pike, the leading man in the lower valley of the Merrimack, who stood far in advance of his time as an advocate of religious freedom and an opponent of ecclesiastical authority. He had the moral courage to address an able and manly letter to the court at Salem remonstrating against the witchcraft trials.

"And thou, O Richard Waldron, for  
whom  
We hear the feet of a coming doom,  
On thy cruel heart and thy hand of  
wrong  
Vengeance is sure, though it tarry long.

"In the light of the Lord, a flame we  
see

Climb and kindle a proud roof-tree;  
And beneath it an old man lying  
dead,  
With stains of blood on his hoary  
head."

"Smite, Goodman Hate Evil!—  
harder still!"

The magistrate cried, "lay on with a  
will!

Drive out of their bodies the Father  
of Lies,  
Who through them preaches and prop-  
hesies!"

So into the forest they held their way,  
By winding river and frost-rimmed bay,  
Over wind-swept hills that felt the  
beat

Of the winter sea at their icy feet.

The Indian hunter, searching his traps,  
Peered stealthily through the forest  
gaps;

And the outlying settler shook his  
head,—

"They're witches going to jail," he  
said.

At last a meeting-house came in view;  
A blast on his horn the constable  
blew;

And the boys of Hampton cried up  
and down,

"The Quakers have come!" to the  
wondering town.

From barn and woodpile the good-  
man came;

The goodwife quitted her quilting  
frame,

With her child at her breast; and,  
hobbling slow,

The grandam followed to see the show.

Once more the torturing whip was  
swung,  
Once more keen lashes the bare flesh  
stung.

"O spare! they are bleeding!" a  
little maid cried,  
And covered her face the sight to  
hide.

A murmur ran round the crowd:  
"Good folks,"

Quoth the constable, busy counting  
the strokes,

"No pity to wretches like these is  
due,

They have beaten the gospel black  
and blue!"

Then a pallid woman, in wild-eyed  
fear,

With her wooden noggin of milk  
drew near.

"Drink, poor hearts!" a rude hand  
smote

Her draught away from a parching  
throat.

"Take heed," one whispered, "they'll  
take your cow

For fines, as they took your horse and  
plow,

And the bed from under you." "Even  
so,"

She said. "They are cruel as death,  
I know."

Then on they passed, in the waning  
day,

Through Seabrook woods, a weariful  
way;

By great salt meadows and sand-hills  
bare,

And glimpses of blue sea here and  
there.

By the meeting-house in Salisbury  
town,

The sufferers stood, in the red sun-  
down,

Bare for the lash! O pitying Night,  
Drop swift thy curtain and hide the  
sight!

With shame in his eye and wrath on  
his lip  
The Salisbury constable dropped his  
whip.

"This warrant means murder foul  
and red ;

"Cursed is he who serves it !" he  
said.

"Show me the order, and meanwhile  
strike  
A blow at your peril !" said Justice  
Pike.

Of all the rulers the land possessed,  
Wisest and boldest was he and best.

He scoffed at witchcraft ; the priest  
he met  
As man meets man ; his feet he set  
Beyond his dark age, standing up-  
right,  
Soul-free, with his face to the morn-  
ing light.

He read the warrant : "*These convey  
From our precincts ; at every town on  
the way*

*Give each ten lashes.*" "God judge  
the brute !

I tread his order under my foot !

"Cut loose these poor ones and let  
them go ;

Come what will of it, all men shall  
know

No warrant is good, though backed  
by the Crown,

For whipping women in Salisbury  
town !"

The hearts of the villagers, half re-  
leased

From creed of terror and rule of  
priest,

By a primal instinct owned the right  
Of human pity in law's despite.

For ruth and chivalry only slept,  
His Saxon manhood the yeoman  
kept ;

Quicker or slower, the same blood  
ran

In the Cavalier and the Puritan.

The Quakers sank on their knees in  
praise

And thanks. A last, low sunset blaze  
Flashed out from under a cloud, and  
shed

A golden glory on each bowed head.

The tale is one of an evil time,  
When souls were fettered and thought  
was crime,

And heresy's whisper above its breath  
Meant shameful scourging and bonds  
and death !

What marvel, that hunted and sorely  
tried,

Even woman rebuked and prophesied,  
And soft words rarely answered back  
The grim persuasion of whip and rack !

If her cry from the whipping-post and  
jail

Pierced sharp as the Kenite's driven  
nail,

O woman, at ease in these happier  
days,

Forbear to judge of thy sister's ways !

How much thy beautiful life may owe  
To her faith and courage thou canst  
not know,

Nor how from the paths of thy calm  
retreat

She smoothed the thorns with her  
bleeding feet.

## A SUMMER PILGRIMAGE

To kneel before some saintly shrine,  
To breathe the health of airs divine,  
Or bathe where sacred rivers flow,  
The cowed and turbaned pilgrims go.  
I too, a palmer, take, as they  
With staff and scallop-shell, my way  
To feel, from burdening cares and ills,  
The strong uplifting of the hills.

The years are many since, at first,  
For dreamed-of wonders all athirst,  
I saw on Winnebaukee fall  
The shadow of the mountain wall.

Ah ! where are they who sailed with  
me  
The beautiful island-studded sea ?  
And am I he whose keen surprise  
Flashed out from such unclouded  
eyes ?

Still, when the sun of summer burns,  
My longing for the hills returns ;  
And northward, leaving at my back  
The warm vale of the Merrimack,  
I go to meet the winds of morn,  
Blown down the hill-gaps, mountain-  
born,  
Breathe the scent of pines, and satisfy  
The hunger of a lowland eye.

Again I see the day decline  
Along a ridged horizon line ;  
Touching the hill-tops, as a nun  
Her beaded rosary, sinks the sun.  
One lake lies golden, which shall  
soon  
Be silver in the rising moon ;  
And one, the crimson of the skies  
And mountain purple multiplies.

With the untroubled quiet blends  
The distance-softened voice of friends ;  
The girl's light laugh no discord  
brings  
To the low song the pine-tree sings ;  
And, not unwelcome, comes the hail  
Of boyhood from his nearing sail.  
The human presence breaks no spell,  
And sunset still is miracle !

Calm as the hour, methinks I feel  
A sense of worship o'er me steal ;  
Not that of satyr-charming Pan,  
No cult of Nature shaming man,  
Not Beauty's self, but that which  
lives  
And shines through all the veils it  
weaves,—  
Soul of the mountain, lake, and wood,  
Their witness to the Eternal Good !

And if, by fond illusion, here  
The earth to heaven seems drawing  
near,  
And yon outlying range invites  
To other and serener heights,

Scarce hid behind its topmost swell,  
The shining Mounts Delectable !  
A dream may hint of truth no less  
Than the sharp light of wakefulness.

As through her veil of incense smoke  
Of old the spell-rapt priestess spoke,  
More than her heathen oracle,  
May not this trance of sunset tell  
That Nature's forms of loveliness  
Their heavenly archetypes confess,  
Fashioned like Israel's ark alone  
From patterns in the Mount made  
known ?

A holier beauty overbroods  
These fair and faint similitudes ;  
Yet not unblest is he who sees  
Shadows of God's realities,  
And knows beyond this masquerade  
Of shape and colour, light and shade,  
And dawn and set, and wax and  
wane,  
Eternal verities remain.

O gems of sapphire, granite set !  
O hills that charmed horizons fret !  
I know how fair your morns can  
break,  
In rosy light on isle and lake ;  
How over wooded slopes can run  
The noonday play of cloud and sun,  
And evening droop her oriflamme  
Of gold and red in still Asquam.

The summer moons may round again,  
And careless feet these hills profane ;  
These sunsets waste on vacant eyes  
The lavish splendour of the skies ;  
Fashion and folly, misplaced here,  
Sigh for their natural atmosphere,  
And travelled pride the outlook scorn  
Of lesser heights than Matterhorn :

But let me dream that hill and sky  
Of unseen beauty prophesy ;  
And in these tinted lakes behold  
The trailing of the raiment fold  
Of that which, still eluding gaze,  
Allures to upward-tending ways,  
Whose footprints make, wherever  
found,  
Our common earth a holy ground.

## THE ROCK-TOMB OF BRADORE

A DREAR and desolate shore !  
 Where no tree unfolds its leaves,  
 And never the spring wind weaves  
 Green grass for the hunter's tread !  
 A land forsaken and dead,  
 Where the ghostly icebergs go  
 And come with the ebb and flow  
 Of the waters of Bradore !

A wanderer, from a land  
 By summer breezes fanned,  
 Looked round him, awed, subdued,  
 By the dreadful solitude,  
 Hearing alone the cry  
 Of sea-birds clanging by,  
 The crash and grind of the floe,  
 Wail of wind and wash of tide.  
 "O wretched land !" he cried,  
 "Land of all lands the worst,  
 God forsaken and curst !  
 Thy gates of rock should show  
 The words the Tuscan seer  
 Read in the Realm of Woe :  
*Hope entereth not here !*"

Lo ! at his feet there stood  
 A block of smooth larch wood,  
 Waif of some wandering wave,  
 Beside a rock-closed cave  
 By Nature fashioned for a grave,  
 Safe from the ravening bear  
 And fierce fowl of the air,  
 Wherein to rest was laid  
 A twenty summers' maid,  
 Whose blood had equal share  
 Of the lands of vine and snow,  
 Half French, half Eskimo.  
 In letters uneffaced,  
 Upon the block were traced  
 The grief and hope of man,  
 And thus the legend ran :

*"We loved her !  
 Words cannot tell how well !  
 We loved her !  
 God loved her !  
 And called her home to peace and  
 rest.  
 We love her !"*

The stranger paused and read.  
 "O winter land !" he said,  
 "Thy right to be I own ;  
 God leaves thee not alone.  
 And if thy fierce winds blow  
 Over drear wastes of rock and snow,  
 And at thy iron gates  
 The ghostly iceberg waits,  
 Thy homes and hearts are dear.  
 Thy sorrow o'er thy sacred dust  
 Is sanctified by hope and trust ;  
 God's love and man's are here.  
 And love where'er it goes  
 Makes its own atmosphere ;  
 Its flowers of Paradise  
 Take root in the eternal ice,  
 And bloom through Polar snows !"

## STORM ON LAKE ASQUAM

A CLOUD, like that the old-time  
 Hebrew saw  
 On Carmel prophesying rain, began  
 To lift itself o'er wooded Cardigan,  
 Growing and blackening. Suddenly,  
 a flaw

Of chill wind menaced ; then a strong  
 blast beat  
 Down the long valley's murmuring  
 pines, and woke  
 The noon-dream of the sleeping  
 lake, and broke  
 Its smooth steel mirror at the moun-  
 tains' feet.

Thunderous and vast, a fire-veined  
 darkness swept  
 Over the rough pine-bearded  
 Asquam range ;  
 A wraith of tempest, wonderful and  
 strange,  
 From peak to peak the cloudy giant  
 stepped.

One moment, as if challenging the  
 storm,  
 Chocorua's tall, defiant sentinel  
 Looked from his watch-tower ; then  
 the shadow fell,  
 And the wild rain-drift blotted out  
 his form.

And over all the still unhidden sun,  
Weaving its light through slant-  
blown veils of rain,  
Smiled on the trouble, as hope  
smiles on pain ;  
And, when the tumult and the strife  
were done,

With one foot on the lake and one on  
land,  
Framing within his crescent's tinted  
streak  
A far-off picture of the Melvin peak,  
Spent broken clouds the rainbow's  
angel spanned.

### THE WISHING BRIDGE

AMONG the legends sung or said  
Along our rocky shore,  
The Wishing Bridge of Marblehead  
May well be sung once more.

An hundred years ago (so ran  
The old-time story) all  
Good wishes said above its span  
Would, soon or late, befall.

If pure and earnest, never failed  
The prayers of man or maid  
For him who on the deep sea sailed,  
For her at home who stayed.

Once thither came two girls from  
school,  
And wished in childish glee ;  
And one would be a queen and rule,  
And one the world would see.

Time passed ; with change of hopes  
and fears,  
And in the self-same place,  
Two women, grey with middle years,  
Stood, wondering, face to face.

With awakened memories, as they  
met,  
They queried what had been :  
"A poor man's wife am I, and yet,"  
Said one, "I am a queen.

"My realm a little homestead is,  
Where, lacking crown and throne,  
I rule by loving services  
And patient toil alone."

The other said : "The great world  
lies  
Beyond me as it laid ;  
O'er love's and duty's boundaries  
My feet have never strayed.

"I see but common sights of home,  
Its common sounds I hear,  
My widowed mother's sick-bed room  
Sufficeth for my sphere.

"I read to her some pleasant page  
Of travel far and wide,  
And in a dreamy pilgrimage  
We wander side by side.

"And when, at last, she falls asleep,  
My book becomes to me  
A magic glass : my watch I keep  
But all the world I see.

"A farm-wife queen your place you  
fill,  
While fancy's privilege  
Is mine to walk the earth at will,  
Thanks to the Wishing Bridge."

"Nay, leave the legend for the truth,"  
The other cried, "and say  
God gives the wishes of our youth  
But in His own best way !"

### THE MYSTIC'S CHRISTMAS

"ALL hail !" the bells of Christmas  
rang  
"All hail !" the monks at Christmas  
sang,  
The merry monks who kept with cheer  
The gladdest day of all their year.

But still apart, unmoved thereat,  
A pious elder brother sat  
Silent, in his accustomed place,  
With God's sweet peace upon his face.



"Why sitt'st thou thus?" his brethren  
cried.

"It is the blessed Christmas-tide;  
The Christmas lights are all aglow,  
The sacred lilies bud and blow.

"Above our heads the joy-bells ring,  
Without the happy children sing,  
And all God's creatures hail the morn  
On which the holy Christ was born !

"Rejoice with us ; no more rebuke  
Our gladness with thy quiet look."  
The grey monk answered : "Keep, I  
pray,  
Even as ye list, the Lord's birthday.

"Let heathen Yule fires flicker red  
Where thronged refectory feasts are  
spread ;  
With mystery-play and masque and  
mime  
And wait-songs speed the holy time !

"The blindest faith may haply save ;  
The Lord accepts the things we have ;  
And reverence, howsoe'er it strays,  
May find at last the shining ways.

"They needs must grope who cannot  
see,  
The blade before the ear must be ;  
As ye are feeling I have felt,  
And where ye dwell I too have dwelt.

"But now, beyond the things of sense,  
Beyond occasions and events,  
I know, through God's exceeding  
grace,  
Release from form and time and place.

"I listen, from no mortal tongue,  
To hear the song the angels sung ;  
And wait within myself to know  
The Christmas lilies bud and blow.

"The outward symbols disappear  
From him whose inward sight is  
clear ;  
And small must be the choice of  
days  
To him who fills them all with praise !

"Keep while you need it, brothers  
mine,  
With honest zeal your Christmas sign,  
But judge not him who every morn  
Feels in his heart the Lord Christ  
born !"

# WHAT THE TRAVELLER SAID AT SUNSET

THE shadows grow and deepen round  
me,  
I feel the dew-fall in the air ;  
The muezzin of the darkening thicket  
I hear the night - thrush call to  
prayer.

The evening wind is sad with fare-  
wells,  
And loving hands unclasp from  
mine ;  
Alone I go to meet the darkness  
Across an awful boundary-line.

As from the lighted hearths behind  
me  
I pass with slow, reluctant feet,  
What waits me in the land of strange-  
ness ?  
What face shall smile, what voice  
shall greet ?

What space shall awe, what bright-  
ness blind me ?  
What thunder-roll of music stun ?  
What vast processions sweep before  
me  
Of shapes unknown beneath the  
sun ?

I shrink from unaccustomed glory,  
I dread the myriad-voicèd strain ;  
Give me the unforgotten faces,  
And let my lost ones speak again.

He will not chide my mortal yearning  
Who is our Brother and our Friend ;  
In whose full life, divine and human,  
The heavenly and the earthly blend.

Mine be the joy of soul-communion,  
The sense of spiritual strength re-  
newed,  
The reverence for the pure and holy,  
The dear delight of doing good.

No fitting ear is mine to listen  
An endless anthem's rise and fall ;  
No curious eye is mine to measure  
The pearl gate and the jasper wall.

For love must needs be more than  
knowledge :  
What matter if I never know  
Why Aldebaran's star is ruddy,  
Or warmer Sirius white as snow !

Forgive my human words, O Father !  
I go Thy larger truth to prove ;  
Thy mercy shall transcend my long-  
ing :  
I seek but love, and Thou art Love !

I go to find my lost and mourned for  
Safe in Thy sheltering goodness  
still,  
And all that hope and faith fore-  
shadow  
Made perfect in Thy holy will !

### A GREETING

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE'S SEVEN-  
TIETH ANNIVERSARY, 1882.

THRICE welcome from the Land of  
Flowers  
And golden-fruited orange bowers  
To this sweet, green-turfed June of  
ours !  
To her who, in our evil time,  
Dragged into light the nation's crime  
With strength beyond the strength of  
men,  
And, mightier than their swords, her  
pen !  
To her who world-wide entrance gave  
To the log-cabin of the slave ;

Made all his wrongs and sorrows  
known,  
And all earth's languages his own,—  
North, South, and East and West,  
made all  
The common air electrical,  
Until the o'ercharged bolts of heaven  
Blazed down, and every chain was  
riven !

Welcome from each and all to her  
Whose Wooing of the Minister  
Revealed the warm heart of the man  
Beneath the creed-bound Puritan,  
And taught the kinship of the love  
Of man below and God above ;  
To her whose vigorous pencil-strokes  
Sketched into life her Oldtown  
Folks,—

Whose fireside stories, grave or gay,  
In quaint Sam Lawson's vagrant way,  
With old New England's flavour rife,  
Waifs from her rude idyllic life,  
Are racy as the legends old  
By Chaucer or Boccaccio told ;  
To her who keeps, through change of  
place,  
And time, her native strength and  
grace,  
Alike where warm Sorrento smiles,  
Or where, by birchen-shaded isles,  
Whose summer winds have shivered  
o'er

The icy drift of Labrador,  
She lifts to light the priceless Pearl  
Of Harpswell's angel-beckoned girl !  
To her at threescore years and ten  
Be tributes of the tongue and pen ;  
Be honour, praise, and heart-thanks  
given,  
The loves of earth, the hopes of heaven !

Ah, dearer than the praise that stirs  
The air to-day, our love is hers !  
She needs no guaranty of fame  
Whose own is linked with Freedom's  
name.  
Long ages after ours shall keep  
Her memory living while we sleep ;  
The waves that wash our grey coast  
lines,  
The winds that rock the Southern  
pines

Shall sing of her ; the unending years  
 Shall tell her tale in unborn ears.  
 And when, with sins and follies past,  
 Are numbered colour-hate and caste,  
 White, black, and red shall own as one  
 The noblest work by woman done.

## WILSON\*

THE lowliest born of all the land,  
 He wrung from Fate's reluctant hand  
     The gifts which happier boyhood  
     claims ;  
 And, tasting on a thankless soil  
 The bitter bread of unpaid toil,  
     He fed his soul with noble aims.

And Nature, kindly provident,  
 To him the future's promise lent ;  
     The powers that shape man's des-  
     tinies,  
 Patience and faith and toil, he knew,  
 The close horizon round him grew,  
     Broad with great possibilities.

By the low hearth-fire's fitful blaze  
 He read of old heroic days,  
     The sage's thought, the patriot's  
     speech ;  
 Unhelped, alone, himself he taught,  
 His school the craft at which he  
     wrought,  
     His lore the book within his reach.

He felt his country's need ; he knew  
 The work her children had to do ;  
     And when, at last, he heard the call  
 In her behalf to serve and dare,  
 Beside his senatorial chair  
     He stood the unquestioned peer of all.

Beyond the accident of birth  
 He proved his simple manhood's  
     worth ;  
     Ancestral pride and classic grace

\* Read at the Massachusetts Club on the  
 seventieth anniversary of the birthday of  
 Vice-President Wilson.

Confessed the large-brained artisan,  
 So clear of sight, so wise in plan  
     And counsel, equal to his place.

With glance intuitive he saw  
 Through all disguise of form and  
     law,  
     And read men like an open book ;  
 Fearless and firm, he never quailed  
 Nor turned aside for threats, nor failed  
     To do the thing he undertook.

How wise, how brave, he was, how  
     well  
 He bore himself, let history tell  
     While waves our flag o'er land and  
     sea,  
 No black thread in its warp or weft ;  
 He found dissevered States, he left  
     A grateful Nation, strong and free !

## IN MEMORY

J. T. F.

As a guest who may not stay  
 Long and sad farewells to say  
 Glides with smiling face away,

Of the sweetness and the zest  
 Of thy happy life possessed  
 Thou hast left us at thy best.

Warm of heart and clear of brain,  
 Of thy sun-bright spirit's wane  
 Thou hast spared us all the pain.

Now that thou hast gone away,  
 What is left of one to say  
 Who was open as the day ?

What is there to gloss or shun ?  
 Save with kindly voices none  
 Speak thy name beneath the sun.

Safe thou art on every side,  
 Friendship nothing finds to hide,  
 Love's demand is satisfied.

Over manly strength and worth,  
At thy desk of toil, or hearth,  
Played the lambent light of mirth,—

Mirth that lit, but never burned ;  
All thy blame to pity turned ;  
Hated thou hadst never learned.

Every harsh and vexing thing  
At thy home-fire lost its sting ;  
Where thou wast was always spring.

And thy perfect trust in good,  
Faith in man and womanhood,  
Chance and change and time with-  
stood.

Small respect for cant and whine,  
Bigot's zeal and hate malign,  
Had that sunny soul of thine.

But to thee was duty's claim  
Sacred, and thy lips became  
Reverent with one holy Name.

Therefore, on thy unknown way,  
Go in God's peace ! We who stay  
But a little while delay.

Keep for us, O friend, where'er  
Thou art waiting, all that here  
Made thy earthly presence dear ;

Something of thy pleasant past  
On a ground of wonder cast,  
In the stiller waters glassed !

Keep the human heart of thee ;  
Let the mortal only be  
Clothed in immortality.

And when fall our feet as fell  
Thine upon the asphodel,  
Let thy old smile greet us well ;

Proving in a world of bliss  
What we fondly dream in this,—  
Love is one with holiness !

## THE POET AND THE CHILDREN

H. W. L.

WITH a glory of winter sunshine  
Over his locks of gray,  
In the old historic mansion  
He sat on his last birthday ;

With his books and his pleasant  
pictures,  
And his household and his kin,  
While a sound as of myriads singing  
From far and near stole in.

It came from his own fair city,  
From the prairie's boundless plain,  
From the Golden Gate of sunset,  
And the cedarn woods of Maine.

And his heart grew warm within  
him,  
And his moistening eyes grew  
dim,  
For he knew that his country's children  
Were singing the songs of him ;

The lays of his life's glad morning,  
The psalms of his evening time,  
Whose echoes shall float for ever  
On the winds of every clime.

All their beautiful consolations,  
Sent forth like birds of cheer,  
Came flocking back to his windows,  
And sang in the Poet's ear.

Grateful, but solemn and tender,  
The music rose and fell  
With a joy akin to sadness  
And a greeting like farewell.

With a sense of awe he listened  
To the voices sweet and young ;  
The last of earth and the first of  
heaven  
Seemed in the songs they sung.

And waiting a little longer  
 For the wonderful change to come,  
 He heard the Summoning Angel,  
 Who calls God's children home !

And to him in a holier welcome  
 Was the mystical meaning given  
 Of the words of the blessed Master :  
 "Of such is the kingdom of  
 heaven !"

### RABBI ISHMAEL

THE Rabbi Ishmael, with the woe and  
 sin  
 Of the world heavy upon him, enter-  
 ing in  
 The Holy of Holies, saw an awful  
 Face  
 With terrible splendour filling all the  
 place.  
 "O Ishmael Ben Elisha !" said a  
 voice,  
 "What seekest thou? What blessing  
 is thy choice?"  
 And, knowing that he stood before  
 the Lord,  
 Within the shadow of the cherubim,  
 Wide-winged between the blinding  
 light and him,  
 He bowed himself, and uttered not a  
 word,  
 But in the silence of his soul was  
 prayer:  
 "O Thou Eternal! I am one of  
 all,  
 And nothing ask that others may not  
 share.  
 Thou art almighty; we are weak and  
 small,  
 And yet Thy children: let Thy mercy  
 spare!"  
 Trembling, he raised his eyes, and in  
 the place  
 Of the insufferable glory, lo! a face  
 Of more than mortal tenderness, that  
 bent  
 Graciously down in token of assent,

And, smiling, vanished! With  
 strange joy elate,  
 The wondering Rabbi sought the  
 temple's gate.  
 Radiant as Moses from the Mount, he  
 stood  
 And cried aloud unto the multitude:  
 "O Israel, hear! The Lord our God  
 is good!  
 Mine eyes have seen His glory and  
 His grace;  
 Beyond His judgments shall His love  
 endure;  
 The mercy of the All Merciful is sure!"

### VALUATION

THE old Squire said, as he stood by  
 his gate,  
 And his neighbour, the Deacon,  
 went by,  
 "In spite of my bank stock and real  
 estate,  
 You are better off, Deacon, than I.  
 "We're both growing old, and the  
 end's drawing near,  
 You have less of this world to  
 resign,  
 But in Heaven's appraisal your assets,  
 I fear,  
 Will reckon up greater than mine.  
 "They say I am rich, but I'm feeling  
 so poor,  
 I wish I could swap with you  
 even:  
 The pounds I have lived for and laid  
 up in store  
 For the shillings and pence you  
 have given."  
 "Well, Squire," said the Deacon, with  
 shrewd common sense,  
 While his eye had a twinkle of  
 fun,  
 "Let your pounds take the way of  
 my shillings and pence,  
 And the thing can be easily  
 done!"

## WINTER ROSES\*

My garden roses long ago  
Have perished from the leaf-strewn  
walks;  
Their pale, fair sisters smile no more  
Upon the sweet-brier stalks.

Gone with the flower-time of my  
life,  
Spring's violets, summer's bloom-  
ing pride,  
And Nature's winter and my own  
Stand, flowerless, side by side.

So might I yesterday have sung;  
To-day, in bleak December's noon,  
Come sweetest fragrance, shapes, and  
hues,  
The rosy wealth of June!

Bless the young hands that culled the  
gift,  
And bless the hearts that prompted  
it;

If undeserved it comes, at least  
It seems not all unfit.

Of old my Quaker ancestors  
Had gifts of forty stripes save  
one;

To-day as many roses crown  
The grey head of their son.

And with them, to my fancy's eye,  
The flesh-faced givers smiling come,  
And nine-and-thirty happy girls  
Make glad a lonely room.

They bring the atmosphere of youth;  
The light and warmth of long ago  
Are in my heart, and on my cheek  
The airs of morning blow.

O buds of girlhood, yet unblown,  
And fairer than the gift ye chose,  
For you may years like leaves unfold  
The heart of Sharon's rose!

\* In reply to a flower gift from Mrs. Put-  
man's Jamaica Plain.

## HYMN

(FOR THE AMERICAN HORTICUL-  
TURAL SOCIETY)

1882.

O PAINTER of the fruits and flowers,  
We own Thy wise design,  
Whereby these human hands of ours  
May share the work of Thine!

Apart from Thee we plant in vain  
The root and sow the seed;  
Thy early and Thy later rain,  
Thy sun and dew we need.

Our toil is sweet with thankfulness,  
Our burden is our boon;  
The curse of Earth's grey morning is  
The blessing of its noon.

Why search the wide world everywhere  
For Eden's unknown ground?—  
That garden of the primal pair  
May nevermore be found.

But, blest by Thee, our patient toil  
May right the ancient wrong,  
And give to every clime and soil  
The beauty lost so long.

Our homestead flowers and fruited trees  
May Eden's orchard shame;  
We taste the tempting sweets of these  
Like Eve, without her blame.

And, North and South and East and  
West  
The pride of every zone,  
The fairest, rarest, and the best  
May all be made our own.

Its earliest shrines the young world  
sought  
In hill-groves and in bowers,  
The fittest offerings thither brought  
Were Thy own fruits and flowers.

And still with reverent hands we cull  
Thy gifts each year renewed;  
The good is always beautiful,  
The beautiful is good.

## GODSPEED

OUTBOUND, your bark awaits you.  
 Were I one  
 Whose prayer availeth much, my  
 wish should be  
 Your favouring trade-wind and  
 consenting sea.  
 By sail or steed was never love outrun,  
 And, here or there, love follows her  
 in whom  
 All graces and sweet charities unite,  
 The old Greek beauty set in holier  
 light;  
 And her for whom New England's  
 by-ways bloom,  
 Who walks among us welcome as the  
 Spring,  
 Calling up blossoms where her light  
 feet stray.  
 God keep you both, make beautiful  
 your way,  
 Comfort, console, and bless; and  
 safely bring,  
 Ere yet I make upon a vaster sea  
 The unreturning voyage, my friends  
 to me.

## AT LAST

WHEN on my day of life the night is  
 falling,  
 And, in the winds from unsunned  
 spaces blown,  
 I hear far voices out of darkness call-  
 ing  
 My feet to paths unknown,  
 Thou who hast made my home of life  
 so pleasant,  
 Leave not its tenant when its walls  
 decay;  
 O Love Divine, O Helper ever present,  
 Be Thou my strength and stay!  
 Be near me when all else is from me  
 drifting:  
 Earth, sky, home's pictures, days  
 of shade and shine,  
 And kindly faces to my own uplifting  
 The love which answers mine.

I have but Thee, my Father! let Thy  
 spirit  
 Be with me then to comfort and  
 uphold;  
 No gate of pearl, no branch of palm  
 I merit,  
 Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it if—my good and ill un-  
 reckoned,  
 And both forgiven through Thy  
 abounding grace—  
 I find myself by hands familiar beck-  
 oned  
 Unto my fitting place.  
 Some humble door among Thy many  
 mansions,  
 Some sheltering shade where sin  
 and striving cease,  
 And flows for ever through heaven's  
 green expansions  
 The river of Thy peace.

There, from the music round about  
 me stealing,  
 I fain would learn the new and  
 holy song,  
 And find at last, beneath Thy trees  
 of healing,  
 The life for which I long.

## OUR COUNTRY

READ AT WOODSTOCK, CONN., JULY 4,  
 1883.

WE give thy natal day to hope,  
 O Country of our love and prayer!  
 Thy way is down no fatal slope,  
 But up to freer sun and air.

Tried as by furnace-fires, and yet  
 By God's grace only stronger made,  
 In future task before thee set  
 Thou shalt not lack the old-time aid.

The fathers sleep, but men remain  
 As wise, as true, and brave as they;  
 Why count the loss and not the  
 gain?—  
 The best is that we have to-day.

Whate'er of folly, shame, or crime,  
 Within thy mighty bounds trans-  
     pires,  
 With speed defying space and time  
     Comes to us on the accusing wires.

While of thy wealth of noble deeds,  
     Thy homes of peace, thy votes un-  
     sold,  
 The love that pleads for human  
     needs,  
     The wrong redressed, but half is  
     told !

We read each felon's chronicle,  
     His acts, his words, his gallows-  
     mood ;  
 We know the single sinner well  
     And not the nine-and-ninety good.

Yet if, on daily scandals fed,  
     We seem at times to doubt thy  
     worth,  
 We know thee still, when all is  
     said,  
     The best and dearest spot on earth.

From the warm Mexic Gulf, or  
     where  
     Belted with flowers Los Angeles  
 Basks in the semi-tropic air,  
     To where Katahdin's cedar trees

Are dwarfed and bent by Northern  
     winds,  
     Thy plenty's horn is yearly filled ;  
 Alone, the rounding century finds  
     Thy liberal soil by free hands tilled.

A refuge for the wronged and poor,  
     Thy generous heart has borne the  
     blame  
 That, with them, through thy open  
     door,  
     The old world's evil outcasts came.

But, with thy just and equal rule,  
     And labour's need and breadth of  
     lands,  
 Free press and rostrum, church and  
     school,  
     Thy sure, if slow, transforming  
     hands

Shall mould even them to thy design,  
     Making a blessing of the ban ;  
 And Freedom's chemistry combine  
     The alien elements of man.

The power that broke their prison bar  
     And set the dusky millions free,  
     And welded in the flame of war  
     The Union fast to Liberty,

Shall it not deal with other ills,  
     Redress the red man's grievance,  
     break  
 The Circean cup which shames and  
     kills,  
     And Labour full requital make ?

Alone to such as fitly bear  
     Thy civic honours bid them fall ?  
 And call thy daughters forth to share  
     The rights and duties pledged to  
     all ?

Give every child his right of school,  
     Merge private greed in public good,  
 And spare a treasury overfull  
     The tax upon a poor man's food ?

No lack was in thy primal stock,  
     No weakling founders builded here ;  
 Thine were the men of Plymouth  
     Rock,  
     The Huguenot and Cavalier ;

And they whose firm endurance  
     gained  
     The freedom of the souls of men,  
 Whose hands, unstained with blood,  
     maintained,  
     The swordless commonwealth of  
     Penn.

And thine shall be the power of all  
     To do the work which duty bids,  
 And make the people's council hall  
     As lasting as the Pyramids !

Well have thy later years made good  
     Thy brave-said word a century  
     back,  
 The pledge of human brotherhood,  
     The equal claim of white and  
     black.



That word still echoes round the  
world,  
And all who hear it turn to thee,  
And read upon thy flag unfurled  
The prophecies of destiny.

Thy great world-lesson all shall learn,  
The nations in thy school shall sit,  
Earth's farthest mountain-tops shall  
burn  
With watch-fires from thy own  
uplit.

Great without seeking to be great  
By fraud or conquest, rich in gold,  
But richer in the large estate  
Of virtue which thy children hold,

With peace that comes of purity  
And strength to simple justice  
due,  
So runs our loyal dream of thee ;  
God of our fathers !—make it true.

O Land of lands ! to thee we give  
Our prayers, our hopes, our service  
free ;  
For thee thy sons shall nobly live,  
And at thy need shall die for  
thee !

### THE "STORY OF IDA"

WEARY of jangling noises never  
stilled,  
The sceptic's sneer, the bigot's hate,  
the din  
Of clashing texts, the webs of creed  
men spin  
Round simple truth, the children  
grown who build  
With gilded cards their new Jerusa-  
lem,  
Busy, with sacerdotal tailorings  
And tinsel gauds, bedizenning holy  
things  
I turn, with glad and grateful heart,  
from them  
To the sweet story of the Florentine

Immortal in her blameless maiden-  
hood,  
Beautiful as God's angels and as  
good ;  
Feeling that life, even now, may be  
divine  
With love no wrong can ever change  
to hate,  
No sin make less than all-compas-  
sionate !

### AN AUTOGRAPH

I WRITE my name as one,  
On sands by waves o'errun  
Or winter's frosted pane,  
Traces a record vain.

Oblivion's blankness claims  
Wiser and better names,  
And well my own may pass  
As from the strand or glass.

Wash on, O waves of time !  
Melt, noons, the frosty rime !  
Welcome the shadow vast,  
The silence that shall last !

When I and all who know  
And love me vanish so,  
What harm to them or me  
Will the lost memory be ?

If any words of mine,  
Through right of life divine,  
Remain, what matters it  
Whose hand the message writ ?

Why should the "crown's quest"  
Sit on my worst or best ?  
Why should the showman claim  
The poor ghost of my name ?

Yet, as when dies a sound  
Its spectre lingers round,  
Haply my spent life will  
Leave some faint echo still.

A whisper giving breath  
Of praise or blame to death,  
Soothing or saddening such  
As loved the living much.

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A whisper giving breath  
Of praise or blame to death,  
Soothing or saddening such  
As loved the living much.

Therefore with yearnings vain  
And fond I still would fain  
A kindly judgment seek,  
A tender thought bespeak.

And, while my words are read,  
Let this at least be said :  
"Whate'er his life's defeatures,  
He loved his fellow-creatures.

"If, of the Law's stone table,  
To hold he scarce was able  
The first great precept fast,  
He kept for man the last.

"Through mortal lapse and dulness  
What lacks the Eternal Fulness,  
If still our weakness can  
Love Him in loving man ?

"Age brought him no despairing  
Of the world's future faring ;  
In human nature still  
He found more good than ill.

"To all who dumbly suffered,  
His tongue and pen he offered ;  
His life was not his own,  
Nor lived for self alone.

"Hater of din and riot,  
He lived in days unquiet ;  
And, lover of all beauty,  
Trod the hard ways of duty.

"He meant no wrong to any,  
He sought the good of many,  
Yet knew both sin and folly,—  
May God forgive him wholly !"

### SAINT GREGORY'S GUEST

A TALE for Roman guides to tell  
To careless, sight-worn travellers  
still,

Who pause beside the narrow cell  
Of Gregory on the Cælian Hill.

One day before the monk's door came  
A beggar, stretching empty palms,  
Fainting and fast-sick, in the name  
Of the Most Holy asking alms.

And the monk answered, "All I have  
In this poor cell of mine I give,  
The silver cup my mother gave ;  
In Christ's name take thou it, and  
live."

Years passed ; and, called at last to  
bear  
Pastoral crook and keys of Rome,  
The poor monk, in Saint Peter's  
chair,  
Sat the crowned lord of Christen-  
dom.

"Prepare a feast," Saint Gregory  
cried,  
"And let twelve beggars sit thereat."  
The beggars came, and one beside,  
An unknown stranger, with them  
sat.

"I asked thee not," the Pontiff  
spake,  
"O stranger ; but if need be thine,  
I bid thee welcome, for the sake  
Of Him who is thy Lord and mine."

A grave, calm face the stranger raised,  
Like His who on Gennesaret trod,  
Or His on whom the Chaldeans gazed,  
Whose form was as the Son of God.

"Know'st thou," He said, "thy gift  
of old ?"  
And in the hand He lifted up  
The Pontiff marvelled to behold  
Once more his mother's silver cup.

"Thy prayers and alms have risen,  
and bloom  
Sweetly among the flowers of  
heaven.  
I am The Wonderful, through whom  
Whate'er thou askest shall be  
given."

He spake and vanished. Gregory fell  
With his twelve guests in mute  
accord  
Prone on their faces, knowing well  
Their eyes of flesh had seen the  
Lord.

The old-time legend is not vain ;  
 Nor vain thy art, Verona's Paul,  
 Telling it o'er and o'er again  
 On grey Vicenza's frescoed wall.

Still wheresoever pity shares  
 Its bread with sorrow, want, and  
 sin,  
 And love the beggar's feast prepares,  
 The uninvited Guest comes in.

Unheard, because our ears are dull,  
 Unseen, because our eyes are dim,  
 He walks our earth, The Wonderful,  
 And all good deeds are done to Him.

# REVELATION

"And I went into the Vale of Beavor,  
 and as I went I preached repentance to the  
 people. And one morning, sitting by the  
 fire, a great cloud came over me, and a  
 temptation beset me. And it was said : *All  
 things come by Nature* ; and the Elements  
 and the Stais came over me. And as I sat  
 still and let it alone, a living hope arose in  
 me, and a true Voice, which said : *There is a  
 living God who made all things*. And im-  
 mediately the cloud and the temptation  
 vanished, and Life rose over all, and my  
 heart was glad and I praised the Living  
 God."—*Journal of George Fox, 1690.*

STILL as of old, in Beavor's Vale,  
 O man of God ! our hope and faith  
 The Elements and Stars assail,  
 And the awed spirit holds its breath,  
 Blown over by a wind of death.

Takes Nature thought for such as we,  
 What place her human atom fills,  
 The weed-drift of her careless sea,  
 The mist on her unheeding hills ?  
 What reck's she of our helpless wills ?

Strange god of Force, with fear, not  
 love,  
 Its trembling worshipper ! Can  
 prayer  
 Reach the shut ear of Fate, or move  
 Unpitied Energy to spare ?  
 What doth the cosmic Vastness  
 care ?

In vain to this dread Unconcern  
 For the All-Father's love we look ;  
 In vain, in quest of it, we turn  
 The storied leaves of Nature's book,  
 The prints her rocky tablets took.

I pray for faith, I long to trust ;  
 I listen with my heart, and hear  
 A voice without a sound : "Be just,  
 Be true, be merciful, revere  
 The Word within thee : God is  
 near !

"A light to sky and earth unknown  
 Pales all their lights : a mightier  
 force  
 Than theirs the powers of Nature own,  
 And, to its goal as at its source  
 His Spirit moves the Universe.

"Believe and trust. Through stars  
 and suns,  
 Through life and death, through  
 soul and sense,  
 His wise, paternal purpose runs ;  
 The darkness of His providence  
 Is star-lit with benign intents."

O joy supreme ! I know the Voice,  
 Like none beside on earth or sea ;  
 Yea, more, O soul of mine, rejoice,  
 By all that He requies of me,  
 I know what God Himself must be.

No picture to my aid I call,  
 I shape no image in my prayer ;  
 I only know in Him is all  
 Of life, light, beauty, everywhere,  
 Eternal Goodness here and there !

I know He is, and what He is,  
 Whose one great purpose is the good  
 Of all. I rest my soul on His  
 Immortal Love and Fatherhood ;  
 And trust Him, as His children  
 should.

I fear no more. The clouded face  
 Of Nature smiles ; through all her  
 things  
 Of time and space and sense I trace  
 The moving of the Spirit's wings,  
 And hear the song of hope she sings.

## ADJUSTMENT

THE tree of Faith its bare, dry boughs  
must shed  
That nearer heaven the living ones  
may climb ;  
The false must fail, though from  
our shores of time  
The old lament be heard,—“ Great  
Pan is dead ! ”  
That wail is Error's, from his high  
place hurled ;  
This sharp recoil is Evil undertrod ;  
Our time's unrest, an angel sent of  
God  
Troubling with life the waters of the  
world.  
Even as they list the winds of the  
Spirit blow  
To turn or break our century-rusted  
vanes ;  
Sands shift and waste ; the rock  
alone remains  
Where, led of Heaven, the strong  
tides come and go,  
And storm-clouds, rent by thunder-  
bolt and wind,  
Leave, free of mist, the permanent  
stars behind.

Therefore I trust, although to out-  
ward sense  
Both true and false seem shaken ;  
I will hold  
With newer light my reverence for  
the old,  
And calmly wait the births of Provi-  
dence.  
No gain is lost ; the clear-eyed saints  
look down  
Untroubled on the wreck of schemes  
and creeds ;  
Love yet remains, its rosary of  
good deeds  
Counting in task-field and o'er peopled  
town ;  
Truth has charmed life ! the Inward  
Word survives,  
And, day by day, its revelation  
brings ;  
Faith, hope, and charity, what-  
soever things

Which cannot be shaken, stand.  
Still holy lives  
Reveal the Christ of whom the letter  
told,  
And the new gospel verifies the old.

## THE WOOD GIANT

FROM Alton Bay to Sandwich Dome,  
From Mad to Saco river,  
For patriarchs of the primal wood  
We sought with vain endeavour.

And then we said : “ The giants old  
Are lost beyond retrieval ;  
This pigmy growth the axe has  
spared  
Is not the wood primeval.

“ Look where we will o'er vale and  
hill,  
How idle are our searches  
For broad-girthed maples, wide-  
limbed oaks,  
Centennial pines and birches !

“ Their tortured limbs the axe and  
saw  
Have changed to beams and trestles ;  
They rest in walls, they float on  
seas,  
They rot in sunken vessels.

“ This shorn and wasted mountain  
land  
Of underbrush and boulder,—  
Who thinks to see its full-grown  
tree  
Must live a century older.”

At last to us a woodland path,  
To open sunset leading,  
Revealed the Anakim of pines,  
Our wildest wish exceeding.

Alone, the level sun before ;  
Below, the lake's green islands ;  
Beyond, in misty distance dim,  
The rugged Northern Highlands.

Dark Titan on his Sunset Hill  
 Of time and change defiant !  
 How dwarfed the common woodland  
 seemed,  
 Before the old-time giant !

What marvel that, in simpler days  
 Of the world's early childhood,  
 Men crowned with garlands, gifts,  
 and praise  
 Such monarchs of the wild-wood ?

That Tyrian maids with flower and  
 song  
 Danced through the hll grove's  
 spaces,  
 And hoary-bearded Druids found  
 In woods their holy places ?

With somewhat of that Pagan awe  
 With Christian reverence blend-  
 ing,  
 We saw our pine-tree's mighty arms  
 Above our heads extending.

We heard his needles' mystic rune,  
 Now rising, and now dying,  
 As erst Dodona's priestess heard  
 The oak leaves prophesying.

Was it the half-unconscious moan  
 Of one apart and mateless,  
 The weariness of unshared power,  
 The loneliness of greatness ?

O dawns and sunsets, lend to him  
 Your beauty and your wonder !  
 Blithe sparrow, sing thy summer  
 song  
 His solemn shadow under !

Play lightly on his slender keys,  
 O wind of summer, waking  
 For hills like these the sound of  
 seas  
 On far-off beaches breaking !

And let the eagle and the crow  
 Find shelter in his branches,  
 When winds shake down his winter  
 snow  
 In silver avalanches.

The brave are braver for their cheer,  
 The strongest need assurance,  
 The sigh of longing makes not less  
 The lesson of endurance.

## THE HOMESTEAD

AGAINST the wooded hills it stands,  
 Ghosts of a dead home, staring  
 through  
 Its broken lights on wasted lands  
 Where old-time harvests grew.

Unploughed, unsown, by scythe un-  
 shorn,  
 The pool, forsaken farm-fields lie,  
 Once rich and rife with golden corn  
 And pale green breadths of rye.

Of healthful herb and flower bereft,  
 The garden plot no housewife  
 keeps;  
 Through weeds and tangle only left,  
 The snake, its tenant, creeps.

A lilac spray, once blossom-clad,  
 Sways bare before the empty  
 rooms;  
 Beside the roofless porch a sad  
 Pathetic red rose blooms.

His track, in mould and dust of  
 drouth,  
 On floor and hearth the squirrel  
 leaves,  
 And in the fireless chimney's mouth  
 His web the spider weaves.

The leaning barn, about to fall,  
 Resounds no more on husking  
 eves;  
 No cattle low in yard or stall,  
 No thresher beats his sheaves.

So sad, so drear ! It seems almost  
 Some haunting Presence makes its  
 sign ;  
 That down yon shadowy lane some  
 ghost  
 Might drive his spectral kine !

O home so desolate and lorn !  
 Did all thy memories die with  
 thee ;  
 Were any wed, were any born,  
 Beneath this low roof-tree ?

Whose axe the wall of forest broke,  
 And let the waiting sunshine  
 through ?  
 What good-wifese sent the earliest smoke  
 Up the great chimney flue ?

Did rustic lovers hither come ?  
 Did maidens, swaying back and  
 forth  
 In rhythmic grace, at wheel and  
 loom,  
 Make light their toil with mirth ?

Did child feet patter on the stair ?  
 Did boyhood frolic in the snow ?  
 Did grey age, in her elbow chair,  
 Knit, rocking to and fro ?

The murmuring brook, the sighing  
 breeze,  
 The pine's slow whisper, cannot  
 tell ;  
 Low mounds beneath the hemlock-  
 trees  
 Keep the home secrets well.

Cease, mother-land, to fondly boast  
 Of sons far off who strive and  
 thrive,  
 Forgetful that each swarming host  
 Must leave an emptier hive !

O wanderers from ancestral soil,  
 Leave noisome mill and chaffering  
 store ;  
 Gird up your loins for sturdier toil,  
 And build the home once more.

Come back to bayberry - scented  
 slopes,  
 And fragrant fern, and ground-ma  
 vine ;  
 Breathe airs blown over holt and copses  
 Sweet with black birch and pine.

What matter if the gains are small  
 That life's essential wants supply ?  
 Your homestead's title gives you all  
 That idle wealth can buy.

All that the many-dollared crave,  
 The brick-walled slaves of 'Change  
 and mart,  
 Lawns, trees, fresh air, and flowers  
 you have,  
 More dear for lack of art.

Your own sole masters, freedom-  
 willed,  
 With none to bid you go or stay,  
 Till the old fields your fathers tilled,  
 As manly men as they !

With skill that spares your toiling  
 hands,  
 And chemic aid that science brings,  
 Reclaim the waste and outworn lands,  
 And reign thereon as kings !

### BIRCHBROOK MILL

A NOTELESS stream, the Birchbrook  
 runs  
 Beneath its leaning trees ;  
 That low, soft ripple is its own,  
 That dull roar is the sea's.

Of human signs it sees alone  
 The distant church spire's tip,  
 And, ghost-like, on a blank of grey,  
 The white sail of a ship.

No more a toiler at the wheel,  
 It wanders at its will ;  
 Nor dam nor pond is left to tell  
 Where once was Birchbrook mill

The timbers of that mill have fed  
 Long since a farmer's fires ;  
 His doorsteps are the stones that  
 ground  
 The harvest of his sires.

Man trespassed here ; but Nature  
 lost  
 No right of her domain ;  
 She waited, and she brought the old  
 Wild beauty back again.

By day the sunlight through the leaves  
 Falls on its moist, green sod,  
 And wakes the violet bloom of spring  
 And autumn's golden rod.

Its birches whisper to the wind,  
 The swallow dips her wings  
 In the cool spray, and on its banks  
 The grey song-sparrow sings.

But from it, when the dark night  
 falls,  
 The school-girl shrinks with  
 dread ;  
 The farmer, home-bound from his  
 fields,  
 Goes by with quickened tread.

They dare not pause to hear the  
 grind  
 Of shadowy stone on stone ;  
 The plashing of a water-wheel  
 Where wheel there now is none.

Has not a cry of pain been heard  
 Above the clattering mill ?  
 The pawing of an unseen horse,  
 Who waits his mistress still ?

Yet never to the listener's eye  
 Has sight confirmed the sound ;  
 A wavering birch line marks alone  
 The vacant pasture ground.

No ghostly arms fling up to heaven  
 The agony of prayer ;  
 No spectral steed impatient shakes  
 His white mane on the air.

The meaning of that common dread  
 No tongue has fitly told ;  
 The secret of the dark surmise  
 The brook and birches hold.

What nameless horror of the past  
 Broods here for evermore ?  
 What ghost his unforgiven sin  
 Is grinding o'er and o'er ?

Does, then, immortal memory play  
 The actor's tragic part,  
 Rehearsals of a mortal life  
 And unveiled human heart ?

God's pity spare a guilty soul  
 That drama of its ill,  
 And let the scenic curtain fall  
 On Birchbrook's haunted mill !

## HOW THE ROBIN CAME

### AN ALGONQUIN LEGEND.

HAPPY young friends, sit by me,  
 Under May's blown apple-tree,  
 While these home-birds in and out  
 Through the blossoms flit about.  
 Hear a story, strange and old,  
 By the wild red Indians told,  
 How the robin came to be :

Once a great chief left his son,—  
 Well-beloved, his only one,—  
 When the boy was well-nigh grown,  
 In the trial-lodge alone.  
 Left for tortures long and slow  
 Youths like him must undergo,  
 Who their pride of manhood test,  
 Lacking water, food, and rest.  
 Seven days the fast he kept,  
 Seven nights he never slept,  
 Then the young boy, wrung with  
 pain,  
 Weak from nature's overstrain,  
 Faltering, moaned a low complaint :  
 " Spare me, father, for I faint ! "



But the chieftain, haughty-eyed,  
 Hid his pity in his pride.  
 "You shall be a hunter good,  
 Knowing never lack of food ;  
 You shall be a warrior great,  
 Wise as fox and strong as bear ;  
 Many scalps your belt shall wear,  
 If with patient heart you wait  
 Bravely till your task is done.  
 Better you should starving die  
 Than that boy and squaw should cry  
 Shame upon your father's son ! "

When next morn the sun's first rays  
 Glistened on the hemlock sprays,  
 Straight that lodge the old chief  
 sought,  
 And boiled sump and moose meat  
 brought.

"Rise and eat, my son ! " he said.  
 Lo, he found the poor boy dead !  
 As with grief his grave they made,  
 And his bow beside him laid,  
 Pipe, and knife, and wampum-braid  
 On the lodge-top overhead,  
 Preening smooth its breast of red  
 And the brown coat that it wore,  
 Sat a bird, unknown before.  
 And as if with human tongue,  
 "Mourn me not," it said, or sung ;  
 "I, a bird, am still your son,  
 Happier than if hunter fleet,  
 Or a brave, before your feet  
 Laying scalps in battle won.  
 Friend of man, my song shall cheer  
 Lodge and corn-land ; hovering near,  
 To each wigwam I shall bring  
 Tidings of the coming spring ;  
 Every child my voice shall know  
 In the moon of melting snow,  
 When the maple's red bud swells,  
 And the wind-flower lifts its bells.  
 As their fond companion  
 Men shall henceforth own your son,  
 And my song shall testify  
 That of human kin am I."

Thus the Indian legend saith  
 How, at first, the robin came  
 With a sweeter life from death,  
 Bird for boy, and still the same.  
 If my young friends doubt that this  
 Is the robin's genesis,

Not in vain is still the myth  
 If a truth be found therewith :  
 Unto gentleness belong  
 Gifts unknown to pride and wrong ;  
 Happier far than hate is praise,—  
 He who sings than he who slays.

### SWEET FERN

THE subtle power in perfume found  
 Nor priest nor sibyl vainly learned ;  
 On Grecian shrine or Aztec mound  
 No censer idly burned.

That power the old-time worships  
 knew,  
 The Corybantes' frenzied dance,  
 The Pythian priestess swooning  
 through  
 The wonderland of trance.

And Nature holds, in wood and  
 field,  
 Her thousand sunlit censers still ;  
 To spells of flower and shrub we  
 yield  
 Against or with our will.

I climbed a hill path strange and  
 new  
 With slow feet, pausing at each  
 turn  
 A sudden waft of west wind blew  
 The breath of the sweet fern.

That fragrance from my vision  
 swept  
 The alien landscape ; in its stead,  
 Up fairer hills of youth I stepped,  
 As light of heart as tread.

I saw my boyhood's lakelet shine  
 Once more through rifts of wood-  
 land shade ;  
 I knew my river's winding line  
 By morning mist betrayed.

With me June's freshness, lapsing  
brook,  
Murmurs of leaf and bee, the call  
Of birds, and one in voice and look  
In keeping with them all.

A fern beside the way we went  
She plucked, and, smiling, held it  
up,  
While from her hand the wild, sweet  
scent  
I drank as from a cup.

O potent witchery of smell !  
The dust-dry leaves to life return,  
And she who plucked them owns the  
spell  
And lifts her ghostly fern.

Or sense or spirit ? Who shall say  
What touch the chord of memory  
thrills ?  
It passed, and left the August day  
Ablaze on lonely hills.

### BANISHED FROM MASSACHUSETTS

1660.

ON A PAINTING BY E. A. ABBEY.

OVER the threshold of his pleasant  
home  
Set in green clearings passed the  
exiled Friend,  
In simple trust, misdoubting not  
the end.

"Dear heart of mine !" he said, "the  
time has come

"To trust the Lord for shelter." One  
long gaze

The good wife turned on each  
familiar thing,—

The loving kine, the orchard blossoming,

The open door that showed the  
hearth-fire's blaze,—

And calmly answered, "Yes, He will  
provide."

Silent and slow they crossed the  
homestead's bound,  
Lingering the longest by their  
child's grave-mound.

"Move on, or stay and hang !" the  
sheriff cried.

They left behind them more than  
home or land,

And set sad faces to an alien  
strand.

Safer with winds and waves than  
human wrath,

With ravening wolves than those  
whose zeal for God

Was cruelty to man, the exiles  
trod

Drear leagues of forest without guide  
or path,

Or launching frail boats on the un-  
charted sea,

Round storm-vexed capes, whose  
teeth of granite ground

The waves to foam, their perilous  
way they wound,

Enduring all things so their souls  
were free.

Oh, true confessors, shaming them  
who did

Anew the wrong their Pilgrim  
Fathers bore !

For you the Mayflower spread her  
sail once more,

Freighted with souls, to all that duty  
bid.

Faithful as they who sought an  
unknown land,

O'er wintry seas, from Holland's  
Hook of Sand !

So from his lost home to the darken-  
ing main,

Bodeful of storm, stout Macey held  
his way,

And, when the green shore blended  
with the gray,

His poor wife moaned : "Let us turn  
back again."

"Nay, woman, weak of faith, kneel  
down," said he,

"And say thy prayers : the Lord  
 Himself will steer ;  
 And led by Him, nor man nor devils  
 I fear !" <sup>68</sup>  
 So the grey Southwicks, from a rainy  
 sea,  
 Saw, far and faint, the loom of land,  
 and gave  
 With feeble voices thanks for  
 friendly ground  
 Whereon to rest their weary feet,  
 and found  
 A peaceful death-bed and a quiet  
 grave  
 Where, ocean-walled, and wiser than  
 his age,  
 The lord of Shelter scorned the bigot's  
 rage.  
  
 Aquidneck's isle, Nantucket's lonely  
 shores,  
 And Indian-haunted Narragansett  
 saw  
 The way-worn travellers round the  
 camp-fire draw,  
 Or heard the plashing of their weary  
 oars.  
 And every place whereon they rested  
 grew  
 Happier for pure and gracious  
 womanhood,  
 And men whose names for stainless  
 honour stood,  
 Founders of States and rulers wise  
 and true.  
 The Muse of history yet shall make  
 amends  
 To those who freedom, peace, and  
 justice taught,  
 Beyond their dark age led the van  
 of thought,  
 And left unforfeited the name of  
 Friends.  
 O mother State, how foiled was thy  
 design !  
 The gain was theirs, the loss alone  
 was thine.



### THE TWO ELIZABETHS

Read at the unveiling of the bust of Eliza-  
 beth Fry at the Friends' School, Providence,  
 R.I.

A.D. 1209.

AMIDST Thuringia's wooded hills she  
 dwelt,  
 A high-born princess, servant of  
 the poor,  
 Sweetening with gracious words the  
 food she dealt  
 To starving throngs at Wartburg's  
 blazoned door.

A blinded zealot held her soul in  
 chains,  
 Cramped the sweet nature that he  
 could not kill,  
 Scarred her fair body with his penance-  
 pains,  
 And gauged her conscience by his  
 narrow will.

God gave her gifts of beauty and of  
 grace,  
 With fast and vigil she denied them  
 all :  
 Unquestioning, with sad, pathetic  
 face,  
 She followed meekly at her stern  
 guide's call

So drooped and died her home-blown  
 rose of bliss  
 In the chill rigour of a discipline  
 That turned her fond lips from her  
 children's kiss,  
 And made her joy of motherhood  
 a sin.

To their sad level by compassion  
 led,  
 One with the low and vile herself  
 she made,  
 While thankless misery mocked the  
 hand that fed,  
 And laughed to scorn her piteous  
 masquerade.

But still, with patience that out-  
wearied hate

She gave her all while yet she had  
to give ;  
And then her empty hands, impositu-  
nate,  
In prayer she lifted that the poor  
might live.

Sore pressed by grief, and wrongs  
more hard to bear,  
And dwarfed and stifled by a harsh  
control,  
She kept life fragrant with good deeds  
and prayer,  
And fresh and pure the white flower  
of her soul.

Death found her busy at her task :  
one word  
Alone she uttered as she paused to  
die,  
“ Silence ! ”—then listened even as  
one who heard  
With song and wing the angels  
drawing nigh !

Now Fra Angelico's roses fill her  
hands,  
And, on Murillo's canvas, Want  
and Pain  
Kneel at her feet. Her marble image  
stands  
Worshipped and crowned in Mar-  
burg's holy fane.

Yea, wheresoe'er her Church its cross  
uprears,  
Wide as the world her story still is  
told ;  
In manhood's reverence, woman's  
prayers and tears  
She lives again whose grave is  
centuries old.

And still, despite the weakness or the  
blame  
Of blind submission to the blind.  
she hath  
A tender place in hearts of every  
name,  
And more than Rome owns Saint  
Elizabeth !

A.D. 1780.

Slow ages passed : and lo ! another  
came,  
An English matron, in whose  
simple faith  
Nor priestly rule nor ritual had claim,  
A plain, uncanonised Elizabeth.

No sackcloth robe, nor ashen-sprinkled  
hair,  
Nor wasting fast, nor scourge, nor  
vigil long,  
Marred her calm presence. God had  
made her fair,  
And she could do His goodly work  
no wrong.

Their yoke is easy and their burden  
light  
Whose sole confessor is the Christ  
of God ;  
Her quiet trust and faith transcending  
sight  
Smoothed to her feet the difficult  
paths she trod.

And there she walked, as duty bade  
her go,  
Safe and unsullied as a cloistered  
nun,  
Shamed with her plainness Fashion's  
gaudy show,  
And overcame the world she did  
not shun.

In Earlham's bowers, in Plashet's  
liberal hall,  
In the great city's restless crowd  
and din,  
Her ear was open to the Master's  
call,  
And knew the summons of His  
voice within.

Tender as mother, beautiful as wife,  
Amidst the throngs of prisoned  
crime she stood,  
In modest raiment faultless as her  
life,  
The type of England's worthiest  
womanhood !

To melt the hearts that harshness  
turned to stone

The sweet persuasion of her lips  
sufficed,  
And guilt, which only hate and fear  
had known,  
Saw in her own the pitying love of  
Christ.

So wheresoe'er the guiding Spirit  
went  
She followed, finding every prison  
cell  
It opened for her sacred as a tent  
Pitched by Gennesaret or by Jacob's  
well.

And Pride and Fashion felt her strong  
appeal,  
And priest and ruler marvelled as  
they saw  
How hand in hand went wisdom with  
her zeal,  
And woman's pity kept the bounds  
of law.

She rests in God's peace ; but her  
memory stirs  
The air of earth as with an angel's  
wings,  
And warms and moves the hearts of  
men like hers,  
The sainted daughter of Hungarian  
kings.

United now, the Briton and the  
Hun,  
Each, in her own time, faithful unto  
death,  
Live sister souls ! in name and spirit  
one,  
Thuringia's saint and our Elizabeth !



### THE REUNION

Read September 10, 1885, to the surviving  
students of Haverhill Academy in 1827-28.

THE gulf of seven-and-fifty years  
We stretch our welcoming hands  
across ;  
The distance but a pebble's toss  
Between us and our youth appears.

For in life's school we linger on  
The remnant of a once full list ;  
Conning our lessons, undismitted,  
With faces to the setting sun.

And some have gone the unknown  
way,  
And some await the call to rest ;  
Who knoweth whether it is best  
For those who went or those who  
stay?

And yet despite of loss and ill,  
If faith and love and hope remain,  
Our length of days is not in vain,  
And life is well worth living still.

Still to a gracious Providence  
The thanks of grateful hearts are  
due,  
For blessings when our lives were  
new,  
For all the good vouchsafed us since.

The pain that spared us sorer hurt,  
The wish denied, the purpose  
crossed,  
And pleasure's fond occasions lost,  
Were mercies to our small desert.

'Tis something that we wander back,  
Grey pilgrims, to our ancient ways,  
And tender memories of old days  
Walk with us by the Merrimack ;

That even in life's afternoon  
A sense of youth comes back again,  
As through this cool September  
rain  
e still green woodlands dream of  
June.

The eyes grown dim to present  
things  
Have keener sight for bygone  
years,  
And sweet and clear, in deafening  
ears,  
The bird that sang at morning sings.

Dear comrades, scattered wide and  
far,  
Send from their homes their kindly  
word,  
And dearer ones, unseen, unheard,  
Smile on us from some heavenly  
star.

For life and death with God are  
one,  
Unchanged by seeming change His  
care  
And love are round us here and  
there;  
He breaks no thread His hand has  
spun.

Soul touches soul, the muster-roll  
Of life eternal has no gaps;  
And after half a century's lapse  
Our school-day ranks are closed and  
whole.

Hail and farewell! We go our  
way;  
Where shadows end, we trust in  
light;  
The star that ushers in the night  
Is herald also of the day!

### REQUITAL

As Islam's Prophet, when his last day  
drew  
Nigh to its close, besought all men  
to say  
Whom he had wronged, to whom  
he then should pay  
A debt forgotten, or for pardon sue,

And, through the silence of his weep-  
ing friends,  
A strange voice cried: "Thou owest  
me a debt,"  
"Allah be praised!" he answered.  
"Even yet  
He gives me power to make to thee  
amends.  
O friend! I thank thee for thy  
timely word."  
So runs the talé. Its lesson all  
may heed,  
For all have sinned in thought, or  
word, or deed,  
Or, like the Prophet, through neglect  
have erred.  
All need forgiveness, all have debts  
to pay  
Ere the night cometh, while it still  
is day.

### THE LIGHT THAT IS FELT

A TENDER child of summers three,  
Seeking her little bed at night,  
Paused on the dark stair timidly.  
"O mother! Take my hand," said  
she,  
"And then the dark will all be  
light."

We older children grope our way  
From dark behind to dark before;  
And only when our hands we lay,  
Dear Lord, in Thine, the night is  
day,  
And there is darkness never-  
more.

Reach downward to the sunless  
days  
Wherein our guides are blind as  
we,  
And faith is small and hope delays;  
Take Thou the hands of prayer we  
raise,  
And let us feel the light of Thee!

## THE TWO LOVES

SMOOTHING soft the nestling head  
Of a maiden fancy-led,  
Thus a grave-eyed woman said :

"Richest gifts are those we make  
Dearer than the love we take  
That we give for love's own sake.

"Well I know the heart's unrest ;  
Mine has been the common quest  
To be loved and therefore blest.

"Favours undeserved were mine  
At my feet as on a shrine  
Love has laid its gifts divine.

"Sweet the offerings seemed, and  
yet  
With their sweetness came regret,  
And a sense of unpaid debt.

"Heart of mine unsatisfied,  
Was it vanity or pride  
That a deeper joy denied ?

"Hands that ope but to receive  
Empty close ; they only live  
Richly who can richly give.

"Still," she sighed, with moistening  
eyes,  
"Love is sweet in any guise ;  
But its best is sacrifice !

"He who, giving, does not crave,  
Liketh is to Him who gave  
Life itself the loved to save.

"Love, that self-forgetful gives,  
Sows surprise of ripened sheaves,  
Late or soon its own receives."

## AN EASTER FLOWER GIFT

O DEAREST bloom the seasons know,  
Flowers of the Resurrection blow,  
Our hope and faith restore ;  
And through the bitterness of death  
And loss and sorrow, breathe a breath  
Of life for evermore !

The thought of Love Immortal blends  
With fond remembrances of friends ;  
In you, O sacred flowers,  
By human love made doubly sweet,  
The heavenly and the earthly meet,  
The heart of Christ and ours !

## MULFORD

AUTHOR OF "THE NATION" AND  
"THE REPUBLIC OF GOD."

UNNOTED as the setting of a star  
He passed ; and sect and party  
scarcely knew  
When from their midst a sage and  
seer withdrew  
To fitter audience, where the great  
dead are  
In God's republic of the heart and  
mind,  
Leaving no purer, nobler soul behind.

AN ARTIST OF THE  
BEAUTIFUL

G. F.

HAUNTED of Beauty, like the marvel-  
lous youth  
Who sang Saint Agnes' Eve ! How  
passing fair  
Her shapes took colour in thy home-  
stead air !  
How on thy canvas even her dreams  
were truth !

Magician ! who from commonest elements  
 Called up divine ideals, clothed upon  
 By mystic lights soft blending into one  
 Womanly grace and child-like innocence.  
 Teacher ! thy lesson was not given in vain.  
 Beauty is goodness ; ugliness is sin ;  
 Art's place is sacred : nothing foul therein  
 May crawl or tread with bestial feet profane.  
 If rightly choosing is the painter's test,  
 Thy choice, O master, ever was the best.

### HYMNS OF THE BRAHMO SOMAÿ

#### I

THE mercy, O Eternal One !  
 By man unmeasured yet,  
 In joy or grief, in shade or sun,  
 I never will forget.  
 I give the whole, and not a part,  
 Of all Thou gavest me ;  
 My goods, my life, my soul and heart,  
 I yield them all to Thee !

#### II

We fast and plead, we weep and pray,  
 From morning until even ;  
 We feel to find the holy way,  
 We knock at the gate of heaven !

And when in silent awe we wait,  
 And word and sign forbear,  
 The hinges of the golden gate  
 Move, soundless, to our prayer !  
 Who hears the eternal harmonies  
 Can heed no outward word ;  
 Blind to all else is he who sees  
 The vision of the Lord !

#### III

O soul, be patient, restrain thy tears,  
 Have hope, and not despair ;  
 As a tender mother heareth her child  
 God hears the penitent prayer.  
 And not for ever shall grief be thine ;  
 On the Heavenly Mother's breast,  
 Washed clean and white in the waters of joy  
 Shall His seeking child find rest.  
 Console thyself with His word of grace,  
 And cease thy wail of woe,  
 For His mercy never an equal hath,  
 And His love no bounds can know.  
 Lean close unto Him in faith and hope ;  
 How many like thee have found  
 In Him a shelter and home of peace,  
 By His mercy compassed round !  
 There, safe from sin and the sorrow it brings,  
 They sing their grateful psalms,  
 And rest, at noon, by the wells of God,  
 In the shade of His holy palms !





## POEMS BY ELIZABETH H. WHITTIER

NOTE.—I have ventured, in compliance with the desire of dear friends of my beloved sister, ELIZABETH H. WHITTIER, to add to this little volume [*"Hazel Blossoms,"* &c.] the few poetical pieces which she left behind her. As she was very distrustful of her own powers, and altogether without ambition for literary distinction, she shunned everything like publicity, and found far greater happiness in generous appreciation of the gifts of her friends than in the cultivation of her own. Yet it has always seemed to me, that had her health, sense of duty and fitness, and her extreme self-distrust permitted, she might have taken a high place among lyrical singers. These poems, with perhaps two or three exceptions, afford but slight indications of the inward life of the writer, who had an almost morbid dread of spiritual and intellectual egotism, or of her tenderness of sympathy, chastened mirthfulness, and pleasant play of thought and fancy, when her shy, beautiful soul opened like a flower in the warmth of social communion. In the lines on Dr. Kane her friends will see something of her fine individuality,—the rare mingling of delicacy and intensity of feeling which made her dear to them. This little poem reached Cuba while the great explorer lay on his deathbed, and we are told that he listened with grateful tears while it was read to him by his mother.

I am tempted to say more, but I write as under the eye of her who, while with us, shrank with painful deprecation from the praise or mention of performances which seemed so far below her ideal of excellence. To those who best knew her, the beloved circle of her intimate friends, I dedicate this slight memorial.

J. G. W.

AMESBURY, 9th mo., 1874.

### THE DREAM OF ARGYLE

EARTHLY arms no more uphold him  
On his prison's stony floor;  
Waiting death in his last slumber,  
Lies the doomed MacCallum More.

And he dreams a dream of boyhood;  
Rise again his heathery hills,  
Sound again the hound's long baying,  
Cry of moor-fowl, laugh of rills.

Now he stands amidst his clansmen  
In the low, long banquet-hall,  
Over grim, ancestral armour  
Sees the ruddy firelight fall.

Once again, with pulses beating,  
Hears the wandering minstrel tell  
How Montrose on Inverary  
Thief-like from his mountains fell.

Down the glen, beyond the castle,  
Where the linn's swift waters shine,  
Round the youthful heir of Argyle  
Shy feet glide and white arms twine.

Fairest of the rustic dancers,  
Blue-eyed Effie smiles once more,  
Bends to him her snooded tresses,  
Treads with him the grassy floor.

Now he hears the pipes lamenting,  
Harpers for his mother mourn,  
Slow, with sable plume and pennon,  
To her cairn of burial borne.

Then anon his dreams are darker,  
Sounds of battle fill his ears,  
And the pibroch's mournful wailing  
For his father's fall he hears.

Wild Lochaber's mountain echoes  
Wail in concert for the dead,  
And Loch Awe's deep waters murmur  
For the Campbell's glory fled!

Fierce and strong the godless tyrants  
Trample the apostate land,  
While her poor and faithful remnant  
Wait for the Avenger's hand.

Once again at Inverary,  
Years of weary exile o'er,  
Armed to lead his scattered clansmen,  
Stands the bold MacCallum More.

Once again to battle calling  
Sound the war-pipes through the  
glen ;  
And the courtyard of Dunstaffnage  
Rings with tread of armed men.

All is lost ! The godless triumph,  
And the faithful ones and true  
From the scaffold and the prison  
Covenant with God anew.

On the darkness of his dreaming  
Great and sudden glory shone ;  
Over bonds and death victorious  
Stands he by the Father's throne !

From the radiant ranks of martyrs  
Notes of joy and praise he hears,  
Songs of his poor land's deliverance  
Sounding from the future years.

Lo, he wakes ! but airs celestial  
Bathe him in immortal rest,  
And he sees with unsealed vision  
Scotland's cause with victory blest.

Shining hosts attend and guard him  
As he leaves his prison door ;  
And to death as to a triumph  
Walks the great MacCallum More !

LINES

*Written on the Departure of Joseph  
Sturge, after his Visit to the Aboli-  
tionists of the United States.*

FAIR islands of the sunny sea ! midst  
all rejoicing things,  
No more the wailing of the slave a wild  
discordance brings ;  
On the lifted brows of freemen the  
tropic breezes blow,  
The mildew of the bondman's toil the  
land no more shall know.

How swells from those green islands,  
where bird and leaf and flower  
Are praising in their own sweet way the  
dawn of freedom's hour,  
The glorious resurrection song from  
hearts rejoicing poured,  
Thanksgiving for the priceless gift,—  
man's regal crown restored !

How beautiful through all the green  
and tranquil summer land,  
Uplifted, as by miracle, the solemn  
churches stand !  
The grass is trodden from the paths  
where waiting freemen throng,  
Athirst and fainting for the cup of life  
denied so long.

O, blessed were the feet of him whose  
generous errand here  
Was to unloose the captive's chain and  
dry the mourner's tear ;  
To lift again the fallen ones a brother's  
robber hand  
Had left in pain and wretchedness by  
the waysides of the land.

The islands of the sea rejoice ; the har-  
vest anthems rise ;  
The sower of the seed must own 'tis  
marvellous in his eyes ;  
The old waste places are rebuilt,—the  
broken walls restored,—  
And the wilderness is blooming like  
the garden of the Lord !

Thanksgiving for the holy fruit ! should  
not the labourer rest,  
His earnest faith and works of love  
have been so richly blest ?  
The pride of all fair England shall her  
ocean islands be,  
And their peasantry with joyful hearts  
keep ceaseless jubilee.

Rest, never ! while his countrymen  
have trampled hearts to bleed,  
The stifled murmur of their wrongs his  
listening ear shall heed,  
Where England's far dependencies her  
*might*, not *mercy*, know,  
To all the crushed and suffering there  
his pitying love shall flow.

The friend of freedom everywhere, how  
 mourns he for our land,  
 The brand of whose hypocrisy burns  
 on her guilty hand !  
 Her thrift a theft, the robber's greed  
 and cunning in her eye,  
 Her glory shame, her flaunting flag on  
 all the winds a lie !

For us with steady strength of heart  
 and zeal forever true,  
 The champion of the island slave the  
 conflict doth renew,  
 His labour here hath been to point the  
 Pharisaic eye  
 Away from empty creed and form to  
 where the wounded lie.

How beautiful to us should seem the  
 coming feet of such !  
 Their garments of self-sacrifice have  
 healing in their touch ;  
 Their gospel mission none may doubt,  
 for they heed the Master's call,  
 Who here walked with the multitude,  
 and sat at meat with all !

### JOHN QUINCY ADAMS

HE rests with the immortals ; his jour-  
 ney has been long :  
 For him no wail of sorrow, but a pæan  
 full and strong !  
 So well and bravely has he done the  
 work he found to do,  
 To justice, freedom, duty, God, and  
 man forever true.

Strong to the end, a man of men, from  
 out the strife he passed ;  
 The grandest hour of all his life was that  
 of earth the last.  
 Now midst his snowy hills of home to  
 the grave they bear him down,  
 The glory of his fourscore years resting  
 on him like a crown.

The mourning of the many bells, the  
 drooping flags, all seem.  
 Like some dim, unreal pageant passing  
 onward in a dream ;

And following with the living to his  
 last and narrow bed,  
 Methinks I see a shadowy band, a  
 train of noble dead.

'Tis a strange and weird procession  
 that is slowly moving on,  
 The phantom patriots gathered to the  
 funeral of their son !  
 In shadowy guise they move along,  
 brave Otis with hushed tread,  
 And Warren walking reverently by the  
 father of the dead.

Gliding foremost in the misty band a  
 gentle form is there,  
 In the white robes of the angels and  
 their glory round her hair.  
 She hovers near and bends above her  
 world-wide honoured child,  
 And the joy that heaven alone can know  
 beams on her features mild.

And so they bear him to his grave in  
 the fulness of his years,  
 True sage and prophet, leaving us in a  
 time of many fears.  
 Nevermore amid the darkness of our  
 wild and evil day  
 Shall his voice be heard to cheer us,  
 shall his finger point the way.

### DR. KANE IN CUBA

A NOBLE life is in thy care,  
 A sacred trust to thee is given ;  
 Bright Island ! let thy healing air  
 Be to him as the breath of Heaven.

The marvel of his daring life—  
 The self-forgetting leader bold—  
 Stirs, like the trumpet's call to strife,  
 A million hearts of meaner mould.

Eyes that shall never meet his own  
 Look dim with tears across the sea,  
 Where from the dark and icy zone,  
 Sweet Isle of Flowers ! he comes to  
 thee,

Fold him in rest, O pitying clime !  
 Give back his wasted strength  
 again;  
 Soothe, with thy endless summer time,  
 His winter-wearied heart and brain.

Sing soft and low, thou tropic bird,  
 From out the fragrant, flowery  
 tree,—  
 The ear that hears thee now has heard  
 The ice-break of the winter sea.

Through his long watch of awful  
 night,  
 He saw the Bear in Northern  
 skies;  
 Now, to the Southern Cross of light  
 He lifts in hope his weary eyes.

Prayers from the hearts that watched  
 in fear,  
 When the dark North no answer  
 gave,  
 Rise, trembling, to the Father's ear,  
 That still His love may help and  
 save.

### LADY FRANKLIN

FOLD thy hands, thy work is over ;  
 Cool thy watching eyes with tears ;  
 Let thy poor heart, over-wearied,  
 Rest alike from hopes and fears,—

Hopes, that saw with sleepless vision  
 One sad picture fading slow ;  
 Fears, that followed, vague and name-  
 less,  
 Lifting back the veils of snow.

For thy brave one, for thy lost one,  
 Truest heart of woman, weep !  
 Owning still the love that granted  
 Unto thy beloved sleep.

Not for him that hour of terror  
 When, the long ice-battle o'er,  
 In the sunless day his comrades  
 Deathward trod the Polar shore.

Spared the cruel cold and famine,  
 Spared the fainting heart's despair,  
 What but that could mercy grant  
 him ?  
 What but that has been thy prayer ?

Dear to thee that last memorial  
 From the cairn beside the sea ;  
 Evermore the month of roses  
 Shall be sacred time to thee.

Sad it is the mournful yew-tree  
 O'er his slumbers may not wave ;  
 Sad it is the English daisy  
 May not blossom on his grave.

But his tomb shall storm and winter  
 Shape and fashion year by year,  
 Pile his mighty mausoleum,  
 Block by block, and tier on tier.

Guardian of its gleaming portal  
 Shall his stainless honour be,  
 While thy love, a sweet immortal,  
 Hovers o'er the winter sea.

### NIGHT AND DEATH

THE storm wind is howling  
 Through old pines afar ;  
 The drear night is falling  
 Without moon or star.

The roused sea is lashing  
 The bold shore behind,  
 And the moan of its ebbing  
 Keeps time with the wind.

On, on through the darkness,  
 A spectre, I pass  
 Where, like moaning of broken hearts  
 Surges the grass !

I see her lone head-stone,—  
 'Tis white as a shroud ;  
 Like a pall, hangs above it  
 The low drooping cloud.

Who speaks through the dark night  
And lull of the wind ?  
'Tis the sound of the pine-leaves  
And sea-waves behind.

The dead girl is silent,—  
I stand by her now ;  
And her pulse beats no quicker,  
Nor crimson her brow.

The small hand that trembled,  
When last in my own,  
Lies patient and folded,  
And colder than stone.

Like the white blossoms falling  
To-night in the gale,  
So she in her beauty  
Sank mournful and pale.

Yet I loved her ! I utter  
Such words by her grave,  
As I would not have spoken  
Her last breath to save.

Of *her* love the angels  
In heaven might tell,  
While mine would be whispered  
With shudders in hell !

'Twas well that the white ones  
Who bore her to bliss  
Shut out from her new life  
The vision of this.

Else, sure as I stand here,  
And speak of my love,  
She would leave for my darkness  
Her glory above.

### THE MEETING WATERS

CLOSE beside the meeting waters  
Long I stood as in a dream,  
Watching how the little river  
Fell into the broader stream.

Calm and still the mingled current  
Glided to the waiting sea ;  
On its breast serenely pictured  
Floating cloud and skirting tree.

And I thought, "O human spirit !  
Strong and deep and pure and  
blest,  
Let the stream of my existence  
Blend with thine, and find its rest !"

I could die as dies the river,  
In that current deep and wide ;  
I would live as live its waters,  
Flashing from a stronger tide !

### THE WEDDING VEIL

DEAR Anna, when I brought her  
veil,  
Her white veil, on her wedding  
night,  
Threw o'er my thin brown hair its  
folds,  
And, laughing, turned me to the  
light.

"See, Bessie, see ! you wear at last  
The bridal veil, forsworn for years !"  
She saw my face,—her laugh was  
hushed,  
Her happy eyes were filled with tears.

With kindly haste and trembling hand  
She drew away the gauzy mist ;  
"Forgive, dear heart !" her sweet voice  
said :  
Her loving lips my forehead kissed.

We passed from out the searching  
light ;  
The summer night was calm and  
fair :  
I did not see her pitying eyes,  
I felt her soft hand smooth my hair.

Her tender love unlocked my heart ;  
Mid falling tears, at last I said,  
"Forsworn indeed to me that veil  
Because I only love the dead !"

She stood one moment statue-still,  
And, musing, spake in undertone,  
"The living love may colder grow ;  
The dead is safe with God alone !"

## CHARITY

THE pilgrim and stranger who through  
the day  
Holds over the desert his trackless way,  
Where the terrible sands no shade have  
known,  
No sound of life save his camel's moan,  
Hears, at last, through the mercy of  
Allah to all,  
From his tent-door at evening the  
Bedouin's call :  
" *Whoever thou art whose need is  
great,  
In the name of God, the Compassionate  
And Merciful One, for thee I wait !*"

For gifts in His name of food and  
rest  
The tents of Islam of God are blest,  
Thou who hast faith in the Christ  
above,  
Shall the Koran teach thee the Law  
of Love?—  
O Christian !—open thy heart and  
door,  
Cry east and west to the wandering  
poor :  
" *Whoever thou art whose need is  
great,  
In the name of Christ, the Compas-  
sionate  
And Merciful One, for thee I  
wait !*"





## NOTES

### NOTE 1, p. 1.—*Toussaint L'Ouverture*

THE black chieftain of Hayti was a slave on the plantation "de Libertas," belonging to M. Bayou. When the rising of the negroes took place, in 1791, Toussaint refused to join them until he had aided M. Bayou and his family to escape to Baltimore. The white man had discovered in Toussaint many noble qualities, and had instructed him in some of the first branches of education; and the preservation of his life was owing to the negro's gratitude for this kindness.

In 1797 Toussaint L'Ouverture was appointed, by the French government, General-in-Chief of the armies of St. Domingo, and, as such, signed the Convention with General Maitland for the evacuation of the island by the British. From this period, until 1801, the island, under the government of Toussaint, was happy, tranquil, and prosperous. The miserable attempt of Napoleon to re-establish slavery in St. Domingo, although it failed of its intended object, proved fatal to the negro chieftain. Treacherously seized by Leclerc, he was hurried on board a vessel by night, conveyed to France, and confined in a cold subterranean dungeon at Besançon, where, in April 1803, he died. The treatment of Toussaint finds a parallel only in the murder of the Duke D'Enghien.

### NOTE 2, p. 4.—"*Whose step on human hearts fall firm.*"

The reader may, perhaps, call to mind the beautiful sonnet of William Wordsworth, addressed to Toussaint

L'Ouverture, during his confinement in France.

"Toussaint!—thou most unhappy man of men!  
Whether the whistling rustic tends his plough  
Within thy hearing, or thou liest now  
Buried in some deep dungeon's earless den;  
O miserable chieftain!—where and when  
Wilt thou find patience?—Yet, die not, do thou  
Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow;  
Though fallen thyself, never to rise again,  
Live and take comfort. Thou hast left behind  
Powers that will work for thee; air, earth,  
and skies,—  
There's not a breathing of the common wind  
That will forget thee: thou hast great allies;  
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,  
And love, and man's unconquerable mind."

### NOTE 3, p. 4.—*The Slave Ships.*

The French ship *Le Rodeur*, with a crew of twenty-two men, and with one hundred and sixty negro slaves, sailed from Bonny, in Africa, April 1819. On approaching the line, a terrible malady broke out—an obstinate disease of the eyes,—contagious, and altogether beyond the resources of medicine. It was aggravated by the scarcity of water among the slaves (only half a wine-glass per day being allowed to an individual), and by the extreme impurity of the air in which they breathed. By the advice of the physician, they were brought upon deck occasionally; but some of the poor wretches, locking themselves in each other's arms, leaped overboard, in the hope, which so universally prevails among them, of being swiftly transported to their own homes in Africa. To check this, the captain



ordered several who were stopped in the attempt to be shot, or hanged, before their companions. The disease extended to the crew; and one after another were smitten with it, until only *one* remained unaffected. Yet even this dreadful condition did not preclude calculation: to save the expense of supporting slaves rendered unsaleable, and to obtain grounds for a claim against the underwriters, *thirty-six of the negroes, having become blind, were thrown into the sea and drowned!*

In the midst of their dreadful fears lest the solitary individual, whose sight remained unaffected, should also be seized with the malady, a sail was discovered. It was the Spanish slaver *Leon*. The same disease had been there, and, horrible to tell, all the crew had become blind! Unable to assist each other, the vessels parted. The Spanish ship has never since been heard of. The *Rodeur* reached Guadaloupe on the 21st of June; the only man who had escaped the disease, and had thus been enabled to steer the slaver into port, caught it in three days after its arrival.—*Speech of M. Benjamin Constant, in the French Chamber of Deputies, June 17, 1820.*

NOTE 4, p. 25.—“*He, the basest of the base.*”

The Northern author of the Congressional rule against receiving petitions of the people on the subject of Slavery.

NOTE 5, p. 36.—*Yorktown.*

Dr. Thacher, surgeon in Scammel's regiment, in his description of the siege of Yorktown, says: “The labour on the Virginia plantations is performed altogether by a species of the human race cruelly wrested from their native country, and doomed to perpetual bondage, while their masters are manfully contending for freedom and the natural rights of man. Such is the inconsistency of human nature.” Eighteen hundred slaves were found

at Yorktown, after its surrender, and restored to their masters. Well was it said by Dr. Barnes, in his late work on Slavery: “No slave was any nearer his freedom after the surrender of Yorktown than when Patrick Henry first taught the notes of liberty to echo among the hills and vales of Virginia.”

NOTE 6, p. 44.—*The Charter Breakers.*

The rights and liberties affirmed by Magna Charta were deemed of such importance in the thirteenth century, that the Bishops, twice a year, with tapers burning, and in their pontifical robes, pronounced, in the presence of the king and the representatives of the estates of England, the greater excommunication against the infringer of that instrument. The imposing ceremony took place in the great Hall of Westminster. A copy of the curse, as pronounced in 1253, declares that, “by the authority of Almighty God, and the blessed Apostles and Martyrs, and all the saints in heaven, all those who violate the English liberties, and secretly or openly, by deed, word, or counsel, do make statutes, *or observe them being made*, against said liberties, are accursed and sequestered from the company of heaven and the sacraments of the Holy Church.”

William Penn, in his admirable political pamphlet, “England's Present Interest Considered,” alluding to the curse of the Charter-breakers, says: “I am no Roman Catholic, and little value their other curses; yet I declare I would not for the world incur this curse, as every man deservedly doth, who offers violence to the fundamental freedom thereby repeated and confirmed.”

NOTE 7, p. 61.—*The Vaudois Teacher.*

“The manner in which the Waldenses and heretics disseminated their principles among the Catholic gentry,

was by carrying with them a box of trinkets, or articles of dress. Having entered the houses of the gentry and disposed of some of their goods, they cautiously intimated that they had commodities far more valuable than these,—inestimable jewels, which they would show if they could be protected from the clergy. They would then give their purchasers a Bible or Testament.”—*R. Saccho*.

NOTE 8, p. 80.—*Chalkley Hall*.

Chalkley Hall, near Frankford, Pa., the residence of Thomas Chalkley, an eminent minister of the Friends' denomination. He was one of the early settlers of the Colony, and his Journal, which was published in 1749, presents a quaint but beautiful picture of a life of unostentatious and simple goodness. He was the master of a merchant vessel, and, in his visits to the West Indies and Great Britain, omitted no opportunity to labour for the highest interests of his fellow-men. During a temporary residence in Philadelphia, in the summer of 1838, the quiet and beautiful scenery around the ancient village of Frankford frequently attracted me from the heat and bustle of the city.

NOTE 9, p. 86.—*Mogg Megone*.

Mogg Megone, or Hegone, was a leader among the Saco Indians in the bloody war of 1677. He attacked and captured the garrison at Black Point, October 12th of that year; and cut off, at the same time, a party of Englishmen near Saco River. From a deed signed by this Indian in 1664, and from other circumstances, it seems that, previous to the war, he had mingled much with the colonists. On this account he was probably selected by the principal sachems as their agent in the treaty signed in November 1676.

NOTE 10, p. 86.—*Castine*.

Baron de St. Castine came to Canada in 1644. Leaving his civilised companions, he plunged into the great wilderness and settled among the Penobscot Indians, near the mouth of their noble river. He here took for his wives the daughters of the great Modocawando,—the most powerful sachem of the East. His castle was plundered by Governor Andros during his reckless administration; and the enraged Baron is supposed to have excited the Indians into open hostility to the English.

NOTE 11, p. 87.—“*Grey Jocelyn*.”

The owner and commander of the garrison at Black Point, which Mogg attacked and plundered. He was an old man at the period to which the tale relates.

NOTE 12, p. 87.—*Phillips*.

Major Phillips, one of the principal men of the Colony. His garrison sustained a long and terrible siege by the savages. As a magistrate and a gentleman, he exacted of his plebeian neighbours a remarkable degree of deference. The Court Records of the settlement inform us that an individual was fined for the heinous offence of saying that “Major Phillips's mare was as lean as an Indian dog.”

NOTE 13, p. 87.—*Harmon*.

Captain Harmon, of Georgeana, now York, was for many years the terror of the Eastern Indians. In one of his expeditions up the Kennebec River, at the head of a party of rangers, he discovered twenty of the savages asleep by a large fire. Cautiously creeping towards them until he was certain of his aim, he ordered his men to single out their objects. The first discharge killed or mortally wounded the whole number of the unconscious sleepers.

NOTE 14, p. 87.—“*The vine-hung  
isle.*”

Wood Island, near the mouth of the Saco. It was visited by the Sieur de Monts and Champlain in 1603. The following extract, from the journal of the latter, relates to it: “Having left the Kennebec, we ran along the coast to the westward, and cast anchor under a small island, near the mainland, where we saw twenty or more natives. I here visited an island, beautifully clothed with a fine growth of forest trees, particularly of the oak and walnut; and overspread with vines, that, in their season, produce excellent grapes. We named it the island of Bacchus.”—*Les Voyages de Sieur Champlain*, liv. 2, c. 8.

NOTE 15, p. 87.—*Bonython.*

John Bonython was the son of Richard Bonython, Gent., one of the most efficient and able magistrates of the Colony. John proved to be “a degenerate plant.” In 1635 we find, by the Court Records, that, for some offence, he was fined 40s. In 1640 he was fined for abuse toward R. Gibson, the minister, and Mary his wife. Soon after he was fined for disorderly conduct in the house of his father. In 1645 the “Great and General Court” adjudged John Bonython outlawed, and incapable of any of his Majesty’s laws, and proclaimed him a rebel.—*Court Records of the Province*, 1645. In 1651 he bade defiance to the laws of Massachusetts, and was again outlawed. He acted independently of all law and authority; and hence, doubtless, his burlesque title of “The Sagamore of Saco,” which has come down to the present generation in the following epitaph:—

“Here lies Bonython, the Sagamore of Saco;  
He lived a rogue, and died a knave, and  
went to Hobomoko.”

By some means or other he obtained a large estate. In this poem I have

taken some liberties with him not strictly warranted by historical facts although the conduct imputed to him is in keeping with his general character. Over the last years of his life lingers a deep obscurity. Even the manner of his death is uncertain. He was supposed to have been killed by the Indians; but this is doubted by the able and indefatigable author of the “History of Saco and Biddeford,” Part I. p. 115.

NOTE 16, p. 87.—“*The leaping  
brook.*”

Foxwell’s Brook flows from a marsh or bog, called the “Heath,” in Saco, containing thirteen hundred acres. On this brook, and surrounded by wild and romantic scenery, is a beautiful waterfall of more than sixty feet.

NOTE 17, p. 88.—“*Zealous Hi-  
coomes.*”

Hiacoomes, the first Christian preacher on Martha’s Vineyard; for a biography of whom the reader is referred to Increase Mayhew’s account of the Praying Indians, 1726. The following is related of him: “One Lord’s Day, after meeting, where Hiacoomes had been preaching, there came in a Powwaw very angry, and said, ‘I know all the meeting Indians are liars. You say you don’t care for the Powwaws;’—then calling two or three of them by name, he railed at them, and told them they were deceived, for the Powwaws could kill all the meeting Indians, if they set about it. But Hiacoomes told him that he would be in the midst of all the Powwaws in the Island, and they should do the utmost they could against him; and when they should do their worst by their witchcraft to kill him, he would without fear set himself against them by remembering Jehovah. He told them also he did put all the Powwaws under his heel. Such was the faith of this good man. Nor were these Powwaws

ever able to do these Christian Indians any hurt, though others were frequently hurt and killed by them."—*Mayhew*, pp. 6, 7, c. 1.

NOTE 18, p. 90.—"*She cries with an ache in her tooth.*"

"The tooth-ache," said Roger Williams, in his observations upon the New England tribes, "is the only pain which will force their stouter hearts to cry." He afterwards remarks that even the Indian women never cry as he has heard "some of their men in this pain."

NOTE 19, p. 92.—"*Wetuomanit.*"

A house god, or demon. "They—the Indians—have given me the names of thirty-seven gods which I have, all which in their solemn Worship they invoke!"—*R. Williams's Briefe Observations of the Customs, Manners, Worships of the Natives*, &c.

NOTE 20, p. 94.—"*The Desert Isle.*"

Desert Island, the Bald Mountain upon which overlooks Frenchman's and Penobscot Bay. It was upon this island that the Jesuits made their earliest settlement.

NOTE 21, p. 95.—"*The Jesuits' cross and book.*"

Father Hennepin, a missionary among the Iroquois, mentions that the Indians believed him to be a conjurer, and that they were particularly afraid of a bright silver chalice which he had in his possession. "The Indians," says Père Jerome Lallamant, "fear us as the greatest sorcerers on earth."

NOTE 22, p. 95.—"*Bomazeen.*"

Bomazeen is spoken of by Penhallow, as "the famous warrior and chieftain of Norridgewock." He was killed in the attack of the English upon Norridgewock in 1724.

NOTE 23, p. 95.—"*A shrouded ghost, the Jesuit stands.*"

Père Ralle, or Rasles, was one of the most zealous and indefatigable of that band of Jesuit missionaries who, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, penetrated the forests of America, with the avowed object of converting the heathen. The first religious mission of the Jesuits to the savages in North America was in 1611. The zeal of the fathers for the conversion of the Indians to the Catholic faith knew no bounds. For this, they plunged into the depths of the wilderness; habituated themselves to all the hardships and privations of the natives; suffered cold, hunger, and some of them death itself, by the extremest tortures. Père Brebeuf, after labouring in the cause of his mission for twenty years, together with his companion, Père Lallamant, was burned alive. To these might be added the names of those Jesuits who were put to death by the Iroquois—Daniel, Garnier, Buteaux, La Riborède, Goupil, Constantin, and Liegeois. "For bed," says Father Lallamant, in his *Relation de ce qui s'est dans le pays des Hurons*, 1640, c. 3, "we have nothing but a miserable piece of bark of a tree; for nourishment, a handful or two of corn, either roasted or soaked in water, which seldom satisfies our hunger; and after all, not venturing to perform even the ceremonies of our religion, without being considered as sorcerers." Their success among the natives, however, by no means equalled their exertions. Père Lallamant says: "With respect to adult persons, in good health, there is little apparent success; on the contrary, there have been nothing but storms and whirlwinds from that quarter."

Sebastian Ralle established himself, some time about the year 1670, at Norridgewock, where he continued more than forty years. He was accused, and perhaps not without

justice, of exciting his praying Indians against the English, whom he looked upon as the enemies not only of his king, but also of the Catholic religion. He was killed by the English, in 1724, at the foot of the cross which his own hands had planted. This Indian church was broken up, and its members either killed outright or dispersed.

NOTE 24, p. 99.—“*The fiery-souled Castine.*”

The character of Ralle has probably never been correctly delineated. By his brethren of the Romish Church he has been nearly apotheosized. On the other hand, our Puritan historians have represented him as a demon in human form. He was undoubtedly sincere in his devotion to the interests of his Church, and not over-scrupulous as to the means of advancing those interests.

NOTE 25, p. 100.—*De Rouville.*

Hertel de Rouville was an active and unsparing enemy of the English. He was the leader of the combined French and Indian forces which destroyed Deerfield and massacred its inhabitants, in 1703. He was afterwards killed in the attack upon Haverhill. Tradition says that, on examining his dead body, his head and face were found to be perfectly smooth, without the slightest appearance of hair or beard.

NOTE 26, p. 104.—“*Stooping from the eastern gale.*”

The celebrated Captain Smith, after resigning the government of the Colony in Virginia, in his capacity of “Admiral of New England,” made a careful survey of the coast from Penobscot to Cape Cod in the summer of 1614.

NOTE 27, p. 104.—“*The sweetest name in all his story.*”

Captain Smith gave to the promontory, now called Cape Ann, the name of Tragabazanda, in memory of his young and beautiful mistress of that name, who, while he was a captive at Constantinople, like Desdemona, “loved him for the dangers he had passed.”

NOTE 28, p. 105.—*The Norsemen.*

Some three or four years since a fragment of a statue, rudely chiselled from dark grey stone, was found in the town of Bradford, on the Merrimack. Its origin must be left entirely to conjecture. The fact that the ancient Northmen visited New England some centuries before the discoveries of Columbus is now very generally admitted.

NOTE 29, p. 115.—“*The proud Castilian.*”

De Soto, in the sixteenth century, penetrated into the wilds of the new world in search of gold and the fountain of perpetual youth.

NOTE 30, p. 122.—*The Bridal of Pennacook.*

Winnepurkit, otherwise called George, Sachem of Saugus, married a daughter of Passaconaway, the great Pennacook chieftain, in 1662. The wedding took place at Pennacook (now Concord, N. H.), and the ceremonies closed with a great feast. According to the usages of the chiefs, Passaconaway ordered a select number of his men to accompany the newly-married couple to the dwelling of the husband, where in turn there was another great feast. Some time after, the wife of Winnepurkit expressing a desire to visit her father's house, was permitted to go, accompanied by a brave escort of her husband's chief men. But when she wished to re-

turn, her father sent a messenger to Saugus, informing her husband, and asking him to come and take her away. He returned for answer that he had escorted his wife to her father's house in a style that became a chief, and that now, if she wished to return, her father must send her back in the same way. This Passaconaway refused to do, and it is said that here terminated the connection of his daughter with the Saugus chief.—*Vide Morton's New Canaan.*

NOTE 31, p. 126.—“*The Bashaba.*”

This was the name which the Indians of New England gave to two or three of their principal chiefs, to whom all their inferior sagamores acknowledged allegiance. Passaconaway seems to have been one of these chiefs. His residence was at Pennacook. “He was regarded as a great sorcerer, and his fame was widely spread. It was said of him that he could cause a green leaf to grow in winter, trees to dance, water to burn, &c. He was, undoubtedly, one of those shrewd and powerful men whose achievements are always regarded by a barbarous people as the result of supernatural aid. The Indians gave to such the names of Powahs or Panisees.”—*Hubbard.*

NOTE 32, p. 129.—“*In the river scooped by a spirit's hands.*”

There are rocks in the river at the Falls of Amoskeag, in the cavities of which, tradition says, the Indians formerly stored and concealed their corn.

NOTE 33, p. 145.—*Barclay of Ury.*

Among the earliest converts to the doctrines of Friends in Scotland was Barclay of Ury, an old and distinguished soldier, who had fought under Gustavus Adolphus in Germany. As a Quaker, he became the object of persecution and abuse at the hands of the magistrates and the populace. None bore the indignities of the mob with greater patience and nobleness

of soul than this once proud gentleman and soldier. One of his friends, on an occasion of uncommon rudeness, lamented that he should be treated so harshly in his old age who had been so honoured before. “I find more satisfaction,” said Barclay, “as well as honour, in being thus insulted for my religious principles, than when, a few years ago, it was usual for the magistrates, as I passed the city of Aberdeen, to meet me on the road and conduct me to public entertainment in their hall, and then escort me out again, to gain my favour.”

NOTE 34, p. 159.—*Channing.*

The last time I saw Dr. Channing was in the summer of 1841, when, in company with my English friend, Joseph Sturge, so well known for his philanthropic labours and liberal political opinions, I visited him in his summer residence in Rhode Island. In recalling the impressions of that visit, it can scarcely be necessary to say, that I have no reference to the peculiar religious opinions of a man whose life, beautifully and truly manifested above the atmosphere of sect, is now the world's common legacy.

NOTE 35, p. 162.—“*Over Sibmah's wine.*”

“O vine of Sibmah! I will weep for thee with the weeping of Jazer!” —*Jeremiah xlviii. 32.*

NOTE 36, p. 166.—*To my Friend on the Death of his Sister.*

Sophia Sturge, sister of Joseph Sturge, of Birmingham, the President of the British Complete Suffrage Association, died in the 6th month, 1845. She was the colleague, counsellor, and ever-ready helpmate of her brother in all his vast designs of beneficence. The *Birmingham Pilot* says of her: “Never, perhaps, were the active and passive virtues of the human character more harmoniously and beautifully blended than in this excellent woman.”

NOTE 37, p. 171.—*The Legend of St. Mark.*

This legend is the subject of a celebrated picture by Tintoretto, of which Mr. Rogers possesses the original sketch. The slave lies on the ground, amid a crowd of spectators, who look on, animated by all the various emotions of sympathy, rage, terror; a woman, in front, with a child in her arms, has always been admired for the lifelike vivacity of her attitude and expression. The executioner holds up the broken implements; St. Mark, with a headlong movement, seems to rush down from heaven in haste to save his worshipper. The dramatic grouping in this picture is wonderful; the colouring, in its gorgeous depth and harmony, is, in Mr Rogers's sketch, finer than in the picture.—*Mrs. Jameson's Sacred and Legendary Art*, I. p. 121.

NOTE 38, p. 172.—“*The Well of Loch Maree.*”

Pennant, in his *Voyage to the Hebrides*, describes the holy well of Loch Maree, the waters of which were supposed to effect a miraculous cure of melancholy, trouble, and insanity.

NOTE 39, p. 174.—*To Pius IX.*

The writer of these lines is no enemy of Catholics. He has, on more than one occasion, exposed himself to the censures of his Protestant brethren by his strenuous endeavours to procure indemnification for the owners of the convent destroyed near Boston. He defended the cause of the Irish patriots long before it had become popular in this country; and he was one of the first to urge the most liberal aid to the suffering and starving population of the Catholic island.

NOTE 40, p. 175.—*Ellcott.*

Ebenezer Elliott, the intelligence of whose death has recently reached us, was to the artisans of England what Burns was to the peasantry of Scotland.

His *Corn-law Rhymes* contributed not a little to that overwhelming tide of popular opinion and feeling which resulted in the repeal of the tax on bread. Well has the eloquent author of “*The Reforms and Reformers of Great Britain*” said of him, “Not corn-law repealers alone, but all Britons who moisten their scanty bread with the sweat of the brow are largely indebted to his inspiring lay for the mighty bound which the labouring mind of England has taken in our day.”

NOTE 41, p. 176.—“*The Christian Tourists.*”

The reader of the Biography of the late William Allen, the philanthropic associate of Clarkson and Romilly, cannot fail to admire his simple and beautiful record of a tour through Europe, in the years 1818 and 1819, in the company of his American friend, Stephen Grellett.

NOTE 42, p. 185.—“*Bernardin's leaves of gold.*”

The incident here referred to is related in a note to Bernardin Henri Saint Pierre's *Etudes de la Nature*.

“We arrived at the habitation of the hermits a little before they sat down to their table, and while they were still at church. J. J. Rousseau proposed to me to offer up our devotions. The hermits were reciting the Litanies of Providence, which are remarkably beautiful. After we had addressed our prayers to God, and the hermits were proceeding to the refectory, Rousseau said to me, with his heart overflowing, ‘At this moment I experience what is said in the Gospel: *Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them.* There is here a feeling of peace and happiness which penetrates the soul.’ I said, ‘If Fénelon had lived, you would have been a Catholic.’ He exclaimed, with tears in his eyes, ‘Oh, if Fénelon were alive, I would struggle to get into his service, even as a lackey!’”

In my sketch of Saint Pierre it will be seen that I have somewhat antedated the period of his old age. At that time he was not probably more than fifty. In describing him I have by no means exaggerated his own history of his mental condition at the period of the story. In the fragmentary Sequel to his Studies of Nature, he thus speaks of himself: "The ingratitude of those of whom I had deserved kindness, unexpected family misfortunes, the total loss of my small patrimony through enterprises solely undertaken for the benefit of my country, the debts under which I lay oppressed, the blasting of all my hopes—these combined calamities made dreadful inroads upon my health and reason. . . . I found it impossible to continue in a room where there was company, especially if the doors were shut. I could not even cross an alley in a public garden, if several persons had got together in it. When alone, my malady subsided. I felt myself likewise at ease in places where I saw children only. At the sight of any one walking up to the place where I was, I felt my whole frame agitated, and retired. I often said to myself, 'My sole study has been to merit well of mankind; why do I fear them?'"

He attributes his improved health of mind and body to the counsels of his friend J. J. Rousseau. "I renounced," says he, "my books. I threw my eyes upon the works of nature, which spake to all my senses a language which neither time nor nations have it in their power to alter. Thenceforth my histories and my journals were the herbage of the fields and meadows. My thoughts did not go forth painfully after them, as in the case of human systems; but their thoughts, under a thousand engaging forms, quietly sought me. In these I studied, without effort, the laws of that Universal Wisdom which had surrounded me from the cradle, but on which heretofore I had bestowed little attention."

Speaking of Rousseau, he says: "I derived inexpressible satisfaction from his society. What I prized still more than his genius was his probity. He was one of the few literary characters, tried in the furnace of affliction, to whom you could, with perfect security, confide your most secret thoughts. . . . Even when he deviated, and became the victim of himself or of others, he could forget his own misery in devotion to the welfare of mankind. He was uniformly the advocate of the miserable. There might be inscribed on his tomb these affecting words from that Book of which he carried always about him some select passages during the last years of his life: "*His sins, which are many, are forgiven, for he loved much.*"

NOTE 43, p. 186.—"*Like that the grey-haired sea king passed.*"

Dr. Hooker, who accompanied Sir James Ross in his expedition of 1841, thus describes the appearance of that unknown land of frost and fire which was seen in latitude 77° south,—a stupendous chain of mountains, the whole mass of which, from its highest point to the ocean, was covered with everlasting snow and ice:—

"The water and the sky were both as blue, or rather more intensely blue, than I have ever seen them in the tropics, and all the coast was one mass of dazzlingly beautiful peaks of snow, which, when the sun approached the horizon, reflected the most brilliant tints of golden yellow and scarlet; and then, to see the dark cloud of smoke, tinged with flame, rising from the volcano in a perfect unbroken column, one side jet-black, the other giving back the colours of the sun, sometimes turning off at a right angle by some current of wind, and stretching many miles to leeward! This was a sight so surpassing everything that can be imagined, and so heightened by the consciousness that we had penetrated, under the guidance of our commander, into



regions far beyond what was ever deemed practicable, that it caused a feeling of awe to steal over us at the consideration of our own comparative insignificance and helplessness, and at the same time an indescribable feeling of the greatness of the Creator in the works of His hand."

NOTE 44, p. 193.—"*In Freedom's name*"

The election of Charles Sumner to the U.S. Senate "followed hard upon" the rendition of the fugitive Sims by the U.S. officials and the armed police of Boston.

NOTE 45, p. 197.—*Derne*.

The storming of the city of Derne, in 1805, by General Eaton, at the head of nine Americans, forty Greeks, and a motley array of Turks and Arabs, was one of those feats of hardihood and daring which have in all ages attracted the admiration of the multitude. The higher and holier heroism of Christian self-denial and sacrifice, in the humble walks of private duty, is seldom so well appreciated.

NOTE 46, p. 205.—*Kathleen*.

This ballad was originally published in a prose work of the author's, as the song of a wandering Milesian school-master.

In the seventeenth century slavery in the New World was by no means confined to the natives of Africa. Political offenders and criminals were transported by the British government to the plantations of Barbadoes and Virginia, where they were sold like cattle in the market. Kidnapping of free and innocent white persons was practised to a considerable extent in the seaports of the United Kingdom.

NOTE 47, p. 207.—*Kossuth*.

It can scarcely be necessary to say that there are elements in the character and passages in the history of the great

Hungarian statesman and orator, which necessarily command the admiration of those even who believe that no political revolution was ever worth the price of human blood.

NOTE 48, p. 224.—*William Forster*.

William Forster, of Norwich, England, died in East Tennessee, in the 1st month, 1854, while engaged in presenting to the governors of the States of this Union the address of his religious society on the evils of slavery. He was the relative and coadjutor of the Buxtons, Gurneys, and Frys; and his whole life, extending almost to three-score and ten years, was a pure and beautiful example of Christian benevolence. He had travelled over Europe, and visited most of its sovereigns, to plead against the slave-trade and slavery; and had twice before made visits to this country, under impressions of religious duty.

NOTE 49, p. 225.—*Rantoul*.

No more fitting inscription could be placed on the tombstone of Robert Rantoul than this: "He died at his post in Congress, and his last words were a protest in the name of Democracy against the Fugitive-Slave Law."

NOTE 50, p. 239.—"*Song of Slaves in the Desert*"

"*Sebah, Oasis of Fezzan, 10th March 1846*.—This evening the female slaves were unusually excited in singing, and I had the curiosity to ask my negro servant, Said, what they were singing about. As many of them were natives of his own country, he had no difficulty in translating the Mandara or Bornou language. I had often asked the Moors to translate their songs for me, but got no satisfactory account from them. Said at first said, 'Oh, they sing of *Rubee*' (God). 'What do you mean?' I replied impatiently. 'Oh, don't you know?' he continued, 'they asked God to give them their

*Atka?* (certificate of freedom). I inquired, "Is that all?" Said "No; they say, "Where are we going? The world is large. *O God! Where are we going? O God!*" I inquired, "What else?" Said: "They remember their country, Bornou, and say, "*Bornou was a pleasant country, full of all good things; but this is a bad country, and we are miserable!*" " "Do they say anything else?" Said: "No; they repeat these words over and over again, and add, "*O God! give us our Atka, and let us return again to our dear home.*" "

"I am not surprised I got little satisfaction when I asked the Moors about the songs of their slaves. Who will say that the above words are not a very appropriate song? What could have been more congenially adapted to their then woeful condition? It is not to be wondered at that these poor bond-women cheer up their hearts, in their long, lonely, and painful wanderings over the desert, with words and sentiments like these; but I have often observed that their fatigue and sufferings were too great for them to strike up this melancholy dirge, and many days their plaintive strains never broke over the silence of the desert."—*Richardson's Journal*.

NOTE 51, p. 240.—"*The New Exodus.*"

One of the latest and most interesting items of Eastern news is the statement that Slavery has been formally and totally abolished in Egypt.

NOTE 52, p. 255.—*The Conquest of Finland.*

A letter in the *Friend's Review* says: "Joseph Sturge, with a companion, Thomas Harvey, has been visiting the shores of Finland, to ascertain the amount of mischief and loss to poor and peaceable sufferers, occasioned by the gunboats of the allied squadrons in the late war, with a view to obtaining relief for them."

NOTE 53, p. 271.—"*Telling the Bees.*"

A remarkable custom, brought from the Old Country, formerly prevailed in the rural districts of New England. On the death of a member of the family, the bees were at once informed of the event, and their hives dressed in mourning. This ceremonial was supposed to be necessary to prevent the swarms from leaving their hives and seeking a new home.

NOTE 54, p. 304.—"*The Quaker Alumni.*"

Read at the Friends' School Anniversary, Providence, R. I., 6th mo., 1860.

NOTE 55, p. 315.—"*Walloping the nigger!*"

See English caricatures of America: Slaveholder and cowhide, with the motto, "Haven't I a right to wallop my nigger?"

NOTE 56, p. 317.—*Mithridates at Chios.*

It is recorded that the Chians, when subjugated by Mithridates of Cappadocia, were delivered up to their own slaves, to be carried away captive to Colchis. Athenæus considers this a just punishment for their wickedness in first introducing the slave trade into Greece. From this ancient villainy of the Chians the proverb arose, "The Chian hath bought himself a master."

NOTE 57, p. 336.—"*The Cry of a Lost Soul.*"

Lieutenant Herndon's Report of the Exploration of the Amazon has a striking description of the peculiar and melancholy notes of a bird heard by night on the shores of the river. The Indian guides called it "The Cry of a Lost Soul!"

NOTE 58, p. 426.—“*Von Merlau's Bowers.*”

Eleonora Johanna Von Merlau, or, as Sewall the Quaker historian gives it, Von Merlane, a noble young lady of Frankfort, seems to have held among the Mystics of that city very much such a position as Annia Maria Schurmaus did among the Labadists of Holland.

NOTE 59, p. 429.—“*Or painful Kelpius.*”

Magister Johann Kelpius, a graduate of the University of Helmstadt, came to Pennsylvania in 1694 with a company of German Mystics. They made their home in the woods on the Wissahickon, a little west of the Quaker settlement of Germantown. Kelpius was a believer in the near approach of the Millennium, and was a devout student of the Book of Revelation, and the *Morgen-Kothe* of Jacob Behmen. He called his settlement “The Woman in the Wilderness” (*Das Weib in der Wueste*). He was only twenty-four years of age when he came to America, but his gravity, learning, and devotion placed him at the head of the settlement. He disliked the Quakers because he thought they were too exclusive in the matter of ministers. He was, like most of the Mystics, opposed to the severe doctrinal views of Calvin and even Luther, declaring “that he could as little agree with the *Damianus* of the Augsburg Confession as with the *Anathema* of the Council of Trent.”

He died in 1704, sitting in his little garden surrounded by his grieving disciples. Previous to his death it is said that he cast his famous “Stone of Wisdom” into the river, where that mystic souvenir of the times of Van Helmont, Paracelsus, and Agrippa has lain ever since, undisturbed.

NOTE 60, p. 429.—*Sluyter.*

Peter Sluyter, or Schluter, a native of Wesel, united himself with the sect of Labadists, who believed in the Divine commission of John De Labadie, a Roman Catholic priest converted to Protestantism, enthusiastic, eloquent, and evidently sincere in his special calling and election to separate the true and living members of the Church of Christ from the formalism and hypocrisy of the ruling sects. George Keith and Robert Barclay visited him at Amsterdam and afterward at the communities of Herford and Wieward; and, according to Gerard Croes, found him so near to them on some points, that they offered to take him into the Society of Friends. This offer, if it was really made, which is certainly doubtful, was, happily for the Friends at least, declined. Invited to Herford in Westphalia by Elizabeth, daughter of the Elector Palatine, De Labadie and his followers preached incessantly, and succeeded in arousing a wild enthusiasm among the people, who neglected their business and gave way to excitements and strange practices. Men and women, it was said, at the Communion drank and danced together, and private marriages, or spiritual unions, were formed. Labadie died in 1674 at Altona, in Denmark, maintaining his testimonies to the last. “Nothing remains for me,” he said, “except to go to my God. Death is merely ascending from a lower and narrower chamber to one higher and holier.”

In 1679 Peter Sluyter and Jasper Dankers were sent to America by the community at the Castle of Wieward. Their journal, translated from the Dutch and edited by Henry C. Murphy, has been recently published by the Long Island Historical Society. They made some converts, and among them was the eldest son of Hermanns, the proprietor of a rich tract of land at the head of Chesapeake Bay, known

as Bohemia Manor. Sluyter obtained a grant of this tract, and established upon it a community numbering at one time a hundred souls. Very contradictory statements are on record regarding his headship of this spiritual family, the discipline of which seems to have been of more than monastic severity. Certain it is that he bought and sold slaves, and manifested more interest in the world's goods than became a believer in the near Millennium. He evinces in his journal an overweening spiritual pride, and speaks contemptuously of other professors, especially the Quakers whom he met in his travels. The latter, on the contrary, seem to have looked favourably upon the Labadists, and uniformly speak of them courteously and kindly. His journal shows him to have been destitute of common gratitude and Christian charity. He threw himself upon the generous hospitality of the Friends wherever he went, and repaid their kindness by the coarsest abuse and misrepresentation.

NOTE 61, p. 430.—“*Bring the hidden waters up.*”

Among the pioneer Friends were many men of learning and broad and liberal views. Penn was conversant with every department of literature and philosophy. Thomas Lloyd was a ripe and rare scholar. The great Loganian Library of Philadelphia bears witness to the varied learning and classical taste of its donor, James Logan. Thomas Story, member of the Council of State, Master of the Rolls, and Commissioner of Claims under William Penn, and an able minister of his Society, took a deep interest in scientific questions, and in a letter to his friend Logan, written while on a religious visit to Great Britain, seems to have anticipated the conclusion of modern geologists. “I spent,” he says, “some months, especially at Scarborough, during the season attending meetings, at whose

high cliffs and the variety of strata therein and their several positions I further learned and was confirmed in some things,—that the earth is of much older date as to the beginning of it than the time assigned in the Holy Scriptures as commonly understood, which is suited to the common capacities of mankind, as to six days of progressive work, by which I understand certain long and competent periods of time, and not natural days.” It was sometimes made a matter of reproach by the Anabaptists and other sects, that the Quakers read profane writings and philosophies, and that they quoted heathen moralists in support of their views. Sluyter and Dankers, in their journal of American travels, visiting a Quaker preacher’s house at Burlington, on the Delaware, found “a volume of Virgil lying on the window, as if it were a common handbook; also Helmont’s book on Medicine (*Ortus Medicinæ*), whom, in an introduction they have made to it, they make to pass for one of their own sect, although in his lifetime he did not know anything about Quakers.” It would appear from this that the half-mystical, half-scientific writings of the alchemist and philosopher of Vilverde had not escaped the notice of Friends, and that they had included him in their broad eclecticism.

NOTE 62, p. 430.—“*Hemskerck’s Quaker Meeting.*”

“The Quaker’s Meeting,” a painting by E. Hemskerck (supposed to be Egbert Hemskerck the younger, son of Egbert Hemskerck the old), in which William Penn and others—among them Charles II., or the Duke of York—are represented along with the rudest and most stolid class of the British rural population at that period. Hemskerck came to London from Holland with King William in 1689. He delighted in wild, grotesque subjects, such as the nocturnal intercourse of witches and the temptation of St. Anthony. Whatever was strange and

uncommon attracted his free pencil. Judging from the portrait of Penn, he must have drawn his faces, figures, and costumes from life, although there may be something of caricature in the convulsed attitudes of two or three of the figures.

NOTE 63, p. 432.—“*Held their childish faith more true To God and man than half the creeds he knew.*”

In one of his letters addressed to his friends in Germany he says: “These wild men, who never in their life heard Christ’s teachings about temperance and contentment, herein far surpass the Christians. They live far more contented and unconcerned for the morrow. They do not overreach in trade. They know nothing of our everlasting pomp and stylishness. They neither curse nor swear, are temperate in food and drink, and if any of them get drunk, the mouth-Christians are at fault, who, for the sake of accursed lucre, sell them strong drink.”

Again he wrote in 1698 to his father that he finds the Indians reasonable people, willing to accept good teaching and manners, evincing an inward piety toward God, and more eager, in fact, to understand things divine than many among you who in the pulpit teach Christ in word, but by ungodly life deny Him.

NOTE 64, p. 492.—“*St. Martin’s Summer.*”

This name in some parts of Europe is given to the season we call Indian

Summer, in honour of the good St. Martin. The title of the poem was suggested by the fact that the day it refers to was the exact date of the Saint’s birth, the 11th of November.

NOTE 65, p. 499.—*Voyage of the Jettie.*

The picturesquely situated Wayside Inn at West Ossipee, N.H., is now in ashes; and to its former guests these somewhat careless rhymes may be a not unwelcome reminder of pleasant summers and autumns on the banks of the Bearcamp and Chocorua. To the author himself they have a special interest from the fact that they were written, or improvised, under the eye, and for the amusement of a beloved invalid friend whose last earthly sunsets faded from the mountain ranges of Ossipee and Sandwich.

NOTE 66, p. 534.—“*Nor man nor devils I fear.*”

“He [Macey] shook the dust from off his feet, and departed with all his worldly goods and his family. He encountered a severe storm, and his wife, influenced by some omens of disaster, besought him to put back. He told her not to fear, for his faith was perfect. But she entreated him again. Then the spirit that impelled him broke forth: ‘Woman, go below and seek thy God. I fear not the witches on earth, or the devils in hell!’”—*Life of Robert Pike*, p. 55.

